

LIFE



**BUY
WAR
BONDS**



JULY 3, 1944 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

"LET ME TELL YOU HOW IT WAS..."

"It was a nightmare.

"The call to battle stations beat in our brains like the gong of an alarm as big as the sun, and the voice of the "talker" grew loud in our ears and echoed around in our skulls until, sleep or no sleep, we hit the deck on the run.

"They came in wave after wave...

"Their bullets splattered like rain on our deck, and the big guns sounded like doors being slammed in a hall in the sky and the pounding of A. A. guns was like guys pounding to get out again, and over it all the high, thin scream of the bombs.

"We thought for a minute they had us... we thought we couldn't take any more... we thought maybe our number was up... that we were through, finished, done for...

"And then... the thunder of our planes came down and shook the world!

"I tell you, they swarmed in the sky and shut out the light like a cloud... planes and more planes than we had ever seen before. They swept down and struck like the vengeance of God, and the enemy fell in clusters of flame, and the air was filled with the sound of their

going and the water was littered with the wreckage of planes and men, and they died in the sea.

"That's how it was... that's how it was in the Coral Sea... that's how it was at Midway... that's how it was at Truk... that's how we know it will be...

"Because out here, we've seen the power of America at war...

"And we can see that when our job is done, when this war is won, this same power... this power to produce, this power to destroy... can be the power to create, to build a new and greater America than we have known before. An America that will never stop growing... an America where there will be new homes... new towns... new opportunities to work, to dream, to invent... to live as free and individual men, the lives we want to live.

"That's how we see it...
That's how it will be...
That's how it *must* be when we come home."

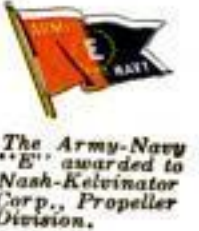
After Victory we must convert the full force of America's vast productive capacity... now doubled by the demands of war... to produc-

tion for peace. For only in this way can Victory be made real for those who are fighting for it... only in this way can America continue to grow... only in this way can the hopes of all of us be realized.

The progress of Nash-Kelvinator before and during the war will not stop when war ends.

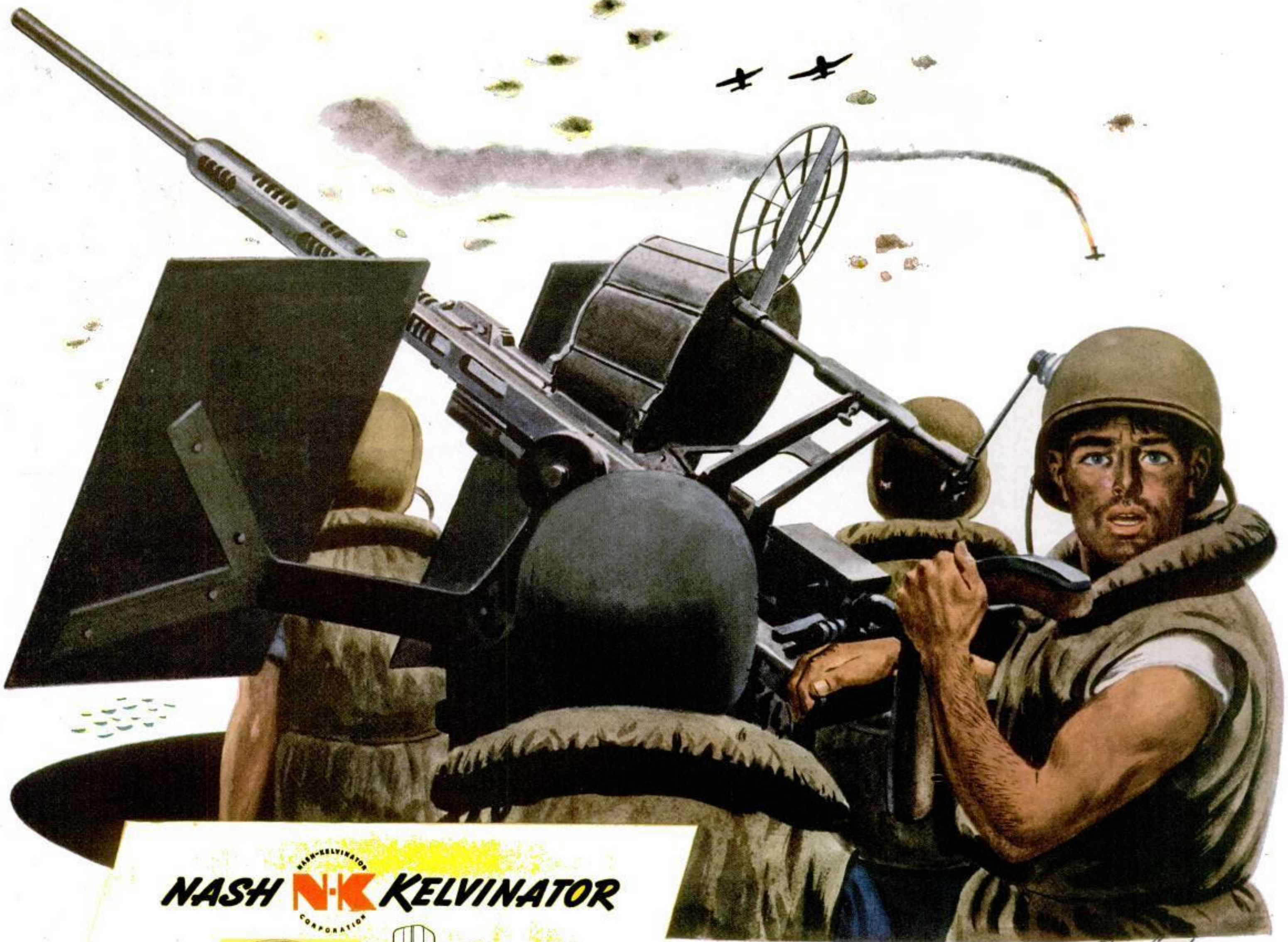
Today, we're building 2,000 h.p. Pratt & Whitney supercharged aircraft engines for the Navy's Vought Corsair and Grumman Hellcat fighters... Hamilton Standard propellers for United Nations bombers... readying production lines for Sikorsky helicopters for the Army Air Forces.

And when the last war product rolls off Nash-Kelvinator's production lines... every new skill, new method, all our new knowledge will be applied to the building of automobiles, refrigerators and electrical appliances. They will be better automobiles, better refrigerators, better electrical appliances than have ever been built before.



The Army-Navy "E" awarded to Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Propeller Division.

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Kenosha • Milwaukee • DETROIT • Grand Rapids • Lansing



NASH N-K KELVINATOR



BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS—BUY MORE THAN BEFORE



U. S. MARINES ON BOUGAINVILLE use palm trees for telephone poles as they string communication lines. Two stand guard with carbine and sub-machine gun, as protection against snipers.

Telephone Lines on Bougainville

THIS is a war of communications. The farther our forces advance, the more wires, telephones and switchboards they need. And war stopped the making of telephones for civilian use.

We regret that many here at home

cannot now get telephone service and may not be able to get it for some time.

If you are one of those who are waiting, we'd like you to know that we will do everything in our power to minimize your delay.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

This One



FBC1-HJT-3UXY

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

INVASION ISSUE

Sirs:

The invasion occurred Tuesday, June 6, and Wednesday, June 7, as a railway mail clerk aboard Atlantic Coast Line train 77, I was sorting LIFE's invasion issue (dated June 12) for distribution to the various towns in Virginia. How do you do it?

ROBERT McCAULEY

Darlington, S. C.

Sirs:

Tuesday morning the invasion gets under way and Friday morning LIFE magazine appears on our newsstand with a detailed write-up. In other words, you had the story written, edited, set in type, proof-read, made in page forms, printed, bound in magazine form, mailed and delivered—all in three days. It's incredible! Being a newspaperman, I doff my hat to those whose efforts made this "scoop" possible.

REX B. CLAY

The Bricelyn Sentinel
Bricelyn, Minn.

Sirs:

In your invasion article you have many excellent drawings. However, in the two-page drawing by Ted Kautzky, he has pictured Billy Mitchell (B-25) bombers leaving England to bomb France. I have not seen these planes in any newsreels or photographs of the bombings of France. I have never heard them mentioned in any of the communiqués of the allied nations in the European Theater of Operations. I wish you would verify this for me.

JOSEPH M. FENTON JR.

New York, N. Y.

● LIFE's drawing, made two months ago, turned out to be a close guess. Though no American B-25s took part in the invasion, British Mitchells of the 2nd Tactical Air Force were used to strike communications between the Seine and Cherbourg.—ED.

CANADIAN HONOR ROLL

Sirs:

In your story "Invasion By Air" (LIFE, June 12), speaking of the price of bombing Germany this year up to May 31, you estimate the cost as 25,000 Americans and Britons dead or prisoners of war. We, in Canada, have a tremendous admiration for your war effort. We have gazed with open-mouthed amazement at the figures of your merchant-ship and aircraft production. We have thrilled to your naval victories in the Pacific. We have followed breathlessly the precision day bombing of your powerful task forces. We have winced a bit when, in your toughest raids, 600 or 700 of your brave airmen have failed to return.

But we, too, are paying part of the price. Between 20% and 25% of all the flying personnel of the RAF are Canadians. In addition, we have a Canadian bomber group in Britain. Last night 15 RCAF and eight RAF heavy bombers didn't get back. Perhaps 120 Canadian fliers were added to the honor roll in one night. And we have less than 10% as many young men to draw from as you have.

R. M. JENNINGS

Toronto, Ontario, Canada

LIFE'S EDITORIAL

Sirs:

Your editorial "The Enemy" (LIFE, June 12) is the clearest, sanest and most convincing statement of what we are fighting for that has yet appeared in print. A copy of it should be posted in every barracks, every ship and every place where our fighting men congregate, so they might read and understand what they are asked to risk their lives for and, understanding, be better fighters, and when the fighting is over, be better citizens of the land that gave them birth and their heritage of freedom.

MILO ZIMMERMAN

Mount Morris, Ill.

Sirs:

Your editorial should be read and reread by those engaged in formulating our foreign

policy and those of our leaders upon whom the responsibility will rest of framing a world organization after the armistice has been declared.

JOSEPH S. PACKER

New York, N. Y.

GENERAL SMITH

Sirs:

Thank you for your article "The Invasion Plan" and your thumbnail biography of General "Beedle" Smith in the June 12 issue. I am an honorably discharged soldier and when I was with Bradley's 2nd Corps in North Africa I had several opportunities to see General Smith. He is a proficient and brilliant soldier who commands the respect and admiration of those who serve under him. He is usually amiable and easygoing though at times "he can make you wish you were dead," as one sergeant put it. I am sure that your story about him will be greatly appreciated by all who know him and have fought with him.

EX-SGT. THOMAS HAYMES

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

With reference to the article concerning General "Beedle" Smith, are we to infer that he was in the 4th (Regiment) Infantry, 4th ("Ivy") division during World War I? If so, the inference would be wrong. The regiments of infantry in the Ivy division during World War I were the 39th, 47th, 58th and 59th. The 4th regiment of infantry was not in this division.

EX-LIEUT. C. G. ERICKSON
4th Engineers, 4th Division

Hammond, Ind.

Sirs:

LIFE says, "... and went overseas with the 4th Infantry." A term such as "4th Infantry" is applied only to a regiment. There was no 4th Infantry Regiment in the 4th (Ivy) Division.

E. B. CALLAHAN

Springfield, Mass.

● Right. Walter Bedell Smith served in the 39th Infantry Regiment, 4th (Ivy) Division.—ED.

HAPPY BROOD

Sirs:

The 12 pictures of Mrs. Charles Courchain's "happy brood" in Pictures to the Editors in the issue of June 12 are



TWELVE COURCHAINES

so charming. Couldn't she be prevailed upon to furnish a present-day ensemble picture of the 12 children to complete the story?

LOUISE DUNSHEATH

Chicago, Ill.

WAR ART

Sirs:

The story on "Studio War Art" in the June 12 issue of LIFE is one of the most provocative art stories I have seen in quite some time. I think LIFE's art editors deserve a bouquet for presenting this side of the artists' story.

MRS. LEO LENZ

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

Since there is a controversy on, I'd like to contribute my 2¢ worth. The emotions of artists who sit in their studios and get worked up about the horrors of war fill me with fury. The pictures we see in LIFE by artists who have really been to the battlefronts hold far more honest emotional reaction than "studio art" can give with all its morbid introspection.

KATE WHITNEY STRATTON

Berkeley, Calif.

Sirs:

Frankly, I think that the paintings in Mr. Puma's exhibition are much more powerful and telling than the work of LIFE's war artist-correspondents.

ALICE CAMPBELL

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

I think that Fernando Puma is right in his thoughts of art and LIFE is right in its. The argument is a conflict of two schools, both entitled to their own ideas.

The graphic illustrations that the LIFE artists are grinding out will undoubtedly meet the approval of the general public, but the "moderns" deserve applause for their effort to break away from tradition. It would be a hellosa note if Fulton, the Wright Brothers and many others had been satisfied with the ordinary way of doing things.

PHILIP C. DODANE

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sirs:

Though none of the great creative artists of the Renaissance witnessed the Crucifixion or the Resurrection, they succeeded in portraying these events. The question is, would they have been able to surpass their efforts if, through some manipulation of time, they could have been spectators? Perhaps. The emotional stimulus might have emphasized the immediacy but all sorts of circumstances would have intervened to lay emphasis on the factual. In truth, the greatness of their creations is in the delayed reactions.

Probably the best war pictures will be painted in studios after contact with reality, with a period of meditation between.

ALTON S. TOBEY

West Hartford, Conn.

● An informal poll of prominent art critics, professors, lecturers and museum directors showed a slight majority in favor of reportorial art as done by LIFE-commissioned war artists. Typical comment: "It all depends on the man behind the brush."—ED.

POLITICAL OHIO

Sirs:

I cannot let certain implications in your article "Political Ohio" (LIFE, June 12) go unchallenged.

You make Marcus Alonzo Hanna out to be almost a lamb for labor in capitalist's clothes. You can be assured Mark Hanna was a good businessman, that every time he made a move for labor he received his *quid pro quo*. A case in point is his state constitutional rural gerrymandering of Ohio, which has increasingly stood Ohio's cities, and *ergo* labor, in bad stead. Hanna rigged the Ohio General Assembly so that each Ohio county, regardless of population, receives at least one state representative, and had the ratio for state representatives for metropolitan areas set so high as to practically make one urban vote for state representative equal two rural votes.

Hanna also instituted the labyrinthine "at large" system of voting for state legislators in metropolitan areas. This has led to this glaring fact that, in Cuyahoga County (Cleveland), more state representatives are elected "at large" (17 to 18 of them biennially) than anywhere else in all America. In fact, nowhere else in the democratic world are so many members of a legislative body elected "at large."

All in all, the bad that Hanna did still

lives on! I represent an organization of alert Buckeyes out to abolish the still malignant influence of Boss Mark Hanna on political Ohio.

HENRY STONER
President

Ohio Reapportionment Association
Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

Congratulations on a superb set of photographs. They are certain to make every Buckeye in service homesick. Call it "Political Ohio" if you wish, but don't forget it's still "Beautiful Ohio" to us.

T/SGT. JAMES R. RUPP
PVT. JAY B. KANTER

Maxton, N. C.

DAISY MAE

Sirs:

Shame on LIFE for letting Al Capp pull its leg. When Cartoonist Capp created the perennially frustrated Daisy Mae (LIFE, June 12), "counterpart" Veronica Lake was wearing bobby socks and a short haircut.

PFC. GEORGE W. WALSH JR.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

Wasn't Daisy Mae famous long before Miss Lake started the Veronica hair-do



DAISY MAE, 1934

amongst the better-dressed sheep dogs and Sinatra fans?

LIEUT. JACK B. CORN

Richmond Army Air Base
Richmond, Va.

● Cartoonist Capp's Daisy Mae changes according to the type he admires at the moment. Originally (1934) she resembled a beautiful blonde secretary whose name he never knew.—ED.

NAVY MORALS

Sirs:

We have noticed lately that practically all cases of juvenile delinquency are blamed on sailors, as in the play *Pick-Up Girl*, reviewed in the June 12 issue of LIFE. Just what do you think we are? We are in the U. S. Navy to win a war, not to rape women. And we are sick of seeing the Navy represented as a group of immoral hoodlums who are the cause of all evil.

MOMM 3/C WILLIAM R. PANICCIA
A/S HARRY M. COOPER USNR

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Time, LIFE, Fortune and the Architectural Forum have been cooperating with the War Production Board ever since Jan., 1943, on the conservation of paper. During the year 1944 these four publications of the Time group are budgeted to use 73,000,000 pounds (1,450 freight carloads) less paper than in 1942. In view of resulting shortages of copies, please share your copy of LIFE with your friends.



1924 BIG PARADE



1925 THE MERRY WIDOW



1926 FLESH AND THE DEVIL



1927 BEN HUR



1928 TELL IT TO THE MARINES



1929 BROADWAY MELODY



1931 TRADER HORN



1933 TUGBOAT ANNIE



1935 MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY



1937 GOOD EARTH



1939 WIZARD OF OZ



1940 BOOM TOWN



1941 HONKY TONK



1942 MRS. MINIVER



1943 RANDOM HARVEST

AND NOW IN 1944 . . .

M-G-M PRESENTS ITS

PROUDEST TRIUMPH OF ALL!

For twenty years—exciting years—epic years—M-G-M has been producing your greatest entertainment! To celebrate its anniversary—the studio of hits now pours into one magnificent picture all the mastery at its command—and gives to the screen the romance that is destined to be remembered forever!

The White Cliffs of Dover

starring

IRENE DUNNE

A CLARENCE BROWN Production

with ALAN MARSHAL and with

RODDY McDOWALL

FRANK MORGAN

VAN JOHNSON

C. AUBREY SMITH

DAME MAY WHITTY

GLADYS COOPER



Directed by CLARENCE BROWN • Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN • Screen Play by Claudine West, Jan Lustig and George Froeschel • Based on "The White Cliffs" by Alice Duer Miller • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



1930 MIN AND BILL



1932 GRAND HOTEL



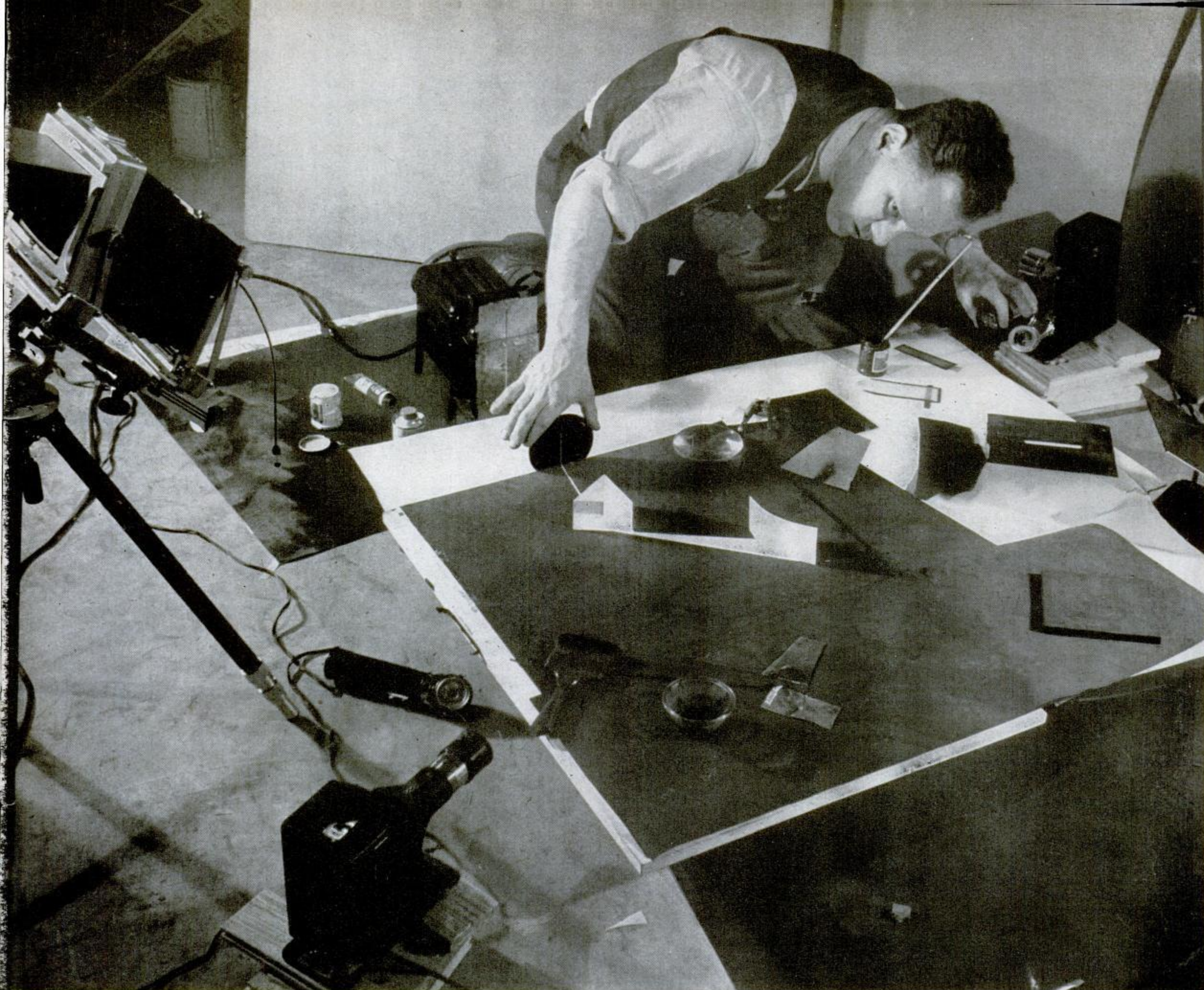
1934 DINNER AT EIGHT



1936 SAN FRANCISCO



1938 BOYS TOWN



Frontispiece of color essay is photograph of the prism experiment which is here being set up by Herbert Goldberg, research engineer of Rochester, N. Y. Picture was made by registering nine

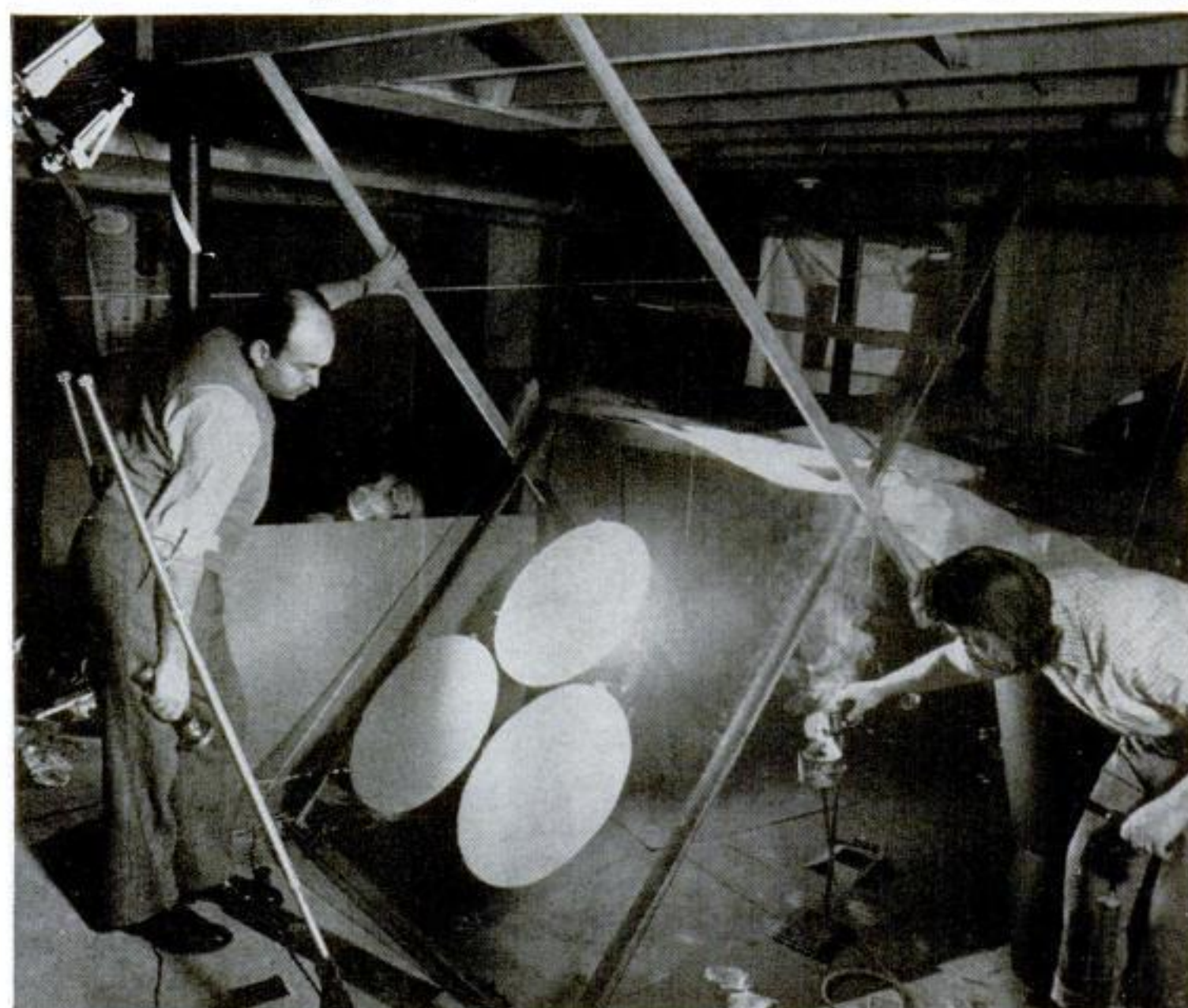
separate exposures, ranging from 6 seconds to 45 minutes, and totaling three hours, on a single Kodachrome film. During exposure, prism had to be cleaned of dust motes every two minutes.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

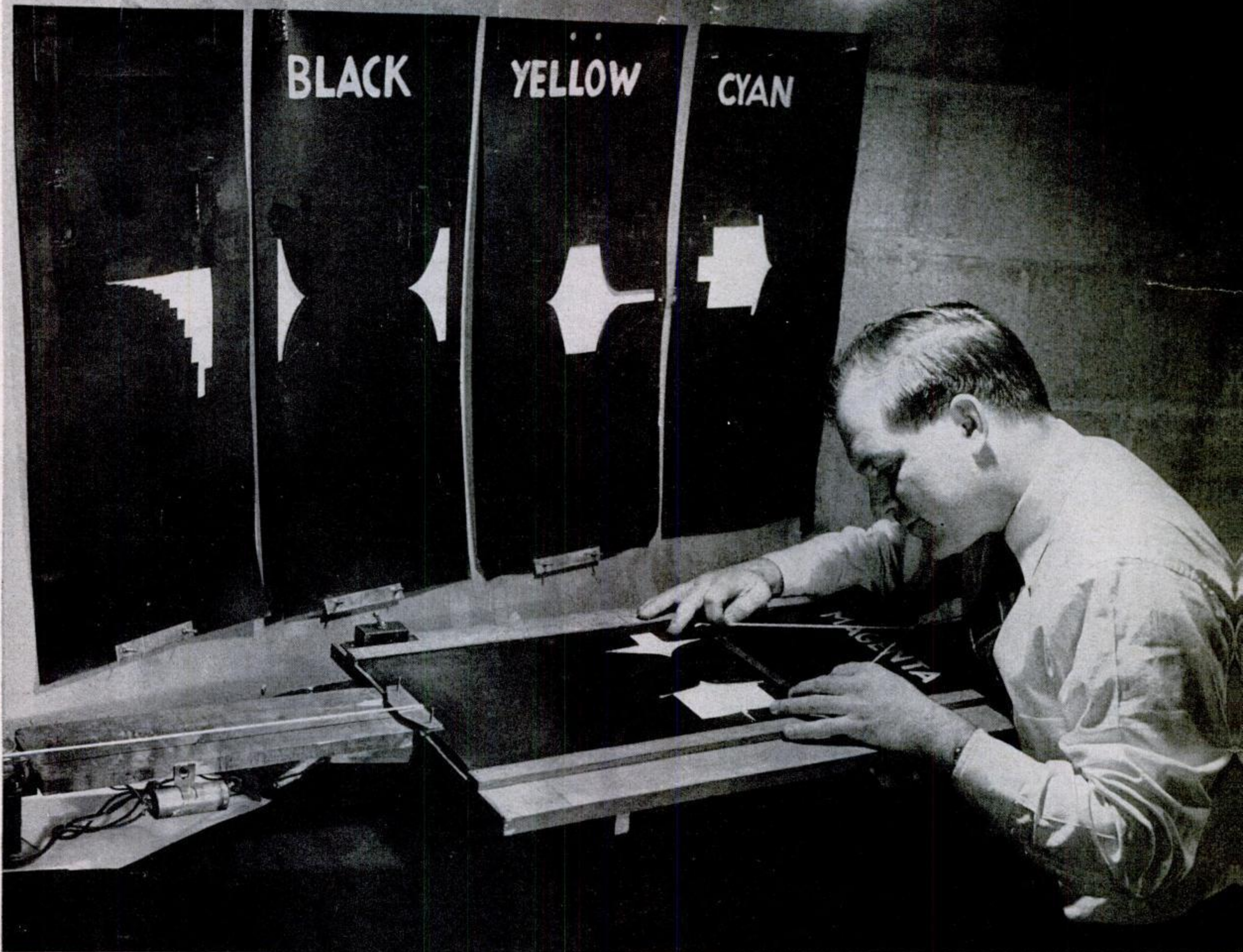
...THESE SHOW HOW COLOR ESSAY IN THIS ISSUE WAS PRODUCED

The 12 pages of color that appear in the center of this issue of LIFE represent technically the most difficult story that its photographers and its printers have ever been called on to produce. The story deals with the widely misunderstood subject of color. The pictures on these two pages show, in part, the kind of skill and ingenuity that was expended by the large number of people who collaborated with LIFE's own staff members in telling the story straight. As a result of the efforts shown here, the principles of color are demonstrated for the first time in photographs which not only illustrate the principles but prove them.

For LIFE's photographers the story set the exacting task of taking accurate pictures of pure colors transmitted by beams of light or reflected from precisely mixed pigments. The colors in these photographs and the special colors involved in the nonphotographic demonstration in the story range through the full gamut of the colors of the visible spectrum and all their mixtures. Their faithful reproduction on modern high-speed color presses is a major achievement in the art of printing.

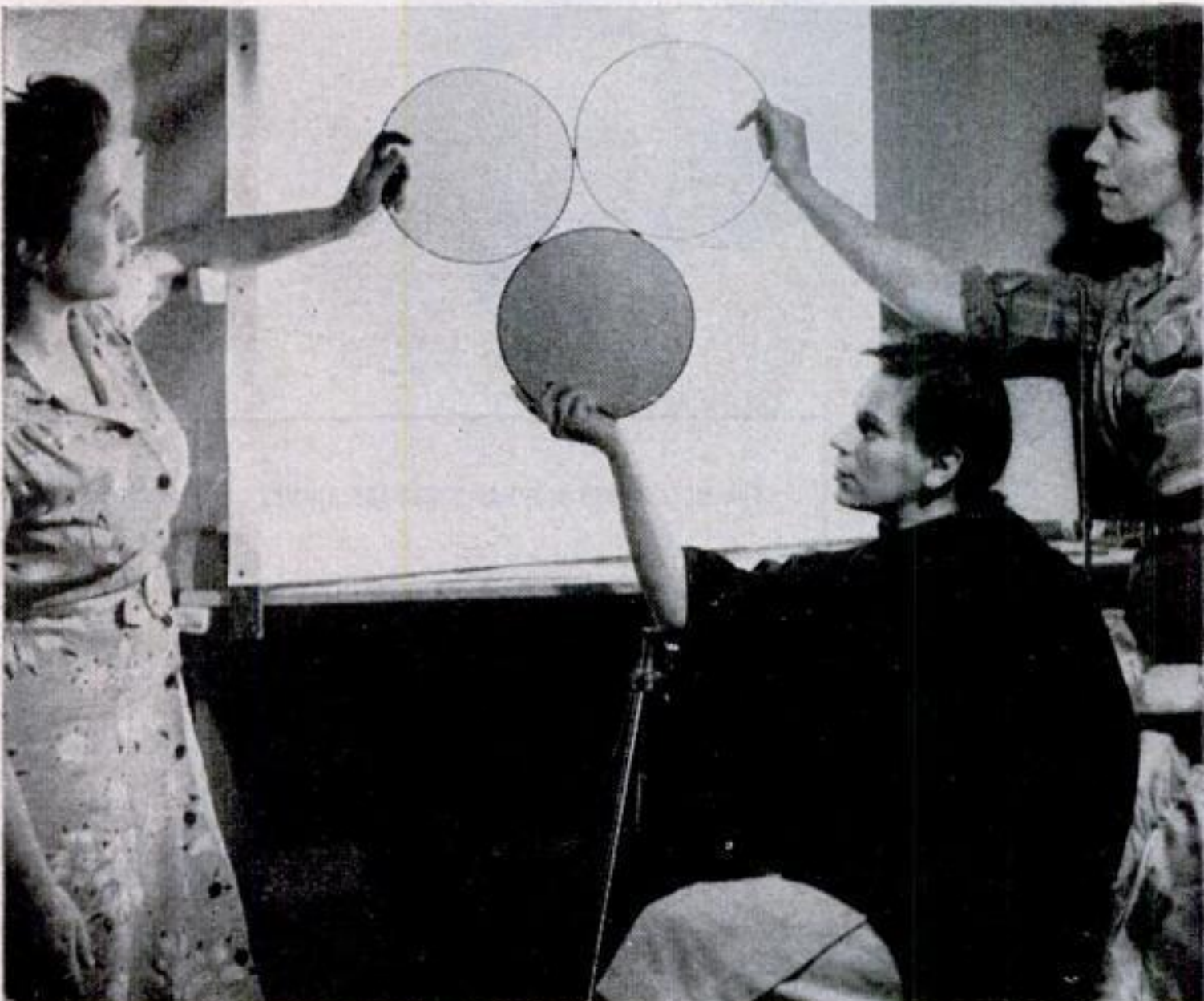


Smoke generator, which burned pipe tobacco under forced draught of a bicycle pump, made beams of colored light visible in color-addition experiment on second page of color story. White paper circles on sheet of glass are targets for beams. At left is LIFE Photographer F. W. Goro.

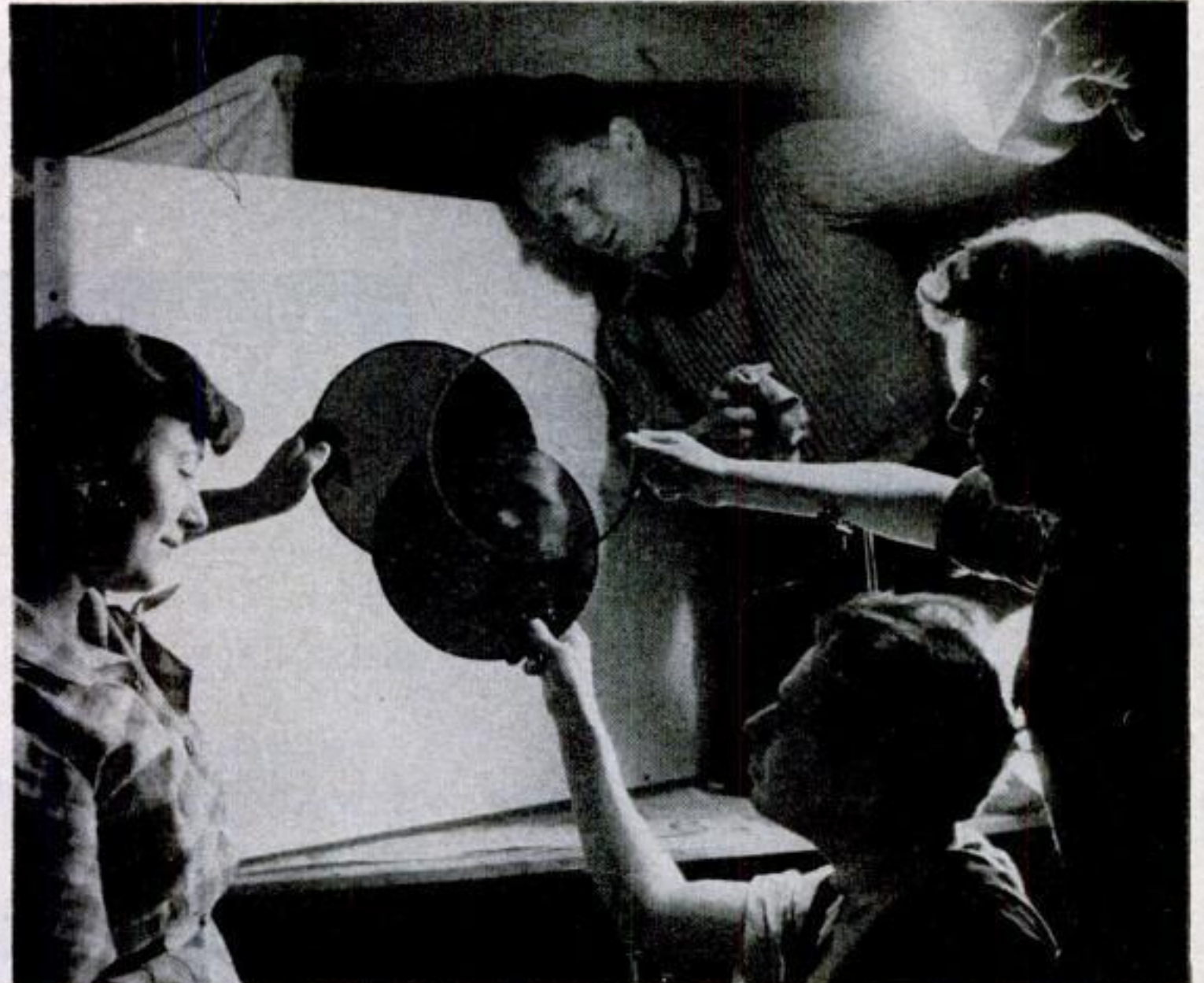


Colors of spectrum, on center spread in color essay, were reproduced by means of photographic templates shown here. As indicated by labels—black, yellow, cyan (blue-green) and magenta

(red-blue)—these templates determined the mixture of LIFE's printing inks. Procedure was worked out by David L. MacAdam (*above*) of Research Laboratories of Eastman Kodak Co.



Color filters, mounted in glass, had to be held perfectly still through a 4-second time exposure. Experiments reproduced on first three pages of the color essay were set up and photographed in the home of LIFE's Rochester Correspondent Walter Litten, who is a research physicist.



Overlapped filters, in second step of color-subtraction experiment, were wired together to prevent movement during time exposure. Filters are held (*l. to r.*) by Mrs. Litten, Walter Litten and Frances Lill. In background, Herbert Goldberg adjusts a floodlight on reflecting background.

“Meet a girl who can say no!”



“My—it’s hard to say ‘No’—when you’re dying to say ‘Yes.’ But I *did*!

“I said ‘NO’ to Peg’s invitation to spend my two-weeks-off on the Cape. Felt funny about using that train-space—and besides, who’d chase the bugs out of my Victory Garden?

“I said ‘NO’ to my pet salesgirl, who phoned about a nifty little dress, my size, marked down. The War Bond I bought instead does lots *more* for me!

“I even said ‘NO’ to those beautiful Cannon Sheets I was trying to persuade myself I needed!

“My mouth’s just *watering* for ‘em, the smooth, blissful-sleeping things—but I didn’t honest-and-truly *have* to have ‘em. Uncle Sam says *don’t* buy if you *can* get by!

“Thank goodness, the Cannon Sheets I got when I was married are real marathoners for wear. If I just treat ‘em with *extra* respect they’ll stand by me till the day it’s okay to say ‘YES’ to lots more just like ‘em!”



Be bright when you must buy!

Make your sheets Methuselahs!

1. Mend every little rip or tear on sight—*before* washing.
2. Repair broken bedsprings and splintered boards that might cause rips.
3. Don’t let sheets or cases be used for laundry bags, play-tents, or spook costumes!
4. Never yank sheets off a bed—*lift* ‘em off!

1. Just remember: soft-and-dreamy Cannon Percale Sheets cost just about the same as heavy-duty muslin sheets!
2. And they’re wonderfully light, too! Woven with 25% more threads than the best-grade muslins.
3. What’s more—Cannon Percalés are *whizzes* for wear!
4. If you can’t get just the size you want in Cannon Percalés (could be—the war again), ask to see Cannon’s sturdy, economy Muslin Sheets—a real value!

P. S.: If towels are on your must-have list—see the nifty ones Cannon makes!

FOR VICTORY, BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



Cannon
Percale Sheets

Made by the Makers of Cannon Towels and Hosiery
CANNON MILLS, INC., NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)

RESEARCH MADE STORY POSSIBLE

LIFE's color essay presents three "firsts" in color photography and printing. They are: 1) the color photographs on the first three pages of the story demonstrating the principles of color mixture; 2) the color map showing the full mixture range of printing inks on the fourth page; 3) the reproduction of the spectrum on the center spread. The color photographs called for ingenious pioneering in the techniques of color photography, as shown on the two preceding pages. The color map and the spectrum are the product of original scientific research.

With LIFE Photographer Fritz Goro, Walter Litten and Herbert Goldberg worked six solid weeks on the problem of making direct color photographs of colored beams of light. By calculation of lens and film speeds they laid out a program of test exposures for the various experimental setups. From the test exposures they calculated the correct exposure times for each of the colors in each setup. The final pictures are all the products of multiple exposures which bring the colors into balance. Textbook drawings artificially illustrate the same principles but these photographs show them in live action. Where generations of schoolchildren have been taught that yellow is a pure primary color, it takes such photographs to prove that it is really a mixture of red and green.

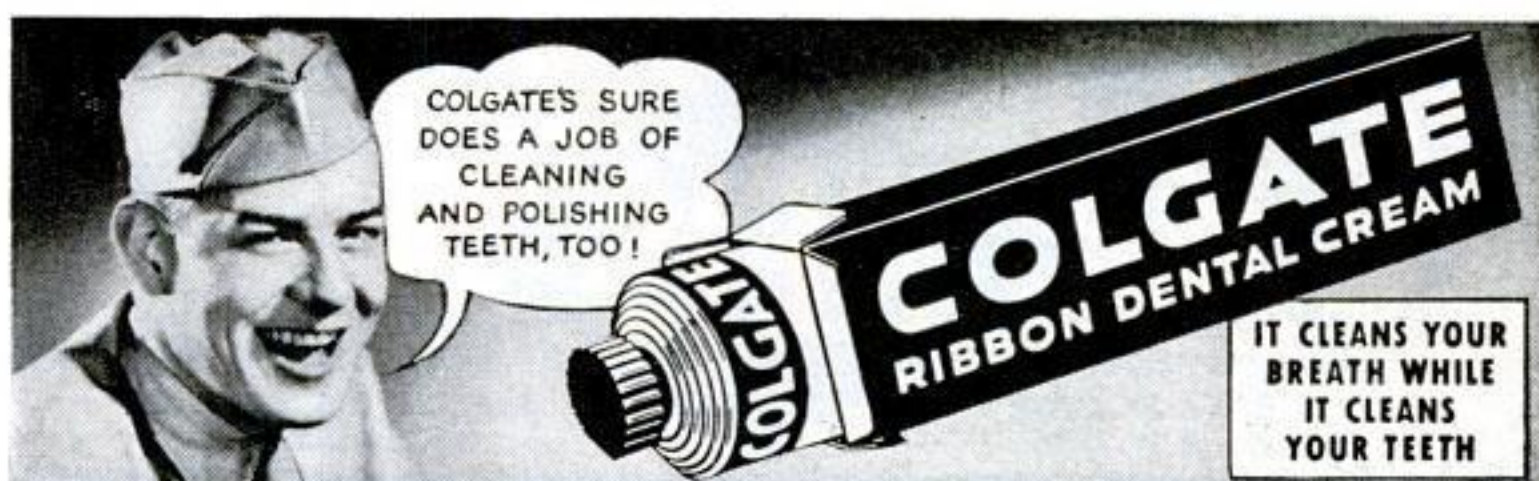
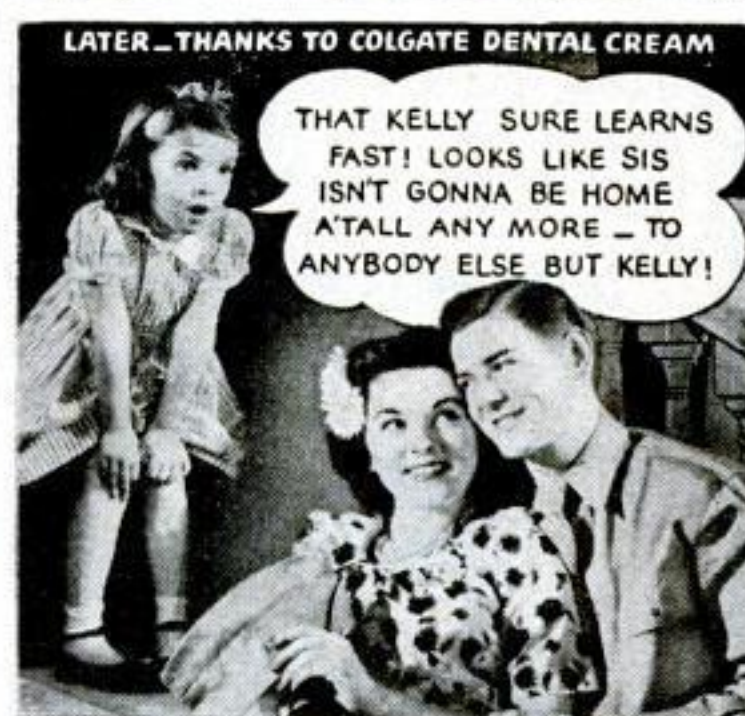
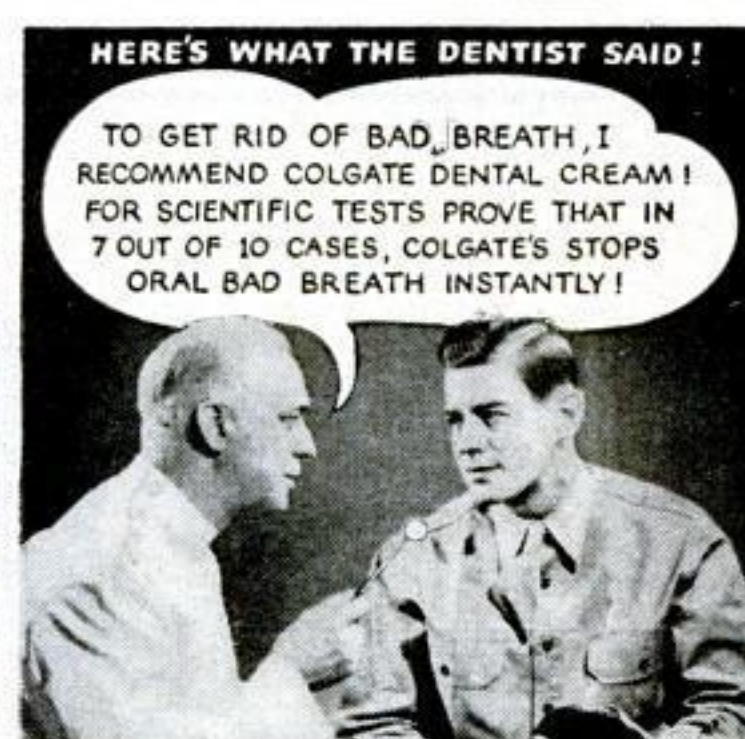
The color map and spectrum were prepared at the laboratories of Eastman Kodak Co. by David L. MacAdam, assisted by Mr. Goldberg. From readings on the spectrophotometer, the basic instrument of color science, Dr. MacAdam determined the precise mixtures of LIFE's printing inks required to reproduce the colors of the spectrum. The geometrically shaped windows in the templates shown on the preceding page were cut according to these calculations. Through these windows four sheets of photographic film were exposed by drawing the templates across the film at a constant speed under a carefully controlled light. These four "separations" showed, in smooth graduation from clear film to dark film, the proportion of each colored ink to be printed at each point in the spectrum. A similar procedure was used to produce separations for the color map. These two sets of separations, used in engraving the plates for each of the printing inks, tie the final product directly to the spectrophotometer.

Accurate reproduction of the spectrum by any printing process is one of the traditional tests of a printer's virtuosity. The engraving skill and precision control of press run required makes accuracy a feat even in a limited edition. For R. R. Donnelley & Sons Company, LIFE's printers, the spectrum was only one of the problems presented by the color story. Accurate mass production of the story on high-speed presses is a printing landmark.

For their help, LIFE is also indebted to the following organizations and people: the General Electric Co., Bendix Aviation Corp., Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., Allcolor Co. Inc. and Interchemical Corp., and to Drs. Harry S. Read and Robert H. Bell. Other LIFE photographers represented in the story are Fernand Bourges, Gjon Mili, Dmitri Kessel and Herbert Gehr.



Action of the filters was photographed with this setup. Beams of colored light were thrown by projector through filters mounted vertically on white board at the lower right. Camera is at left. Resulting pictures are shown on third page of color essay.



Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS? Saturday Night—NBC Network



"Leap year, heck—it's using Mum every day!"



Product of Bristol-Myers

BUSINESS is no cinch—the gals no clinch—if you offend with perspiration odor. For underarm offense is something people can't forgive or fathom. Just 30 seconds with Mum, and you're safe for the day or evening. No, you can't trust your bath alone—it only removes past perspiration. Mum guards against future underarm odor. Safe for shirts and skin, too! At all druggists.

MUM Helps a Man Make the Grade



"I see you're wearing REIS Scandals...
I can tell by their wonderful fit!"



**CHANGE TO
REIS Scandals**

REIS

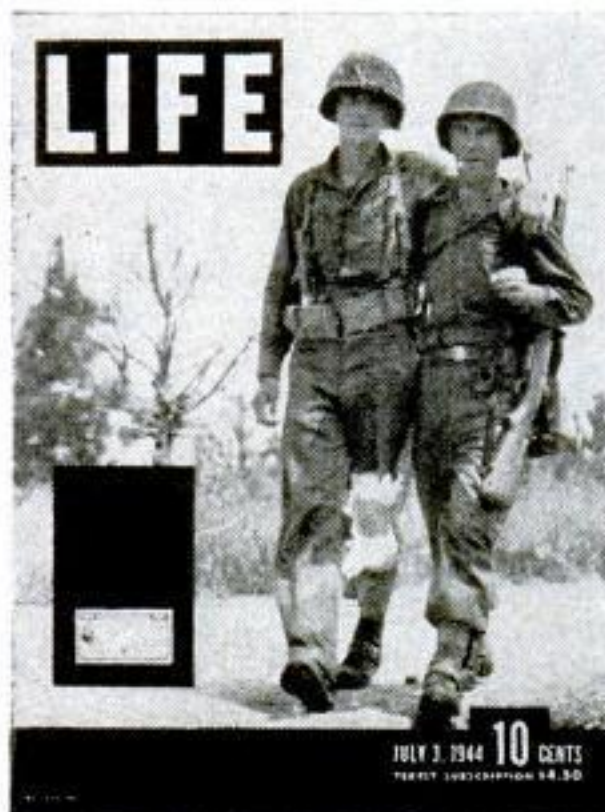
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UNDERWEAR
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LIFE



LIFE'S COVER: The two lean young men on the cover are walking back from the front after a battle—the beginning of the Allied offensive which broke out of the Anzio beach-head toward Rome in May. Only one is wounded, but the other is effectively out of action, illustrating the military adage that it is more efficient to wound an enemy than to kill him. This wounded man is one of 225,382 U.S. casualties reported up to June 22.

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LIFE'S PICTURES

Robert Högfelt, who has studied art in many European countries, now spends his summers on his island in the Stockholm archipelago rowing, reading mythology and drawing his amusing little trolls and pixies (see pages 56-57). After the war he hopes to visit America. He is an admirer of Walt Disney. A German film studio once offered to set him up as a European Disney. Högfelt turned the offer down because he preferred to be independent.

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We have reached the show-down phase of this war...let's make it a show-down with ourselves. Ask yourself, "What have I done today that an American boy should die for me?" Then buy *extra* bonds now!

THIS MESSAGE CONTRIBUTED BY



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BUY MORE THAN BEFORE IN THE FIFTH WAR LOAN



IN RUINED NORMAN TOWN A FRENCHMAN (IN CAP) EXHIBITS BODY OF GERMAN HE KILLED. GERMAN HAD FORCED HIM TO WORK FOR EQUIVALENT OF TWO DOLLARS A WEEK

WAR COMES TO THE PEOPLE OF NORMANDY

When U.S. troops broke into the outworks of Cherbourg last week, they began the last operation in the first stage of the Battle for France. When Cherbourg fell the Allied toe hold on the Continent would become a full-fledged battlefield instead of a narrow beachhead. With the Allies in possession of Cherbourg's fine roadstead, sheltered from the sea by its granite breakwaters, the tenuous beach supply line would become a firm, pulsating artery. Then the Allies could bring full weight of their military superiority to bear against the weakening German Reich.

Last week Allied troops had already secured their gains to the point where they could afford to be aware of the French as well as the Germans. The people of

Manche and Calvados who had fled their homes during the fighting, now were coming back. They were friendly but they had a certain provincial reserve. Many greeted the troops with mixed emotions. The Allies, after all, had brought the war with them. The rich dairy herds had been slaughtered in the fields by bullets and shell fragments. The "serenade" tactic of Allied artillery, in which every gun within range cascaded shells on a single objective, had wrecked the lovely, pearl-gray little towns. The ancient cathedrals had been hit by Allied fire because the Germans chose to use them as observation posts. Any Allied wooing of the people was also complicated by the fact that the Germans in the area had been almost

human. In this quiet rural backwater, local administration had been in the hands of individual Germans and French collaborators, and some were not too bad. In Bayeux the German commandant had even kept the full quota of Frenchmen from being drafted into labor battalions. Certain of the other Norman towns, however, felt the oppressive weight of the New Order. In St. Sauveur-le-Vicomte, a village taken in the swift U. S. drive to the west coast of the Cotentin Peninsula, the enemy had systematically looted the town of food, wine and young men. Correspondents also noted the black hallmark of Nazism here: hanging from phone booths were signs reading, "*Accès interdit aux Juifs*" (Admittance forbidden to Jews).

THE AMERICANS FIGHT INTO CHERBOURG

LIFE CORRESPONDENT REPORTS ON THE ADVANCE OF ONE BATTALION AS BATTLE FOR THE CITY BEGAN

by CHARLES CHRISTIAN WERTENBAKER

Outside Cherbourg, June 21

The battle of Cherbourg began at 12:40 this afternoon. Many American units are attacking the city from three sides and no one man could see all the battle, or even very much of it. This is a report of how things went with a battalion that was close to the city.

It was a clear, cool morning with a light breeze blowing, and by noon the low clouds out of which the Messerschmitts had darted on morning strafing parties had blown away and the day was perfect for bombing. Along the dark macadam roads leading into Cherbourg peasants waved at the soldiers slogging toward the front on foot. The woods and hedgerows were fresh and green and in them you could hear the birds and you could hear cattle lowing in the fields between the hedgerows. The woods smelled like summer and there were summer flowers beside the roads. It was a fine day for a battle and it would have been a fine day not to have a battle.

The bombers were supposed to come at 12:30 p. m. and bomb the enemy positions for 80 minutes, a group of bombers every five minutes. When the first group of bombers arrived, 10 minutes late, German fighters jumped them and for 15 minutes the sky was full of dogfights.

Just before one o'clock an officer said: "Going into Cherbourg with us?" and I said: "That was my general idea." He put his finger on a spot on the map and said: "I'd get up there if I were you. This unit will lead the attack." LIFE Photographer Bob Capa and I thumbed a ride in a jeep and got there just in time to miss the bombing of the battalion command post. There were pieces of debris all over the road and one dead man and five wounded being taken away. The battalion commander was moving the CP forward a hundred yards at a time, and every time the bombers came over the GIs dove for the ditches and the battalion commander, a big, young lieutenant colonel, stood in the road and waited.

Fake German guns

At a spot on the road a couple of hundred yards southwest of a village the battalion commander finally decided to stop. From there we could look down the road into a narrow valley where the Germans were, and across the valley at their strong points on the crest of a hill. In a big square field to the left of the road were a lot of fake enemy positions: thick poles shaped to look like guns surrounded by bramble ramparts. Into this field the battalion commander deployed his machine gunners, riflemen, artillery and mortar observers.

The battalion commander was waiting for the bombing to stop. The regimental commander was also at his command post trying to get through to the rear on a portable wireless telephone. Above the noise of hundreds of bombs crashing into the enemy positions only a few hundred yards away, his voice barked through the walkie-talkie: "Hello, hello, has this attack been held up? They're still bombing up here."

The bombing was over at 2:40 p. m., but nobody was sure it was over. The battalion commander got through. "Hello, hold it. Is this damn air show over or not? I don't like this pinpoint bombing." The colonel listened and then

said: "No more bombing in this area. They're going to bomb up ahead." Said the lieutenant: "Well ahead, I hope."

At 3 o'clock a company began going forward through the field where the Germans had left their fake batteries. At a break in the hedge at the edge of this field I could see, across the narrow valley, a long concrete fort that was one of the battalion objectives. The fort dominated the long ridge on either side of it and this ridge, with its series of strong points, was the big objective.

Machine guns were firing from half-a-dozen places in the hedge and in others riflemen were shooting. Below, a German machine gun chattered back with its higher sound and mortar shells began to cross in the field. I went back to the CP and lay down in a ditch. Pvt. Al Delk said: "Better get the tail down flat. That's where they got me last time." They were mortaring all around us and machine guns were firing from all four sides and our colonel, who was standing in the middle of the road talking on the telephone, said: "They're coming from every which way, so what the hell can we do?" Then he said into the phone: "The trouble with me is I'm too damn far out."

The mortar shells came close again and then for a while everything was going at once: shells, machine guns, mortars, rifles. Our machine guns firing from the field on the left made an echo like tearing paper. The battalion commander said: "I wish I knew where Baker and Charlie were. I don't like to bother them . . . (counting the mortar bursts) eight rounds. I hope he runs out of ammunition soon." The phone rang. The battalion commander said: "Well, I'm not doing very well right now. I'm getting fire from my left . . . Well, they're noisy and they make a lot of smoke."

Presently our artillery began dropping anti-personnel shells over the crest of the hill. They made great flashes and bursts of smoke long before the sound came back. Up in the field again I could see the show clearly and as I watched there was a great burst of smoke from the fort, then one, two, three more bursts; it was an ammunition truck, we learned later. The regimental colonel came up here and said: "If we put some down in the valley there I think we can advance."

The antipersonnel did the work. Somebody reported to the colonel that we had knocked out a pillbox and the Germans wanted to surrender. The colonel said: "Cease firing but don't let anybody go out there." At the far side of the field I could hear the cry of "*Kamerad! Kamerad!*" A soldier jumped up on top of the bank at an opening in the hedge, waved his arms and cried: "*Kommen Sie hierher!*" Sergeant Frank Brusie said the Germans had killed his sergeant with a fake surrender in Africa. In the now-ragged, burned-out field there was a square pillbox with broken pieces of lumber scattered about it. Above the pillbox a white flag flew. But the Germans did not come our way. I could hear the cries of "*Kamerad*" again. It was a little after 6 o'clock and the field became very quiet. You could smell the dry grass above the smell of powder. The valley below looked as if nobody could be alive there. But the white flag moved again and in a moment some figures came out of the pillbox.

"Here they come," said Sergeant Brusie. They came across the valley toward us, moving hesitantly but fast, and the field and hedgerows were silent as the vanquished came in.

They reached the foot of the bank below our hedgerow and climbed up. They had thrown away their weapons and some of them had thrown away their coats. There were about 20 of them, two or three slightly wounded and one badly hurt and being carried by a companion. Most of them were marines. The leaders clambered up the bank and the rest followed, and they stood there in a group, looking scared and wondering what would happen to them.

"Get on your guns!"

Through the silence crashed a burst of machine guns, and bullets clipped the hedge. Sergeant Brusie yelled: "Get down! Get on your guns! The bastards are shooting at us." Mortar shells came down in the field, crashing heavily, and one of the prisoners started to run across the field toward our battalion CP. Somebody said: "Shoot the sonofabitch," but nobody shot and the prisoner stopped and lay down in the field, his head in his arms as if he were crying. The rest were flattened to the ground and most of our men were in slit trenches, except for those firing from the hedges. This hostile fire was coming from the hill crest beyond the valley and presently Sergeant Brusie got our heavies on it and it died down and then stopped. Two men were detailed to take the prisoners back.

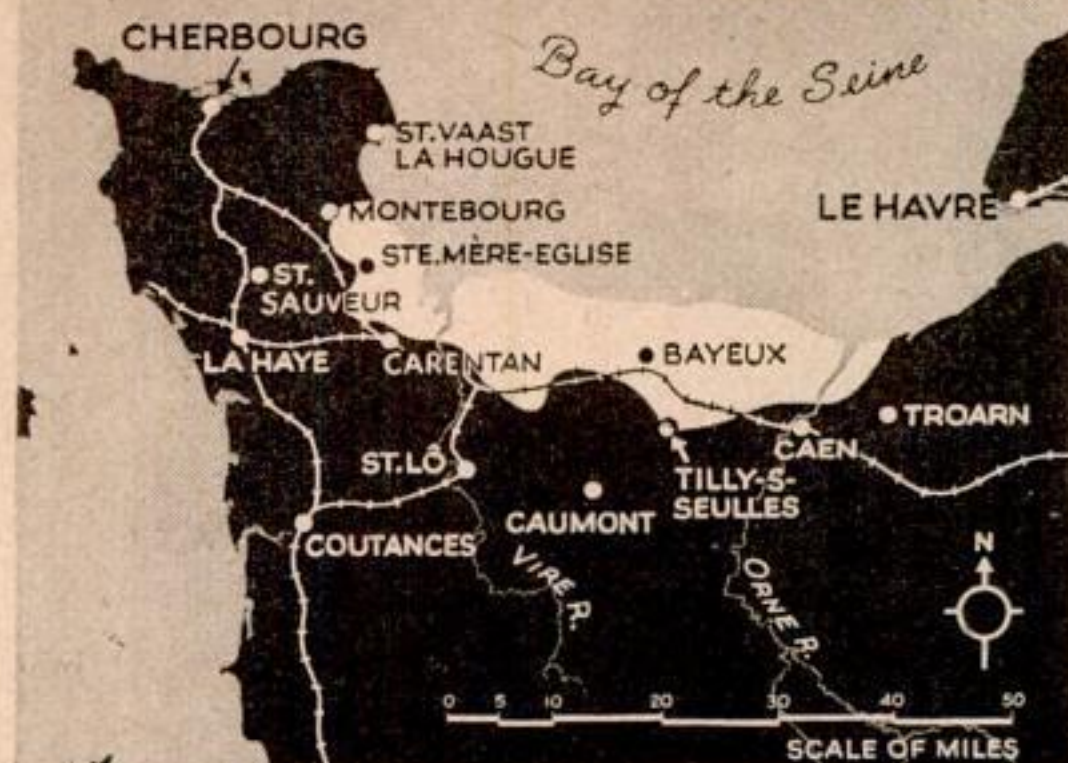
During the afternoon we had won a few hundred yards of ground and one series of positions. All around the semicircular front the advance was like that: we drenched the enemy positions with fire and then the infantry moved in to clear out what resistance was left. It was slow but it was not very costly to us and it was better than spending many men to root out strongly entrenched positions defended by men with revolvers at their backs. The last five kilometers into Cherbourg is series after series of such positions, their approaches mined and each position covered by others at the sides and rear.

Thursday night and Friday our long-range artillery poured shells into the city's defenses while the infantry inched forward. But the enemy also had artillery left and the 88th kept up a lively counter-battery fire. From Fort du Roule in Cherbourg itself his long-range guns could rake our entire front. He also had *Nebelwerfers* in action.

Throughout the day our battalion plastered the hill crest with machine guns, mortars and 105s; foot by foot the infantry moved up the hill to the west of Mont du Roc. This patrol was still leading the advance on Cherbourg but your correspondent and photographer were unable to reach the forward OP, having been pinned down most of the afternoon in a stone cowshed by shellfire.

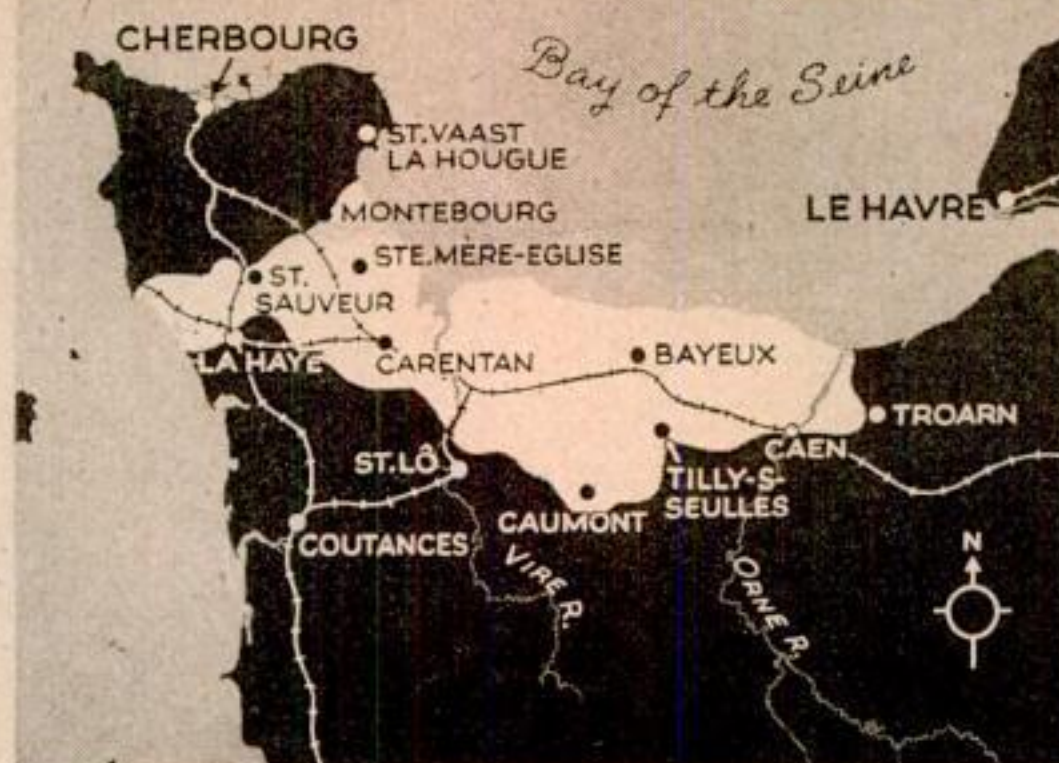
Our cordon is closing on Cherbourg. The city may hold out several more days or its collapse may come suddenly. The enemy is outnumbered, he is running short of ammunition and he is subjected to relentless pressure from three sides. Time is on our side and we have plenty of time.

JUNE 12



In first week Americans and British joined beachheads about midway between Carentan and Bayeux. British penetrated deepest.

JUNE 19



In second week the Americans broke through to the west coast of peninsula. The British made big bulge in the direction of Caumont.

JUNE 24



In third week German armor halted the British but Americans overran tip of Cotentin Peninsula.



In St. Sauveur U. S. paratrooper runs forward with mortar bipod. Germans had last foothold in railroad station down the street. At left is a 57-mm. antitank gun knocked out by Germans.

Firing across fields, a U. S. antitank gun raises a haze of dust with shock of muzzle blast. In center, infantrymen crouch behind low stone wall, wait for gun to knock out German position.



RUIN OF WAR



Isigny, captured by elements of U.S. 29th Division on June 10, was given the meat-grinder treatment by Allied, and later by German, shells. Situated near the mouth of the Vire River, which marks the eastern boundary of the Cotentin Peninsula,

la, the town was hit by salvos from Allied warships as well as by land guns. When the picture above was made, bulldozers had already cleared roads through the great heaps of broken masonry and timbers and Allied vehicles landed in the Vire

estuary were moving up through town. Truck at left carries .50-caliber machine gun on roof of cab to protect it against low-flying enemy planes. In peacetime, principal occupation of Isigny (pop. 2,500) was exporting dairy products to England.

THE ATLANTIC WALL, REAR VIEW



German dead are carried out of gun position which looks out over the Channel. Pitted casemate took a number of hits, probably was knocked out by shell through embrasure.



Tank barriers of embedded logs were set up by Germans in waterfront street of French town. Farther down street behind U.S. sergeant at left is a low-lying, partly camouflaged concrete pillbox.

RELIC OF PEACE



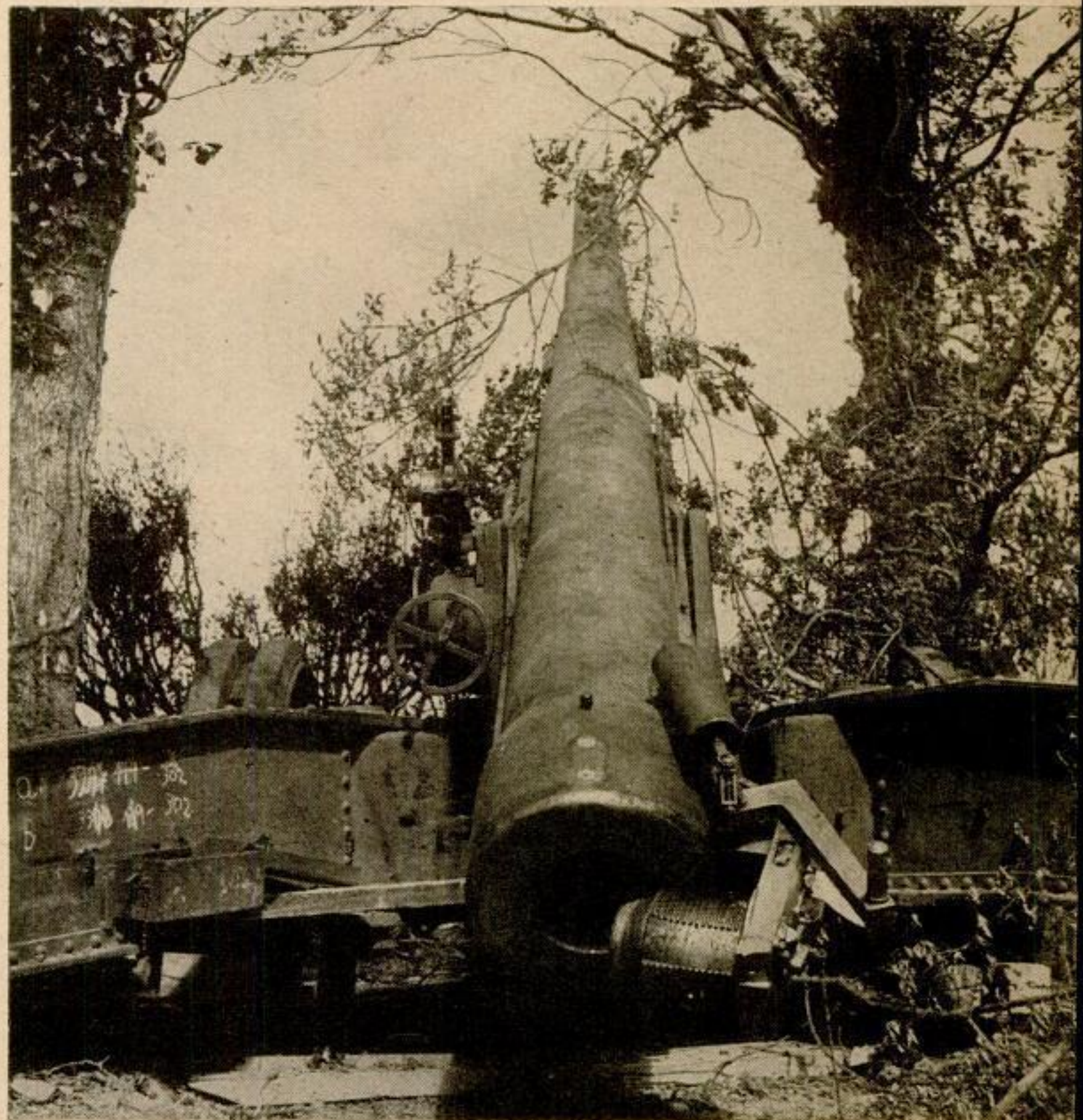
Bayeux, the first and up to last week still the biggest French town to fall to the Allies, looks about the same today as it did in 1939. When it was captured by British on June 7, day after the first landings, it was practically untouched by the "bat-

tle" which had surged around it. Above, British officers walk down a clean Bayeux street unarmed and unhurried. Behind them a shop window contains a stylish evening dress. In London few evening gowns have been sold for more than a year.

This moderate opulence is typical of Bayeux. Its German commandant kept looting and labor conscription to a minimum. Allied observers, puzzled by normalcy of Bayeux, later found that other Norman towns were not quite so well off.



Trenches between houses along the waterfront linked the tight network of German shore defenses. In June 6 landings, 30 U.S. soldiers were killed in the process of taking of this particular position.



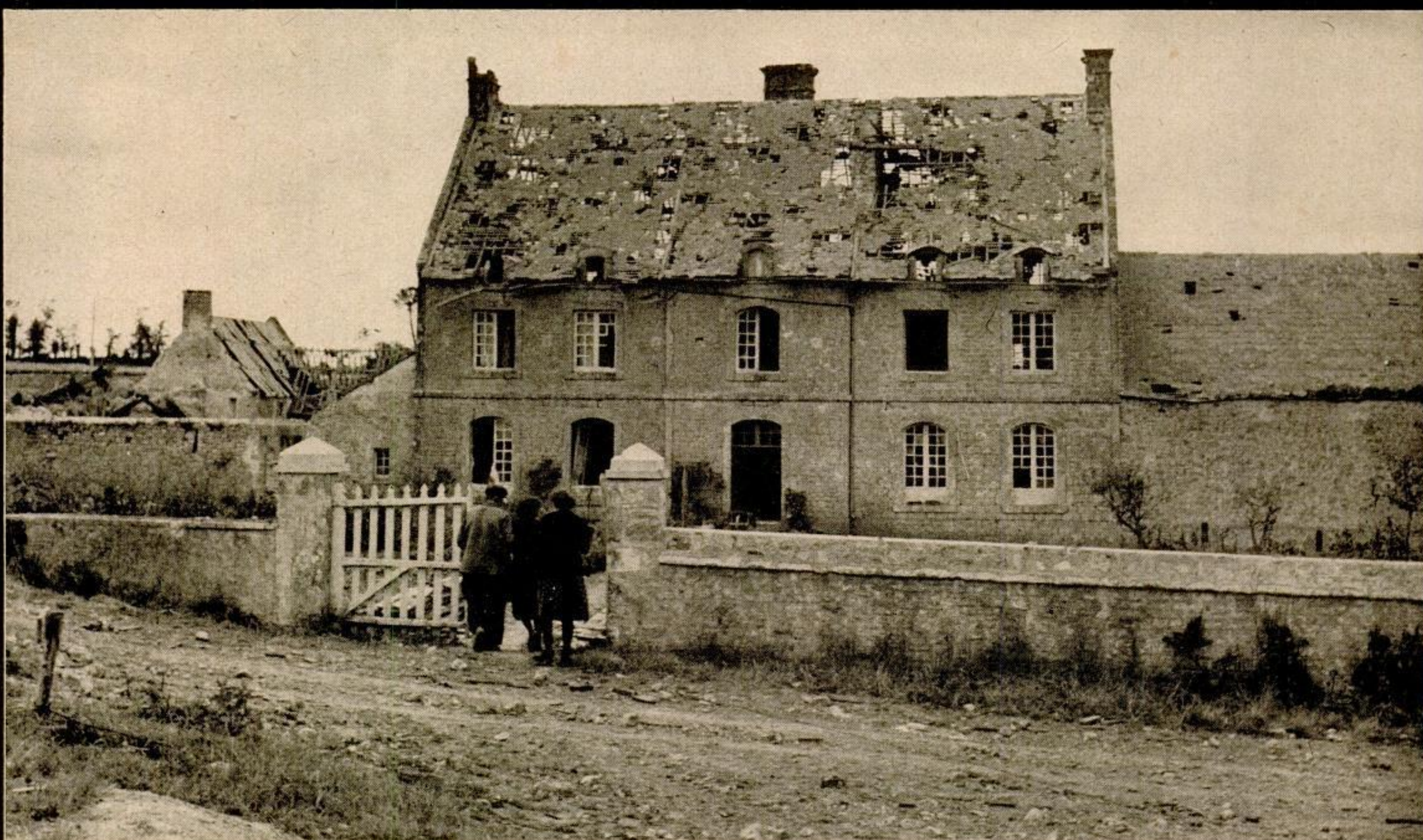
French 155-mm. gun is emplaced in clump of trees about two miles from shore. Germans had them closer, but moved back after air attacks. Rangers took guns during landings.



Weeping Frenchwoman came back to her shattered home in village of St. Marcouf to find body of husband inside, where he had been killed by a shell. A neighbor leads her away.



Neighbors help grief-stricken widow through street. Signs at right were put up by the Germans. Top one, in German, points way to water pump; bottom, in French, to town hall.



Neighbors take woman to their home, also wrecked by battle which passed over it, just outside St. Marcouf. House was probably shelled or mortared because German snipers were in-

side. Fringe of German resistance in Normandy has frequently been groups of two and three men hiding in a house or hedge, waiting to pick off men who come within small-arms range.



Insane asylum inmates wait aimlessly along a country road near Pont-l'Abbé. After having been evacuated by nuns during the fighting, they were apparently slowly working their way

back home after the battle. Woman at left with chin resting in her hand seems completely oblivious to war, photographers, everything except the crushing weight of her own misery.

War in Normandy

(continued)



WAITING FOR DE GAULLE, LITTLE GIRLS STAND WITH FLOWERS AMONG THE SPLINTERED HOUSES OF ISIGNY. CROWD RECEIVED ONLY 20 MINUTES' NOTICE OF GENERAL'S ARRIVAL

GENERAL DE GAULLE VISITS LIBERATED AREA, BRINGING HIS GOVERNMENT WITH HIM

On June 14 Charles de Gaulle made his first visit to France since he left in 1940. He stayed for six hours and visited a number of towns, among them Bayeux and Isigny. He also quietly established his government on the soil of France, without objection or consent from the Allied High Command. His provisional government in Algiers chose François Coulet and Colonel Pierre de Chevigné as administrators of the liberated areas.

De Gaulle's cool assumption of the powers of government in France was not fully accepted by the Al-

lies, nor did it increase the touchy General's popularity among them. President Roosevelt said last week that more of France would have to be liberated before the problem of civilian government could be taken under consideration. Among his countrymen, however, the General lost none of his heroic stature. As French Playwright Henri Bernstein said last month, in admiration of Charles de Gaulle's stubborn refusal to cede one ounce of French sovereignty: "Let me tell you, this is not going to make him unpopular among the French."

TALL CHARLES DE GAULLE TELLS FRENCHMEN IN MARKET PLACE THAT HE CAME TO ISIGNY BECAUSE THE TOWN HAS SUFFERED MUCH. BUT NECESSARILY, IN BATTLE FOR FRANCE





IN CARENTAN THE FLAGS OF THIS WAR DECK
A MONUMENT TO THE DEAD OF THE LAST ONE

"WE SEEK LIBERTY"

If it dies in men's hearts, no court can save it

EDITOR'S NOTE: On this July 4 Americans everywhere turn their thoughts again to liberty, the elusive treasure for which we boldly asserted our right to search 168 years ago. For the right to continue this quest, Americans were dying and being buried in Normandy last week (*see picture opposite*), and in Saipan, and in Italy, and in a hundred other corners of the world. At home other Americans were thinking anew about the mysterious nature of liberty, and trying once more to define it.

Of these latter, the man who came the closest was a New York jurist, Judge Learned Hand of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals. Last May 21 in

New York City's Central Park, where more than a million people were gathered to celebrate "I Am an American Day," Judge Hand led 150,000 newly naturalized citizens in the pledge to the flag. Judge Hand's address, here printed entire, is a new and solid stone in the proud edifice of American oratory. It is not in the great Webster tradition, but in the greater, simpler tradition of Lincoln. Judge Learned Hand has been on the federal bench for 35 years. He is one of the country's most distinguished legal philosophers and his decisions, noted for their clear and graceful style, are often compared with those of the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.

WE HAVE gathered here to affirm a faith, a faith in a common purpose, a common conviction, a common devotion. Some of us have chosen America as the land of our adoption; the rest have come from those who did the same. For this reason we have some right to consider ourselves a picked group, a group of those who had the courage to break from the past and brave the dangers and the loneliness of a strange land.

What was the object that nerved us, or those who went before us, to this choice? We sought liberty; freedom from oppression, freedom from want, freedom to be ourselves. This we then sought. This we now believe that we are by way of winning.

What do we mean when we say that first of all we seek liberty? I often wonder whether we do not rest our hopes too much upon constitutions, upon laws and upon courts. These are false hopes; believe me, these are false hopes. Liberty lies in the hearts of men and women. When it dies there, no constitution, no law, no court can save it. No constitution, no law, no court can even do much to help it. While it lies there, it needs no constitution, no law, no court to save it.

And what is this liberty which must lie in the hearts of men and women? It is not the ruthless, the unbridled will. It is not freedom to do as one likes. That is the denial of liberty, and leads straight to its overthrow. A society in which men recognize no check upon their freedom, soon becomes a society where freedom is the possession of only a savage few; as we have learned to our sorrow.

What then is the spirit of liberty? I cannot define it; I can only tell you my own faith. The spirit of liberty is the spirit which is not too sure that it is right. The spirit of liberty is the spirit which seeks to understand the minds of other men and women. The spirit of liberty is the spirit which weighs their interests alongside its own without bias. The spirit of liberty remembers that not even a sparrow falls to earth unheeded. The spirit of liberty is the spirit of Him who, near two thousand years ago, taught mankind that lesson it has never learned, but has never quite forgotten; that there may be a kingdom where the least shall be heard and considered side by side with the greatest.

And now in that spirit, that spirit of an America which has never been, and which may never be; nay, which never will be, except as the conscience and the courage of Americans create it; yet in the spirit of that America which lies hidden in some form in the aspirations of us all; in the spirit of that America for which our young men are at this moment fighting and dying; in that spirit of liberty and of America I ask you to rise and with me to pledge our faith in the glorious destiny of our beloved country.

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands—one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

TAPS: NORMANDY: JUNE, 1944





LINED UP FOR LIFE'S PHOTOGRAPHER ARE WIVES AND CHILDREN OF THE 15 POLYGAMISTS CONVICTED IN SALT LAKE CITY. IN BACK ROW ARE 13 OF THE DEFENDANTS. LAST WEEK

POLYGAMY

Utah jails 15 "Fundamentalists"

And God said unto him [Israel], I am God Almighty; be fruitful and multiply; a nation and a company of nations shall be of thee, and kings shall come out of thy loins.

A too-literal belief in this text from the 35th chapter of Genesis by last week had brought sorrow and prison sentences to 15 families in Salt Lake City. The men in the back row in the picture above have been con-

victed of polygamy by the state of Utah and sentenced to prison terms of one to four years. The rest of the people are their wives and their children, including the wives and children of two more men who do not appear in the picture. The 15 defendants were convicted on state charges of unlawful cohabitation with 55 wives. Among them they have a total of 283 children.



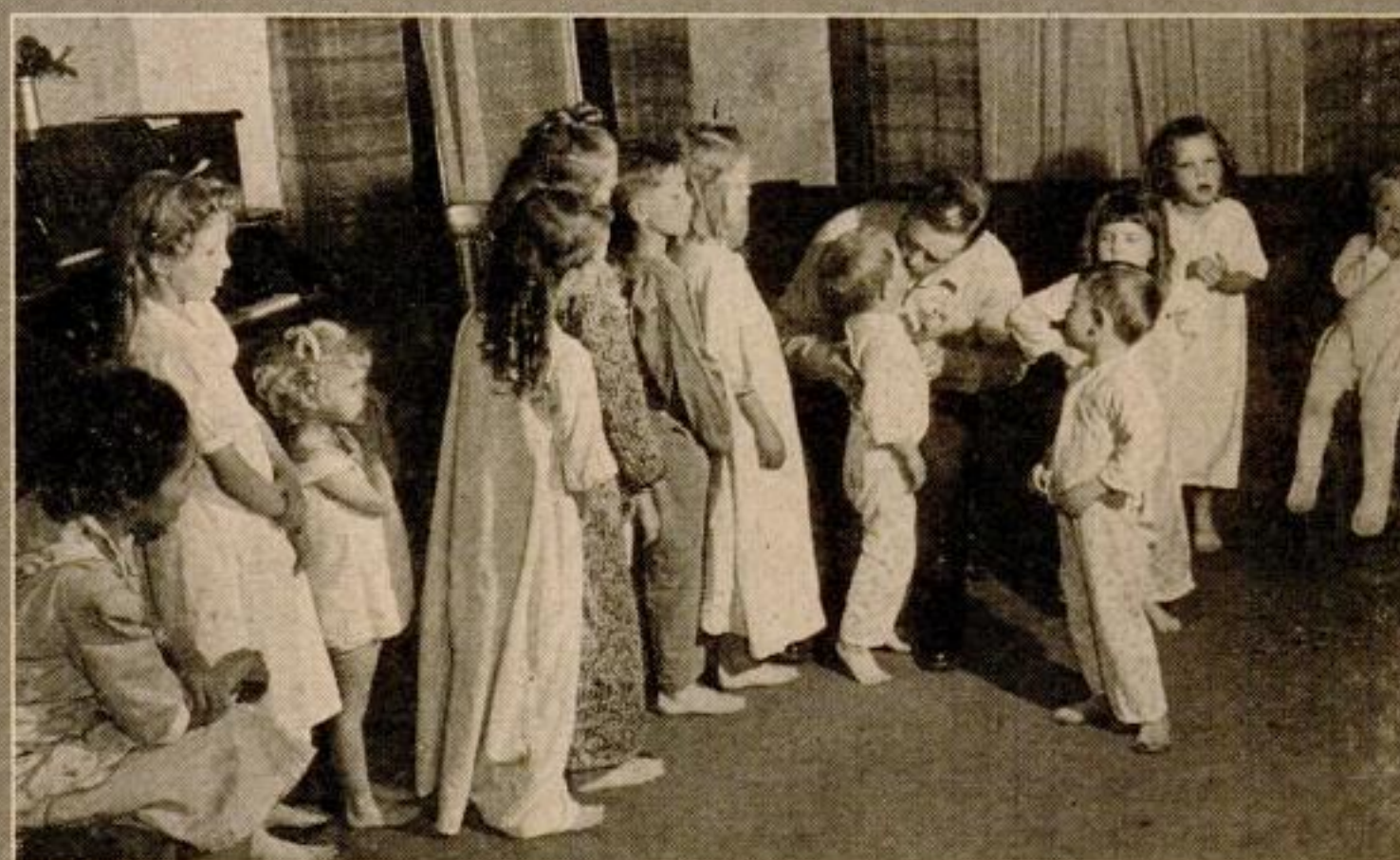
One man's family sits down to dinner, while Jessop at head of table says grace. Seated are three wives, 21 of his children. All "Fundamentalist" families are deeply religious.



All three wives get together to do dishes after dinner. Here Winnie (left) and Maleta (right), who are cousins, do the drying. Scene takes place in the kitchen of Beth (center).



The kids are washed in the house's one bathtub. Here Maleta scrubs while Beth dries. Polygamous kids are clean, healthy, happy. They are taught "Fundamentalist" doctrines.



The kids line up for a goodnight kiss from their father. He has already told them a bedtime story. On "family night" the father leads the Bible discussion, prayer and singing.



THEY WERE PLANNING TO APPEAL THEIR CASES TO THE UTAH STATE SUPREME COURT. OTHER "FUNDAMENTALISTS" HAVE BEEN SENTENCED TO JAIL FOR VIOLATION OF MANN ACT

These polygamists regard themselves as "Fundamentalists" members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (Mormons). The Mormon Church, however, regards them as nothing of the kind and has excommunicated them for plural marriages. In 1890, when Utah was seeking statehood and polygamy then was the principal barrier, the Mormon Church officially

and irrevocably abolished the practice as part of its religious tenets. Since then Mormons, with the exception of the "Fundamentalists," have refrained from polygamy.

The pictures below show the home life of Joseph Lyman Jessop, his three wives and his 25 children. A farmer and carpenter, he has been living in plural mar-

riage since 1924. His home is a large, old-fashioned, two-story house in a farm area just south of Salt Lake City. There he lives with all his wives and children, each wife having her own kitchen and living room. As in all polygamous homes the wives work together and help each other. Malingering is an unforgivable sin. Mr. Jessop spends one day with each of his families.



Goodnights are said to Beth's children as their mother bundles them into bed. "Fundamentalists" never smoke, drink or gamble. Many claim descent from Charles the Great.



Jessop and his three wives spend quiet evening together in their front room. Winnie is playing the piano while Maleta looks at a magazine and Beth reads the paper aloud.



Jessop is sentenced to one to four years in jail. "Justice has not been done," he tells judge. Said another polygamist, "God will not change the laws of celestial marriage."



WEARING A WHITE LINEN SUIT WITH ELEPHANT'S HEAD IN HIS LAPEL, SENATOR TAFT TAKES OVER MEETING OF RESOLUTIONS COMMITTEE, AFTER BEING ELECTED CHAIRMAN

CONVENTION

Senator Taft heads the committee drafting the Republican platform for 1944 presidential election

In Chicago last week the Resolutions Committee of the Republican Convention was already drafting the party platform for the 1944 presidential election. Its chairman was Ohio's veteran Senator Robert A. Taft (*above*). With customary political acumen, Taft was avoiding controversy. Even the foreign-policy plank produced less discussion than expected. Apparently it would pledge the party to prosecute the war to total victory and to participate in an international peace organization, but not in a world state. On domestic policy the Republicans could afford to be less enigmatic. The Committee on Reform of Govern-

ment Administration, headed by Governor Dewey of New York, let loose a stern blast at the "unsound philosophy" of the New Deal. Other committees recommended postwar reductions in taxes and guarantees of protection for war veterans.

Meanwhile Chicago began to fill up with delegates and spectators for the Convention. Candidates opened offices (*page 27*). Bourbon was sold by the drink only. Long, weary lines of people stood before room clerks at the hotels. One woman delegate found a man sleeping in her room. She looked under the bed, explained, "There were two of them under the bed in 1940."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

MAKE SOUP THE

"ONE HOT DISH"

FOR SUMMER MEALS

...To get added pleasure
and nourishment

Much as you always enjoy summer's salads and cold beverages, you'll agree the summer meal is complete only when it includes something hot. Soup makes the perfect "one hot dish". It perks up the appetite at the very same time it brings the wholesome nourishment needed for wise summer eating.

WHEN MEALS ARE LIGHT . . .

here's a soup that fills the bill. For this is a substantial soup, rich with beef broth, tender pieces of beef and garden vegetables. You'll like it lots.

Campbell's BEEF SOUP

WHEN THE DAY'S HOT . . .

you'll be surprised and delighted to find out how truly refreshing a meal made up of a salad and tomato soup can be. As Campbell's make it, from the world's finest tomatoes, it's America's favorite soup . . . smooth, tempting, just about perfect any day of the year.

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

WHEN APPETITES WANT URGING . . .

you'll find a distinctive quality about Scotch Broth that's sure to be mighty pleasing. Its savory flavor, coming from mutton, barley and vegetables, is a real "appetite lift". And it's especially hearty and nourishing, too.

Campbell's SCOTCH BROTH

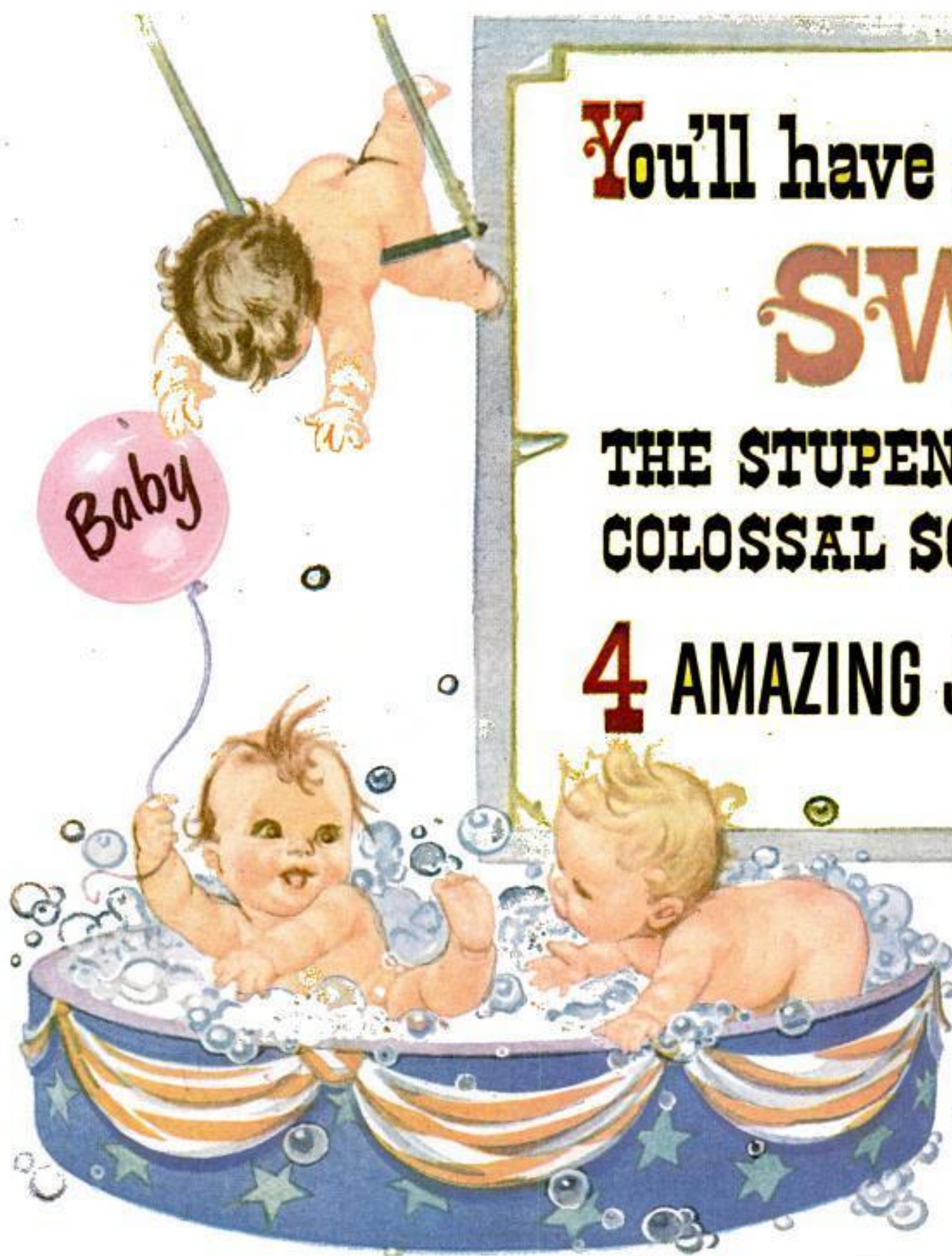


LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



You'll have a Circus with **SWAN**

THE STUPENDOUS GIGANTIC
COLOSSAL SOAP THAT DOES
4 AMAZING JOBS AT **ONCE**



1 Watch Baby have a circus with Swan!
He's the tenderest-skinned individual
in captivity — but those gentle suds
keep him happy.
Swan's so-o-o mild! And pure as fine
castles!

3 Pree-senting—the thrill of a lifetime!
A delicious Swan bath! Swan lathers
faster than the eye can see. Perks up tired
war-workers.
Swan's firm, too. Lasts and lasts.



**SWAN IS 4 SWELL
SOAPS IN ONE**

2

Breath-taking! Unbee-lievable!
Watch speedy Swan suds juggle
stacks of dishes!
And if you're dishwashing all day
for a war-working family — you'll
love the baby-gentle way Swan treats
your hands!



4

You'll cheer, you'll gasp
when Swan whisks through
light laundry! Helps duds
last longer.

Turn your house into a
happy four-ring circus—use
one pure soap for four big
jobs! Swan baby, dishes,
duds, and you!



UNCLE SAM SAYS DON'T WASTE SOAP

1. Don't leave Swan in water. Don't make more lather than you need.
2. Keep your soap dish dry!
3. Wipe off grease and rinse all dishes before washing.
4. Save Swan slivers; dissolve in boiling water to make soap jelly; use for dishes, shampoo, etc.

TUNE IN: "Bright Horizon,"
CBS Monday thru Friday

Convention (continued)



The Republican National Committee, including a committeeman and a committeewoman from each state, meets in ballroom of Blackstone Hotel. It considered reports on arrangements, finances, entertainment, then decided which contesting delegates should be seated.

Committee poses for portrait. In front row are some officers, with Harrison Spangler, national chairman (at right center). Fifth from right in second row is Clarence Budington Kelland. Third from left in second row is Bertha Baur of Illinois, wearing a hat with elephants on it.





**"That man just said
the darndest thing to me!"**

SUE: If I heard correctly, he told me to use every sheet of carbon paper 60 times! He must be...

PRUE: That man, my pet, is the boss, and he knows what he's talking about. We use Roytype Park Avenue Carbon Paper... and it *can* be used up to 60 times, cleanly and clearly... see for yourself...

This is the first copy made with a fresh sheet of Roytype Park Avenue Carbon Paper. See how sharp, clear, and distinct it is. You'll find succeeding copies will also be clean, crisp, and easy to read.



Look at this sharp first copy!

Laboratory test No. 36502, issued July 13, 1943, by United States Testing Co., Inc.

Now, look at this 60th copy -- made by the same girl, on the same typewriter, with the same sheet of Roytype Park Avenue Carbon Paper... used 59 times before! See how legible this 60th copy is!

Now look at this—the 60th copy!



PRUE: ... and the explanation of this seeming miracle is *deep-inking!* Special machines soak the ink *right down into the paper fiber*. And Park Avenue's extension edge lets you reverse each sheet, top to bottom, so that *all areas* of the sheet can be used.

SUE: Isn't Park Avenue scarce, like all good things today?

PRUE: Not at all! Royal Typewriter Representatives or Roytype Dealers have *plenty* of it!

Carbon Papers and Ribbons

ASK your Royal Representative or Roytype Dealer now about the many different carbon papers in the complete Roytype* line—one of which will exactly fit your needs.

Ask him, too, about Roytype ribbons. They're made from a special formula which enables the ink actually to flow through the fabric into the used parts—thus constantly *renewing the life* of the ribbon.

Buy on the Coupon Plan and save money.

ROYTYPE
Carbon Papers and Ribbons
made by the
ROYAL
TYPEWRITER COMPANY

*Trade-mark Registered U. S. Pat. Off.

Copr. 1944, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.

Convention (continued)



Dewey headquarters were on the 25th floor of Stevens. They were bare and undecorated, in keeping with "Draft Dewey" campaign which his followers were running.



Bricker headquarters were on first floor of the Stevens. In keeping with elaborate campaign, they were decorated with bunting, and plenty of buttons were available.



Stassen headquarters were on 23rd floor of the Hotel Sherman. His supporters had decorated the lobby with pictures and bunting and signs quoting their candidate.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

ATTENTION ENGINEERS

We are still "all out" on our war jobs. Our peak has not been passed. When the war is over, we will have a major engineering reconversion job to do that will not mean reconversion only. We believe it will mean to us the beginning of a period of revolutionary industrial progress.

WE NEED ENGINEERS ... No one should leave a war job. But war requirements are changing, orders are being canceled or cut, and when, as a result, engineers are released, they are requested to contact us.



WE ARE LOOKING FOR men who want to do their war job with no regard to hours or effort... men who appreciate teamwork and will share our zeal for accomplishment... men with talent in their own field and particularly men with talent in tool design and toolmaking, methods and machine development.

WE CAN OFFER war jobs which, we believe, will carry through to the end and of the very highest importance. We are employing several times the number of people we employed before the war. It will be our policy to develop to the utmost possibilities whereby our full wartime peak can be maintained.

*All applications for positions must conform to the
War Manpower Commission Regulations of the Employment Stabilization Program
for the Waterbury Area.*



WORLD'S LARGEST WATCH MAKERS
Waterbury • *Ingersoll* • KELTON

The United States Time Corporation
WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT

Gives beauty tip to his **'Million Dollar' Models** *on shampooing hair*



JOHN ROBERT POWERS' first advice to his stunning Powers Models is the importance of lustrous, silken-sheen hair. He recommends they use only Kreml Shampoo.

10 Minute 'Glamour-Bath' Leaves Hair Looking Its Dazzling Best For Days



There's something about a Powers Model! Something that makes a man's heart skip a beat in admiration—something that makes other girls frankly envious. And one of the greatest beauty assets a Powers Model has is her enchantingly lovely, silken-sheen hair.

Brings Out Natural Lustre

Powers Models are advised to use *only* Kreml Shampoo to wash their hair. Kreml Shampoo not only thoroughly cleanses hair and scalp of dirt and loose dandruff but it leaves hair so much silkier, softer—gleaming with *natural* brilliant highlights that last and flatter for days.



For Little Sister, too!

Kreml Shampoo contains no harsh caustics or chemicals. Its beneficial oil base helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. This makes it excellent for shampooing children's hair. So always 'glamour-bathe' your children's hair with Kreml Shampoo. You'll be delighted with results!



Buy the large size—let your whole family enjoy the benefits of:

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC



Convention (continued)



Dewey shares a joke with (left to right) Robert Durr of the *Birmingham Weekly*, Dr. C. B. Powell of *Amsterdam News*, and John Sangstacke of the *Chicago Defender*.

DEWEY MEETS THE NEGRO PUBLISHERS

A week before the Republican Convention, Governor Dewey attended a cocktail party at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York to meet the country's Negro publishers and editors. To all of them he was affable, if a little stiff. He had been carefully schooled beforehand as to who was who.

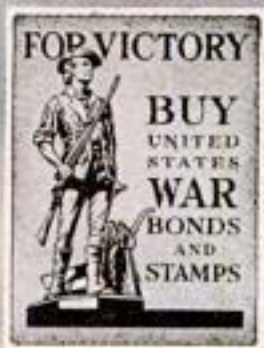
Dewey knows how important it is for the Republicans to get the Negro vote in 1944. Conceivably it could win or lose the election. There are about 200 Negro papers in the country, but only six large ones. Of these the New York *Amsterdam News*, the Kansas City *Call* and Pittsburgh *Courier* will back the Republicans. The Norfolk *Journal and Guide* and the Chicago *Defender* will back the Democrats. The Baltimore *Afro-American's* stand is still not certain. To get a majority of the Negro votes the Republicans are counting on Negro dissatisfaction with way colored soldiers are treated in the armed services, with discrimination against Negroes in war industry and with the attitude of some Southern Democratic Congressmen.

Dewey's chief political adviser among Negroes is Dr. Clilan B. Powell, the wealthy editor and publisher of the *Amsterdam News* (second from left, above). The governor recently appointed him to the New York State Athletic Commission. Powell lives in Connecticut, is chairman of the finance committee of the Victory Mutual Life Insurance Company, head of Community Personal Loan Company of Harlem and part owner of liquor store.



Dewey shakes hands with Eustace Gay, city editor of Philadelphia *Tribune*. Standing with a drink is William Gibson, managing editor of Baltimore *Afro-American*.

DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION

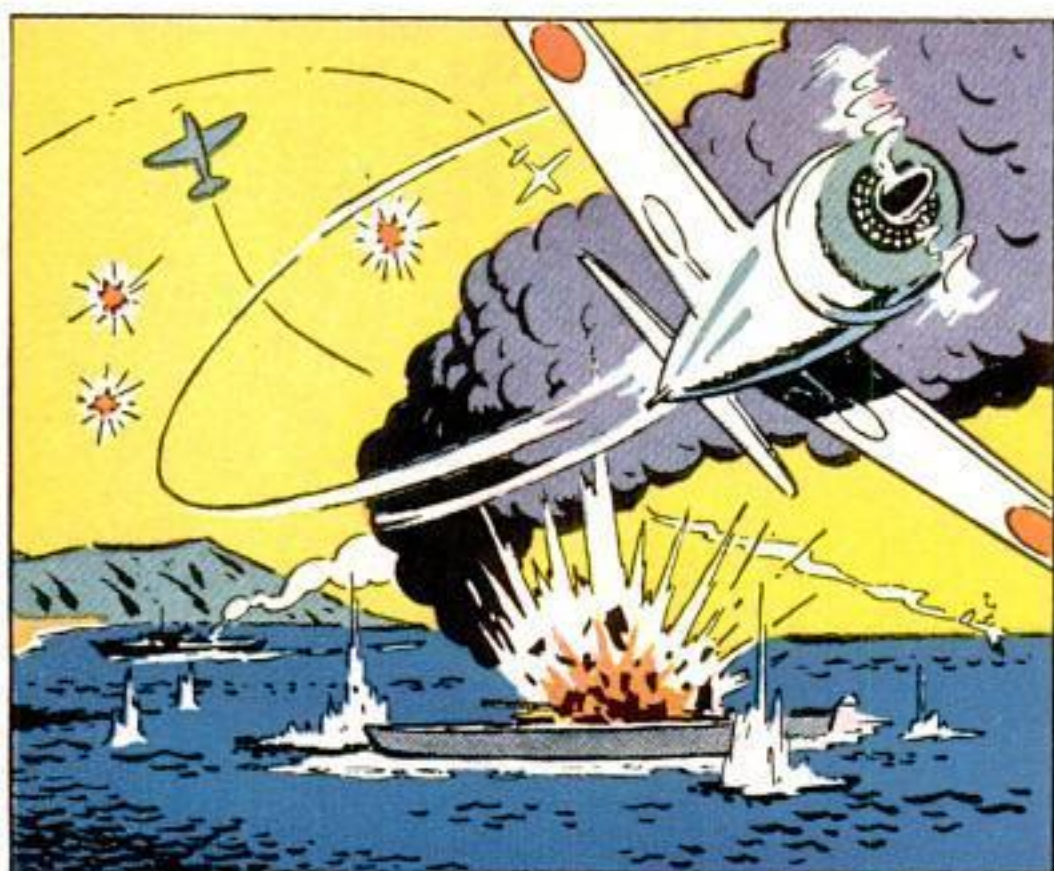


YES!
Lucky Strike
Means Fine Tobacco



L.S./M.F.T.

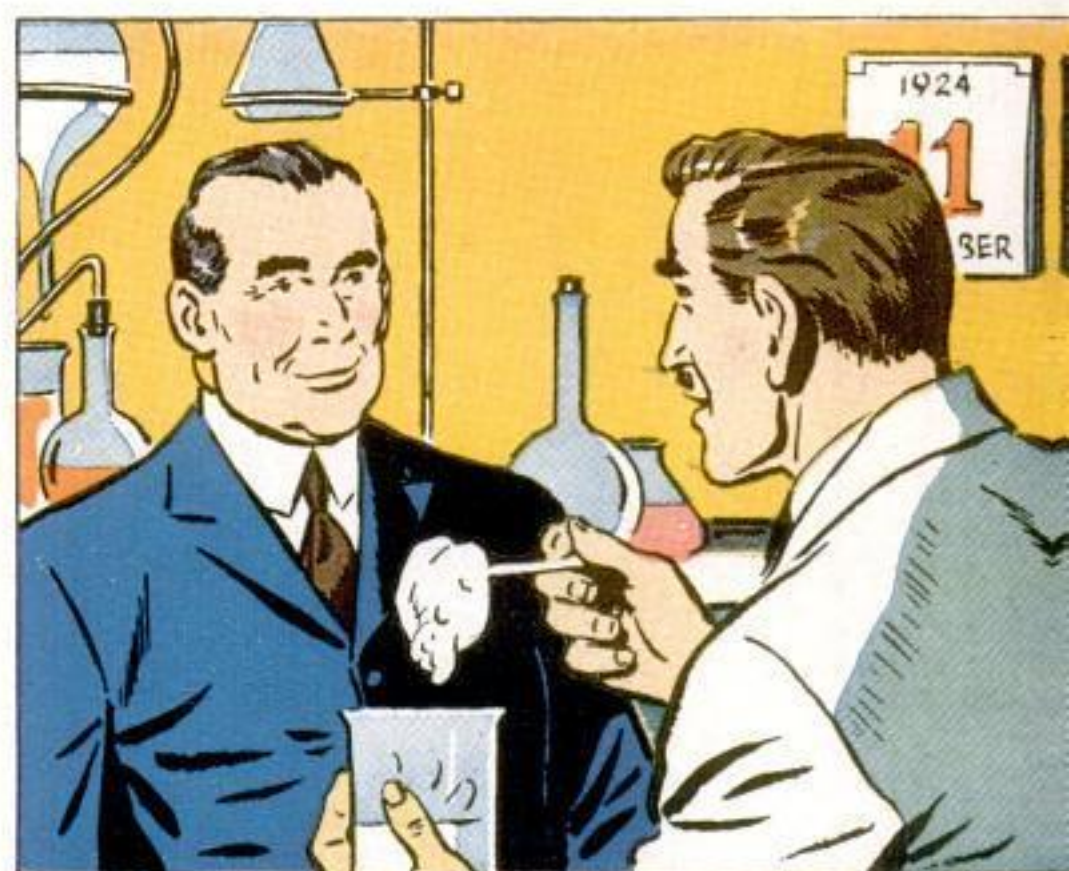
MOVING PICTURE OF THE BEST TIRE



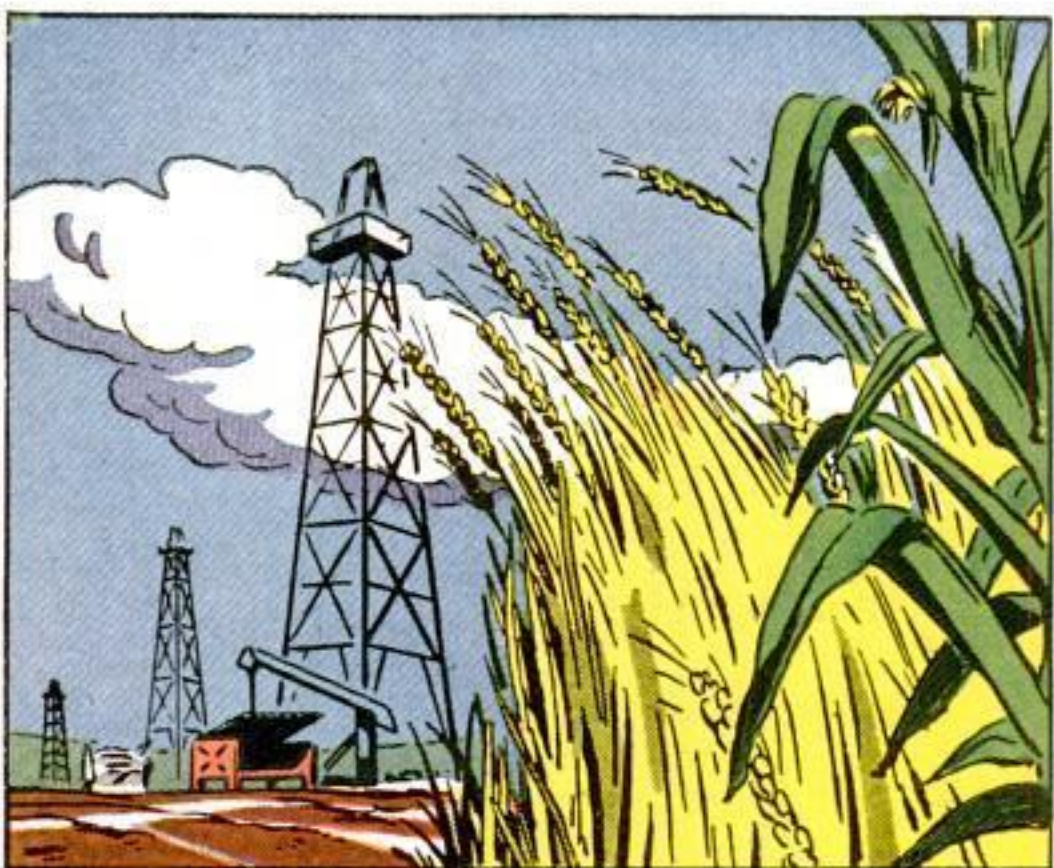
THE CRASH OF BOMBS on Pearl Harbor began the attack that, with the swift fall of the Far East plantations, cut America's rubber lifeline and brought the world's most motorized nation face to face with catastrophe as its rubber reserve dwindled.



RUBBER RATIONING EMPTIED ROADS as patriotic car owners sought to make their tires last by refraining from nonessential driving, while millions of Americans anxiously wondered, "Will all transportation break down when present tires wear out?"



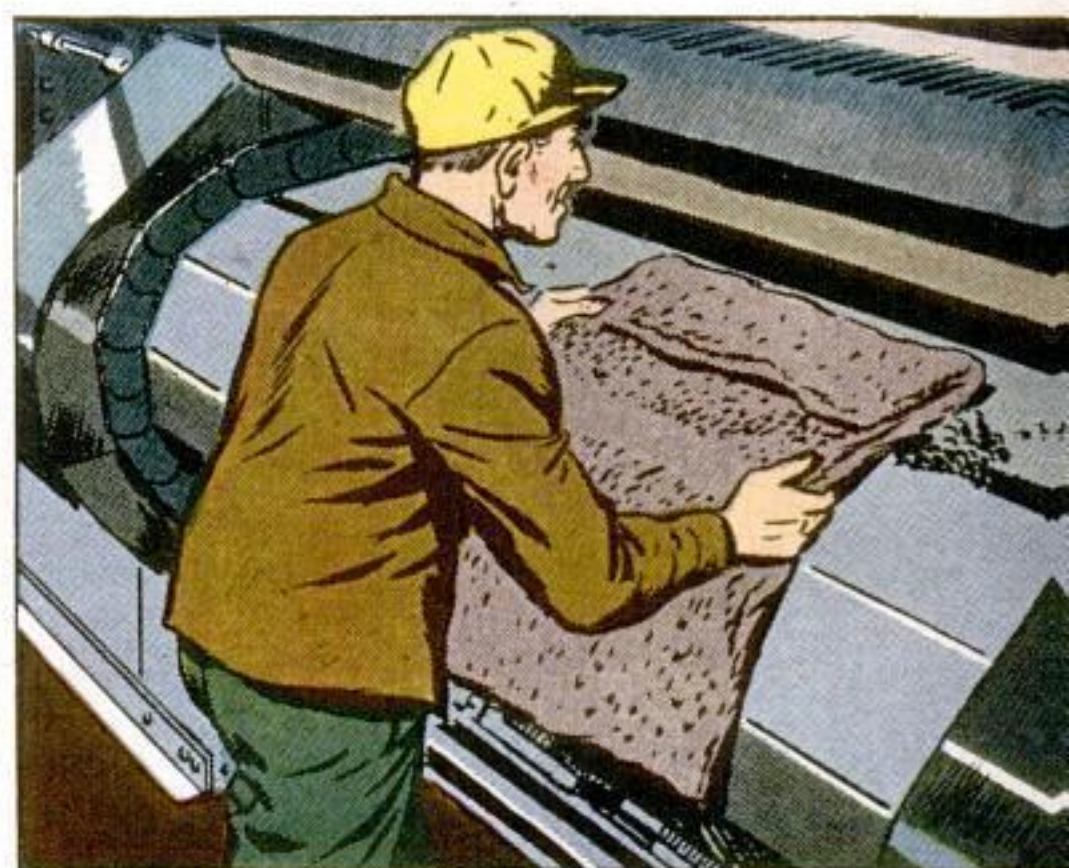
FORTUNATELY, NEARLY 20 YEARS EARLIER, Goodyear research chemists had begun experiments looking toward production of a synthetic or chemical rubber from hydrocarbons common in the United States, as a possible source of rubber free from foreign control.



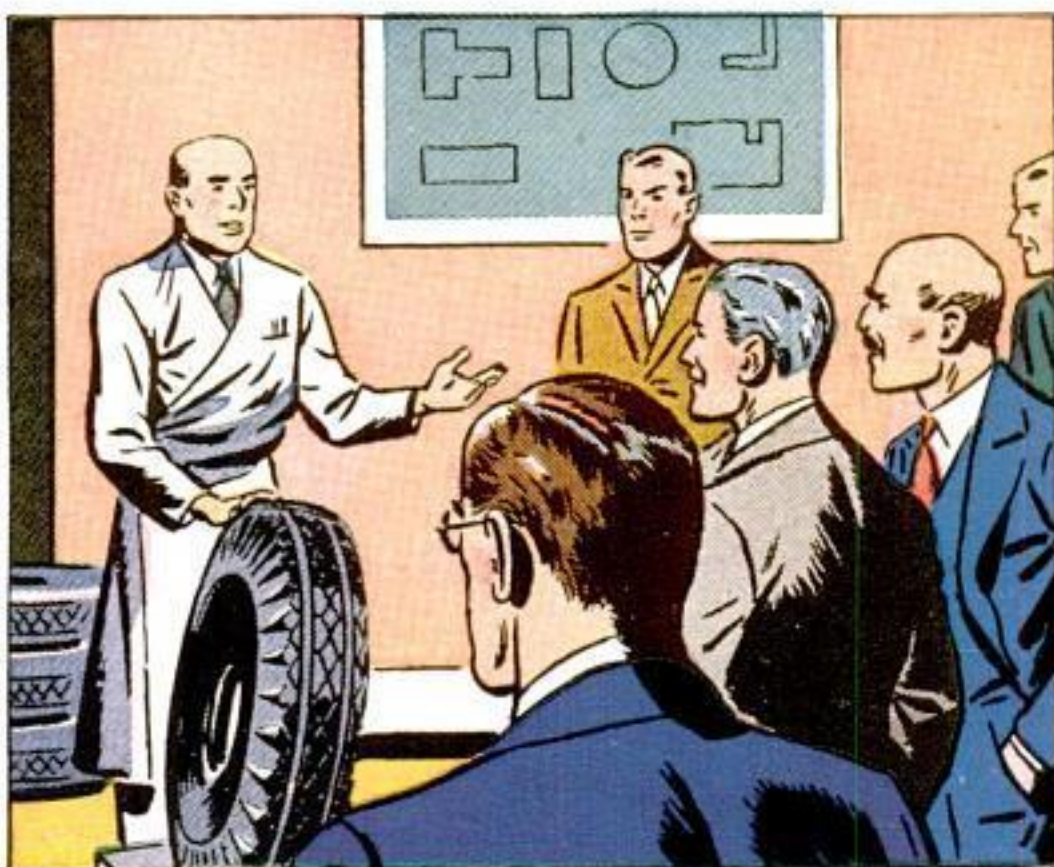
RUBBER FROM OIL AND GRAIN seemed a possibility as long research proved that butadiene, obtained by chemical processes from these materials, could be polymerized into a rubbery substance, but it was far from satisfactory.



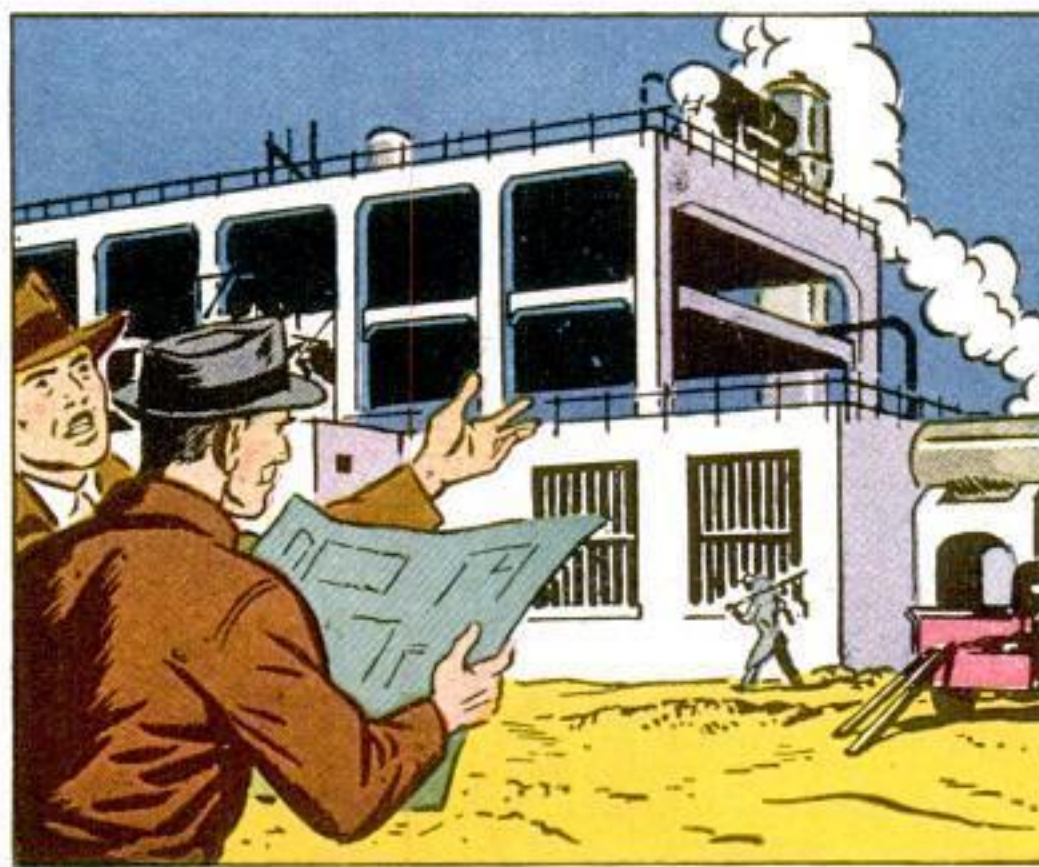
U. S. AND BRITISH PATENTS covering synthetic rubber manufacture were granted to Goodyear, following the development in 1927 of an improved process closely resembling today's method. (To help win the war Goodyear gave broad synthetic rubber patent rights to the government.)



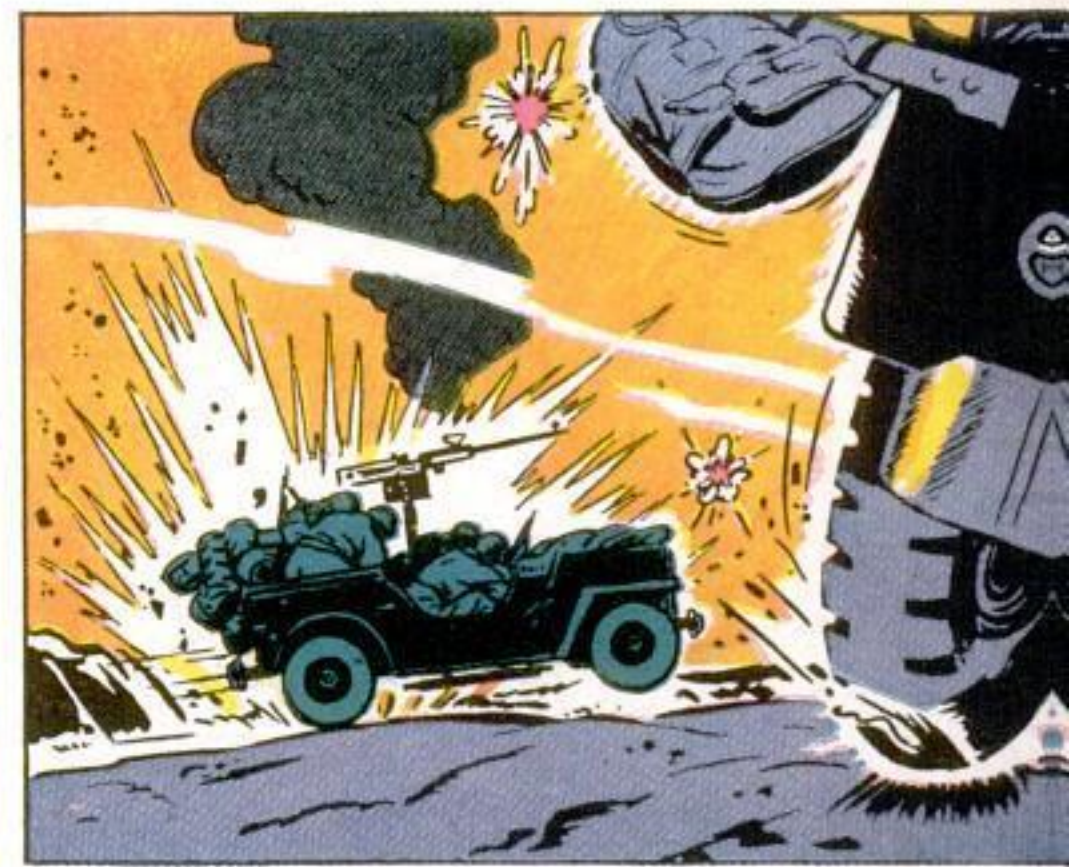
AMERICA'S FIRST COMMERCIAL SYNTHETIC RUBBER PLANT. After several years of pilot plant operations the first complete commercial unit plant for manufacturing synthetic rubber was built and put into operation by Goodyear in 1941.



THE FIRST ALL-SYNTHETIC RUBBER TIRE built in America was manufactured by Goodyear in 1937 from a special type of synthetic developed by Goodyear, in many respects similar to that produced in government plants today. It outwore the best European synthetic tires.



SO IN WAR'S EMERGENCY Goodyear was ready to begin the immediate construction of three huge synthetic rubber plants for the government; able, too, to loan engineers and chemists to supervise the construction of other government-built plants.

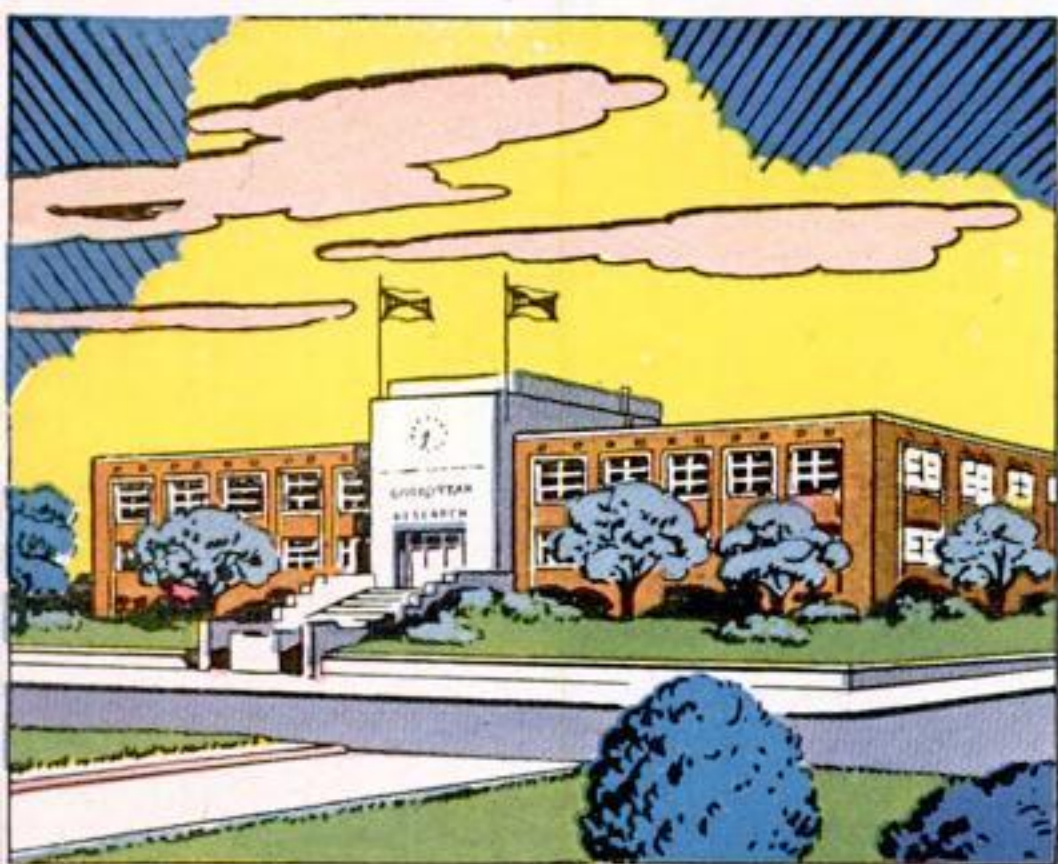


FIRST TIRES FOR THE ARMY, entirely made from synthetic rubber produced in these new government plants, were built by Goodyear and delivered early in 1943. In front-line service they gave excellent account of themselves.

BUILT TODAY



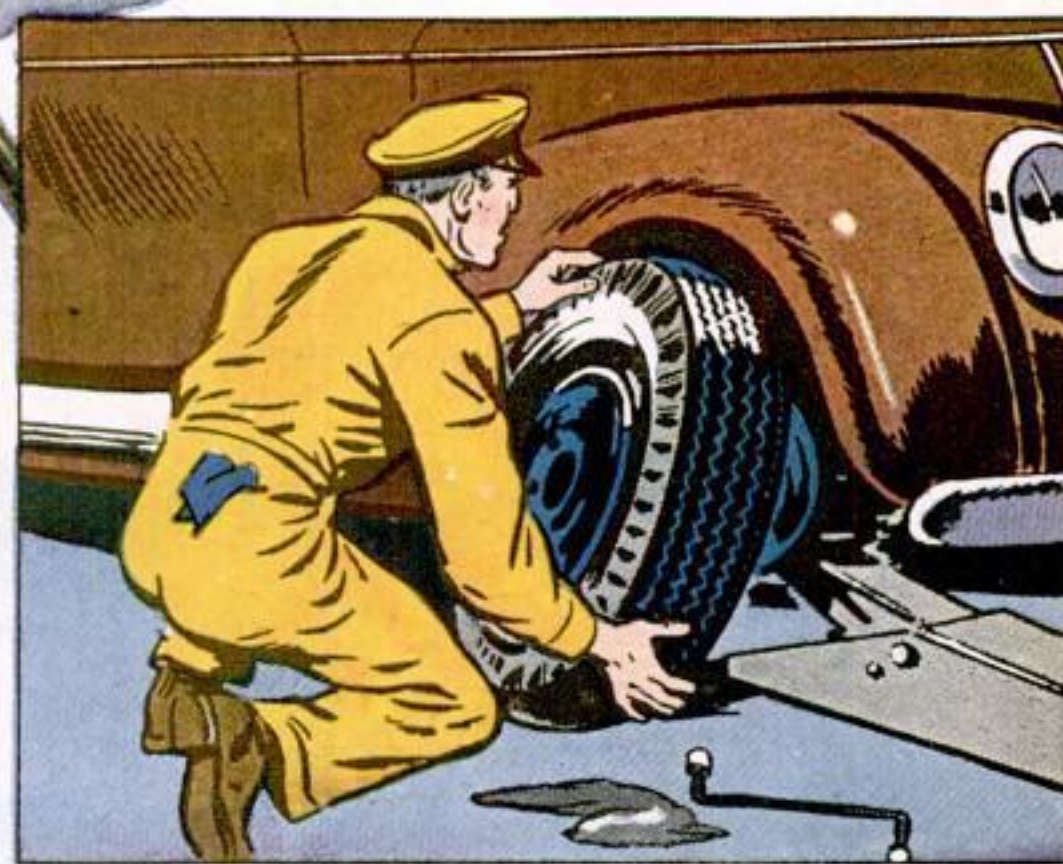
This twenty-year record of leadership in developing and improving synthetic rubber is the reason Goodyear Synthetic Rubber Tires are now the best you can buy. It explains why today, as for the past 29 years: *More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind!*



THE WORLD'S FINEST RUBBER RESEARCH LABORATORY—equipped with many of the newest and costliest instruments of science—was opened by Goodyear in 1943 to aid in solving new problems arising from mass production of synthetic rubber.



SYNTHETIC TIRES FOR CIVILIANS went into production in all Goodyear tire plants in 1943, as part of the government's program to keep America's passenger cars rolling. Goodyear synthetic rubber tires are now available to essential drivers with ration board certificates.



TODAY THE DANGER FADES as new synthetic tires replace prewar "bald" treads. Motorists find Goodyears give standout performance; find, too, that the veteran Goodyear dealer organization is most experienced and best equipped to give service that insures best wear.

Radio in "black and white." Something is missing. This is the way conventional radio sounds.



Radio in "natural color." All the notes are reproduced in all their depth and beauty. This is the way FM radio sounds.



Frances Langford appears on the Bob Hope radio program every Tuesday evening over NBC.

You'll hear the real Frances Langford—on this FM "NATURAL COLOR" radio!

For the first time in radio history, FM (Frequency Modulation) makes it possible for you to hear music you've never heard before!

Even a popular star like Frances Langford sounds entirely different, because General Electric FM captures *all* the tones and overtones, *all* the subtle shadings that conventional radio just can't reproduce!

Instead of being so often pale and flat in quality, radio voices are now rich and full. Instead of only one-third the musical range, as before, you hear the *complete* range. Instead of music in "black and white," you listen to music in "natural color."

General Electric built the first FM radio receivers used by Major Edwin H. Armstrong, the inventor of FM, in perfecting this new kind of broadcasting. General Electric has built more FM broadcasting equipment than any manufacturer. And General Electric owns and operates its own FM radio station.

No other manufacturer offers so much experience in the field of FM radio!

FREE: "YOUR COMING RADIO — as forecast by General Electric" — 28 full color pages of facts about the newest in radios; radio-phonographs, the self-charging portable with its own rechargeable battery,

and television! A post-card brings it free. Address *Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, New York.*

• Tune in General Electric's "The World Today" and hear the news from the men who see it happen, every evening except Sunday at 6:45 E.W.T. over CBS network. On Sunday evening listen to the G-E "All Girl Orchestra" at 10 E.W.T. over NBC.

• Buy more War Bonds — and hold on to those you have.

RADIO • TELEVISION • ELECTRONICS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

170-C7



Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

The heart of every General Electric radio-phonograph, portable radio, or table model radio is the electronic tube. This tube is similar to electronic tubes used in G-E television equipment, and in amazing G-E electronic apparatus that speeds war output in thousands of industrial plants across the continent.



FOR GIRLS WHO LIKE TO SLEEP NUDE, THE KNEE-LENGTH "BREAKFAST" COATS ARE PRACTICAL. MADE OF NONTRANSPARENT MATERIAL, THEY DO AN ADEQUATE COVER-UP JOB

SLEEPING COOL

Brief clothes are made for women
who wear little or nothing in bed

Not until this year has fashion paid much attention to the clothes ladies should wear in bed on hot nights. This summer's night clothes will finally satisfy women who hold to old-fashioned traditions of modesty but still want to be cool when they sleep.

Girls who like to sleep in pajamas but find the pants too warm can choose between a short top worn with above-knee pants (*see page 36*) or a longer top worn without pants (*see page 37*). Girls who like to sleep in nightgowns but dislike long ones can obtain

them in knee-length styles. Girls who like to sleep raw but worry about having something to jump into when the doorbell rings, now have short, easily fastened "breakfast" coats (*see above*).

Actually, nightwear is a fairly modern problem for civilized people. Until the 15th Century, people wore nothing to bed. A recent survey of 131 American middle-class families disclosed that now only 5% of the women in the families go to bed naked. There were 16 women who would like to go to bed nude but don't.

TAN gloriously! Use SKOL

For a glorious tan without painful sunburn, use . . . SKOL! It filters out the harmful burning rays of the sun, but lets the tanning rays pass through! Contains an exclusive, patented form of tannic acid. Antiseptic, helps relieve sunburn, too.

SKOL Company, Inc.
New York

QUICK-DRYING
ANTISEPTIC
PLEASANT
TO USE

NON-OILY

PREVENTS PAINFUL SUNBURN

Sleeping Cool (continued)



Made like a playsuit, this brief sleeping garment consists of a sleeveless bra-like top, buttoned at the front, and a pair of cool shorts. The few inches at midriff are bare.



This breakfast coat of red-and-white cotton striped pique is easy to slip into and so loose-fitting that even a plump girl can wear it without a girdle. It sells for \$10.95.



Elongated pajama top, worn without pants, is cool, complete sleeping garment. Furthermore, the wearer can hop out of bed, let out cat or take in milk with decency.



♪ It's tops with me,
Tastes best, you see ♪

says

MARIA MONTEZ

We called famed colas ☒ ☒ ☒

Then asked Miss M. to taste all three.
She pointed to one with a smile—
Royal Crown Cola by a mile!

See Maria Montez in
"COBRA WOMAN"
a Universal picture

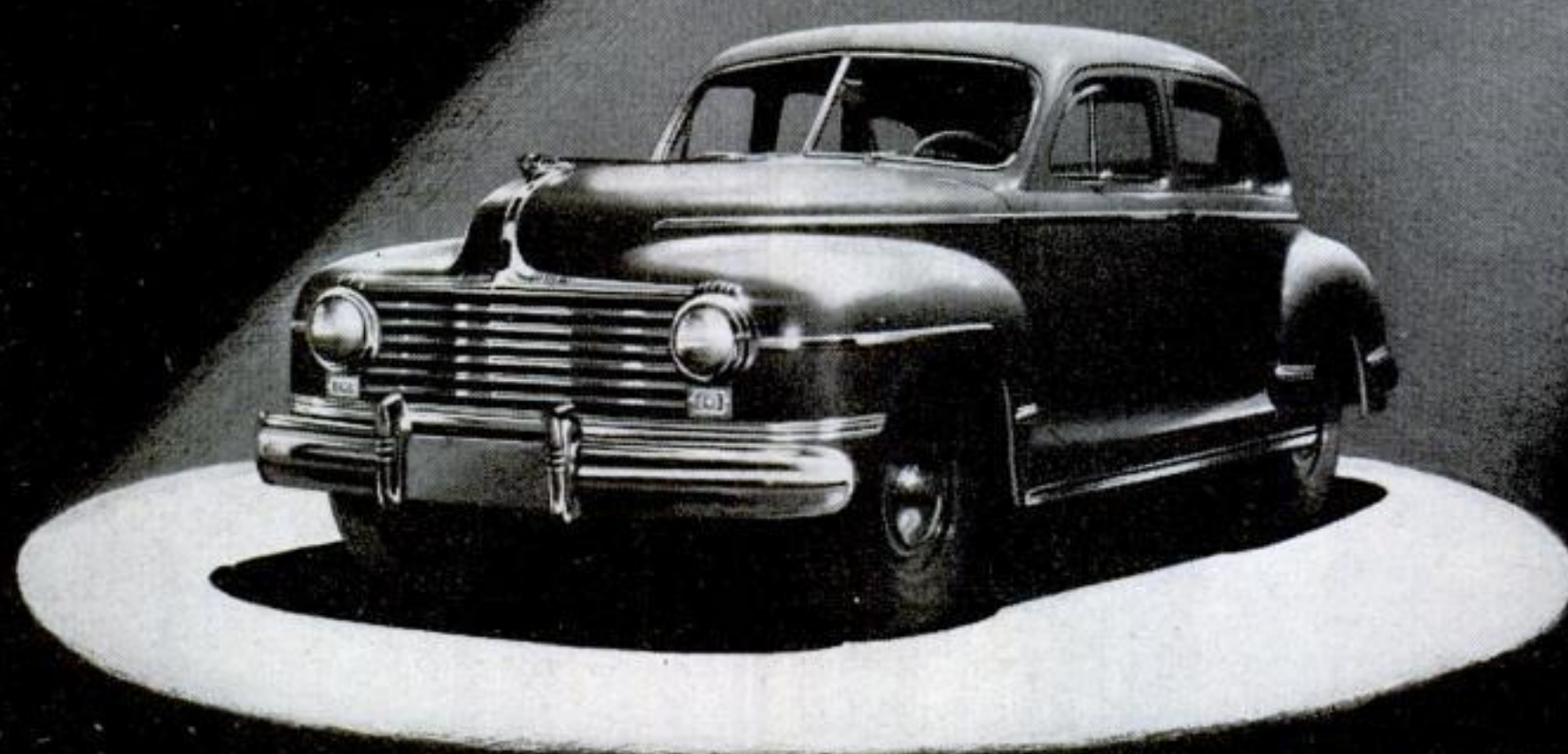


"TO COME OUT ON TOP," says MARIA, "we'll have to continue buying the weapons of war our boys need. That means War Bonds. We'll have to buy more than before in the 5th War Loan!"

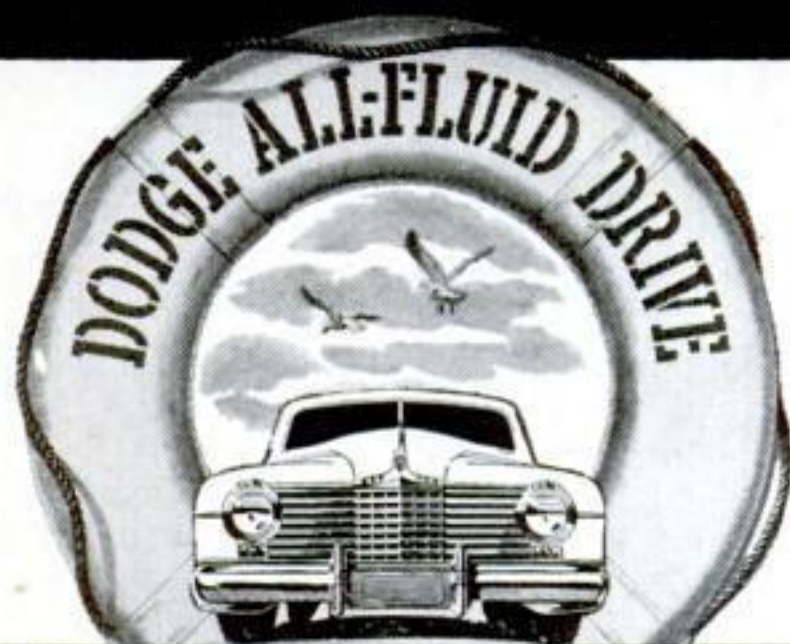
**ROYAL CROWN
COLA**

BEST BY TASTE-TEST





Four years of light on a vital subject



A life preserving cushion...for the vitals of your car

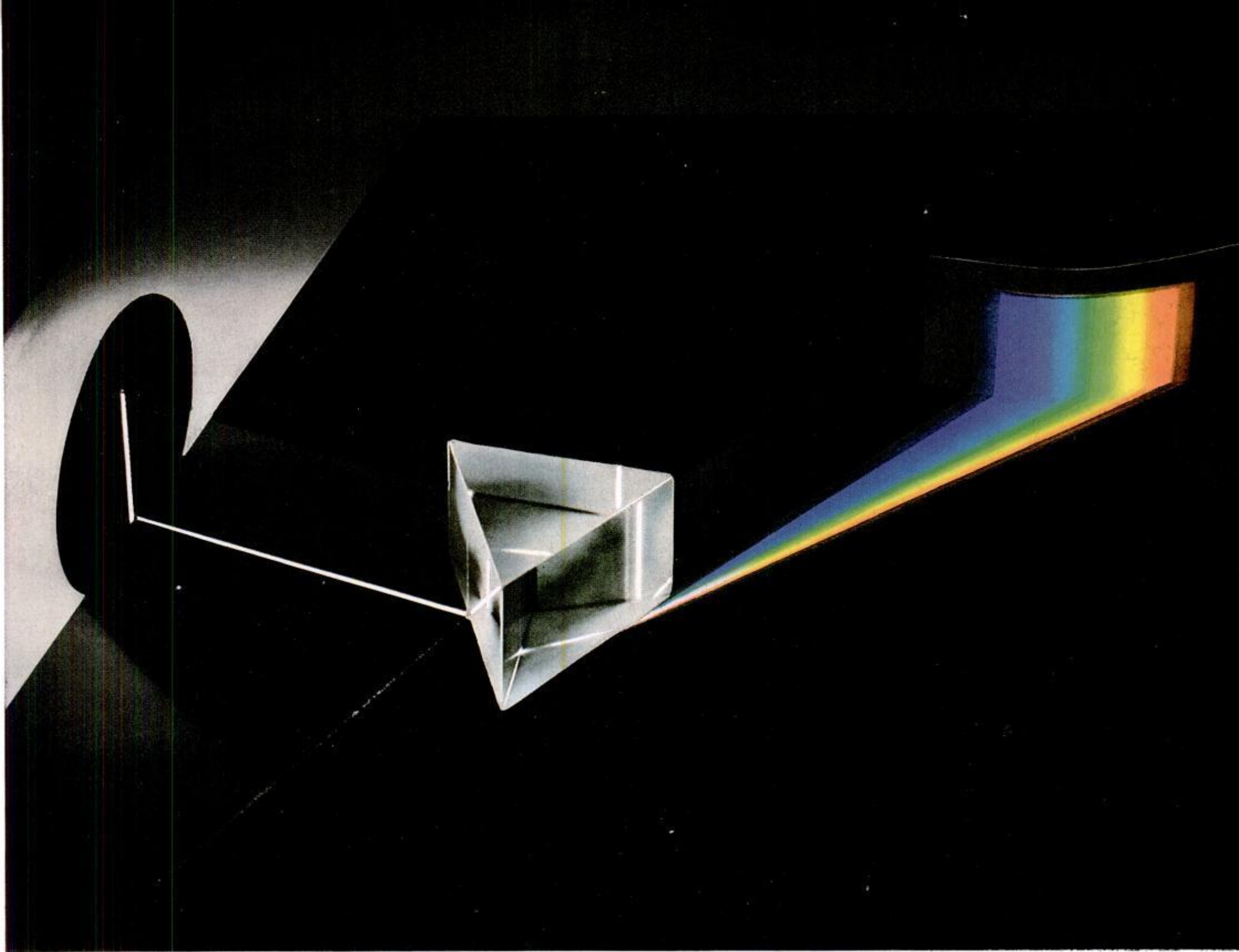
A flood of light has now been thrown on the practical qualities and benefits of Dodge All-Fluid Drive. Scores of vital parts of the car are cushioned and protected in all the work they do; the tires are equally saved from the wear and tear of sudden starts and stops;

the ride of the car keeps its fluid smoothness, undiminished through the years. These are the facts about Dodge All-Fluid Drive, now fully revealed by the detailed service records of the last four years. It is a light of complete proof for today and assurance for tomorrow.

DODGE, Division of Chrysler Corporation

Remember to dial your CBS station Thursdays, 9 P. M., E. W. T. You'll enjoy Major Bowes and his Amateurs

BACK THE ATTACK—BUY MORE THAN BEFORE



THE COLORS OF THE SPECTRUM are here spread out by a prism from a narrow beam of white light. This experiment was first performed by Isaac Newton in 1666.

Colors correspond to wave lengths of light. From deep violet in the short-wave end they shift imperceptibly, wave length by wave length, to deep red at the long-

wave end. Beyond violet the spectrum continues into the invisible ultraviolet waves. Beyond red the light waves lengthen into invisible infrared waves of heat.

COLOR

IT IS THE RESPONSE OF VISION TO WAVE LENGTHS OF LIGHT

Color begins with light. The sensation of color is aroused in the human mind by the way in which the eyes and the brain centers of sight respond to the waves of light which bear the world in on our perceiving consciousness. The perception of color is, therefore, a highly personal experience. It is influenced by association and aesthetic preference, by fatigue, by sharpness of vision and by color blindness. Yet for all human eyes, the perception of color is linked firmly to physical reality and depends first of all on the nature of light.

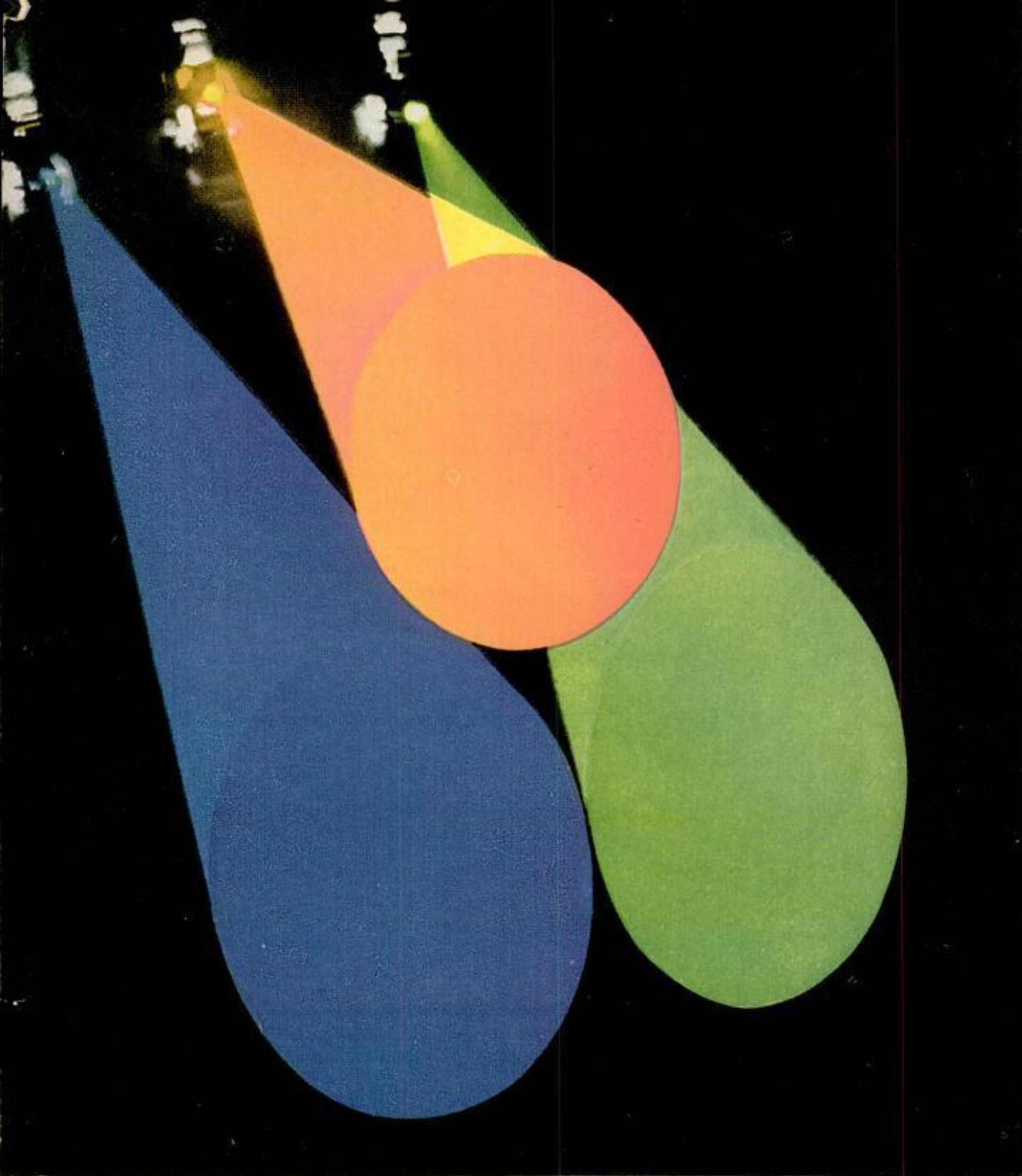
The waves of visible light are a narrow band in the known spectrum of radiant energy. This spectrum moves from the invisible, miles-long waves of radio through the infra-red waves of heat across the visible wave lengths of color to the invisible ultra-short ultraviolet waves and on out to the infinitely short waves of cosmic rays. Within the visible spectrum light waves themselves vary from 700 millimicrons (billionths of a meter) to 400 millimicrons in length. When a beam of white light is dispersed by a prism and separated into its component wave lengths, as above, it is seen at once that each of these wave lengths stimulates a different color response in the human eye.

The colors that compose into visible white light are shown in greater detail in a spectrogram of solar light on the center spread of this issue, which was designed for LIFE's four-color reproduction process by the Research Laboratories of the Eastman Kodak Company. The major colors which the

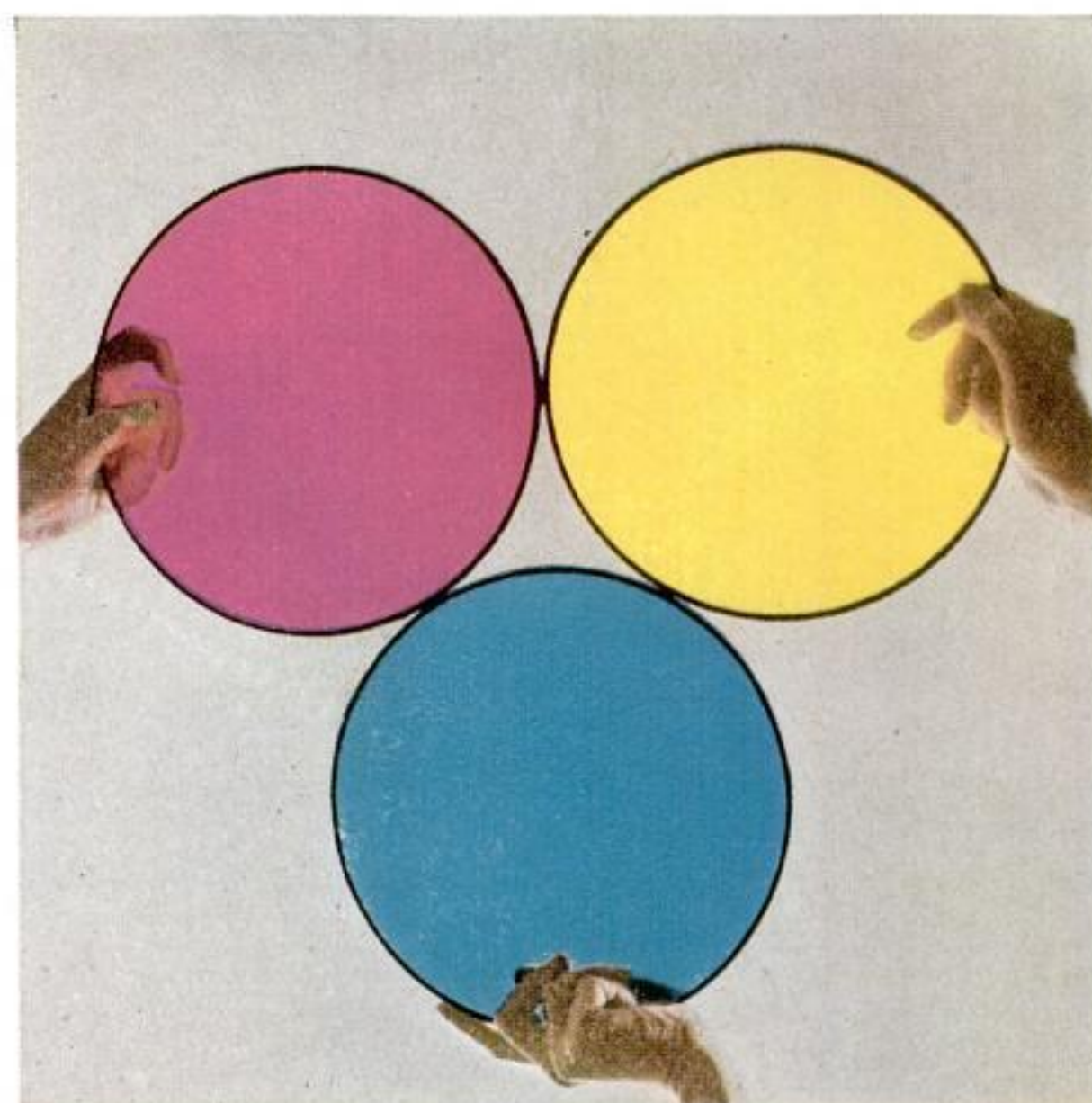
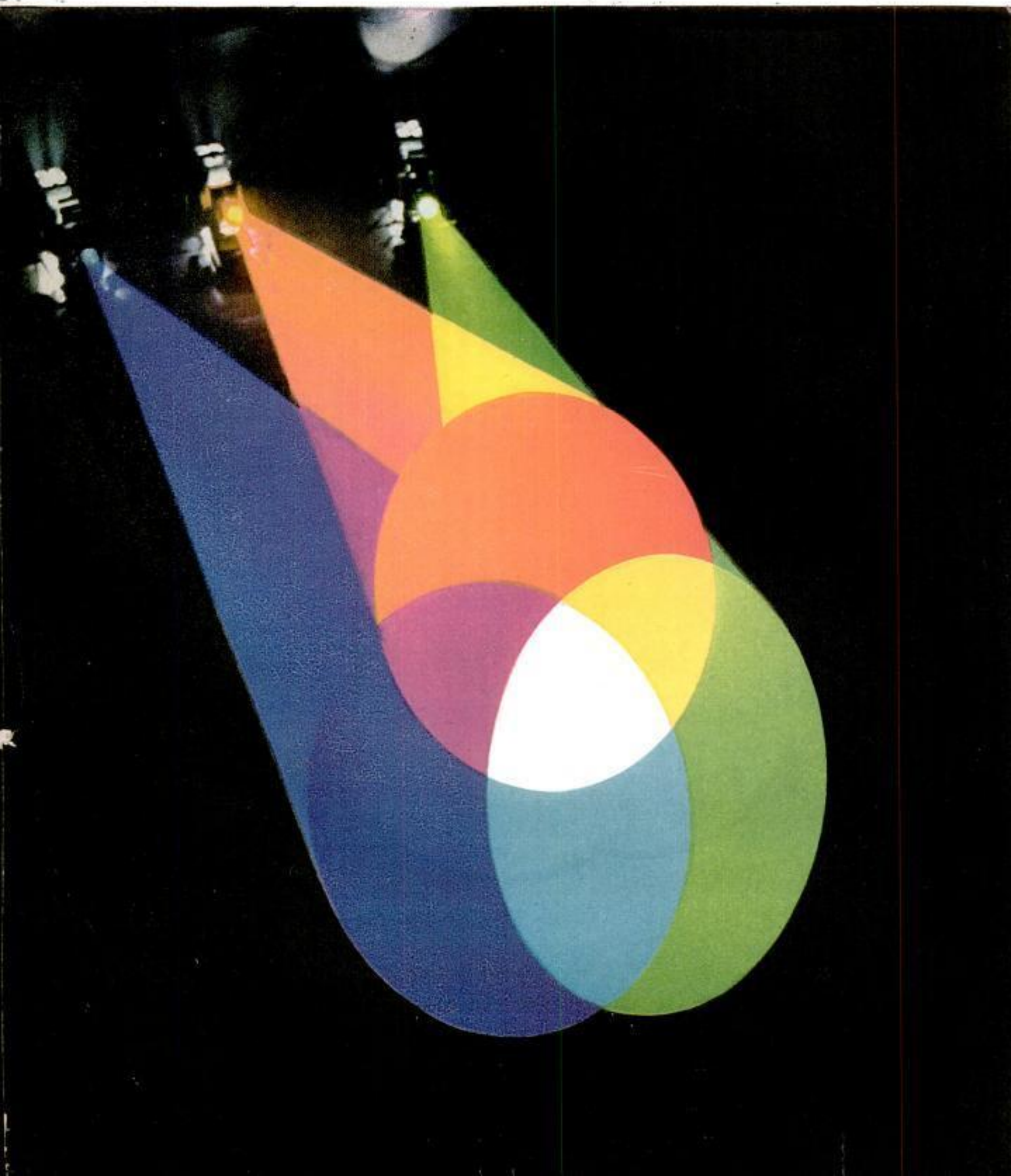
eye can discriminate in this gamut are red, yellow, green, blue and violet.

White is the total addition of color. It is perceived when a surface reflects all colors equally. Black is the total subtraction of all color. It is perceived when a surface absorbs all colors equally. White and black are exceptions in nature. The rule is the partial absorption and hence subtraction of a band of color from the spectrum and the reflection or transmission of the rest. The mixture of the reflected or transmitted spectrum colors is the color of an object.

All colors, even the pure colors of the spectrum, can be produced by mixture. There is one class of colors, called primaries, which perform this operation most efficiently. Despite widespread misconceptions to the contrary, the primary colors of light are red, green and blue. These three colors are related directly to three response factors in the mechanism of human vision about which nothing is known except that they resolve mixtures of wave lengths into mixtures of colors. The three primaries cannot be broken down into component colors. They can be produced by mixture only when they are themselves components of the mixing colors. When added in pairs or all together in equal or unequal strengths they produce all of the possible colors, including the mixtures of red and blue (the purples), which do not appear in the spectrum, and white. In fact, for all practical purposes in color mixture, white light may be defined as a mixture of red, green and blue. These principles are demonstrated photographically on the following two pages.



MIXTURE BY ADDITION is achieved by projecting the three primary colors of light through smoke as visible beams of blue, green and red (*above*). Where all three beams converge (*below*), their sum is white. The color resulting from the addition of each pair is complementary to the third primary.



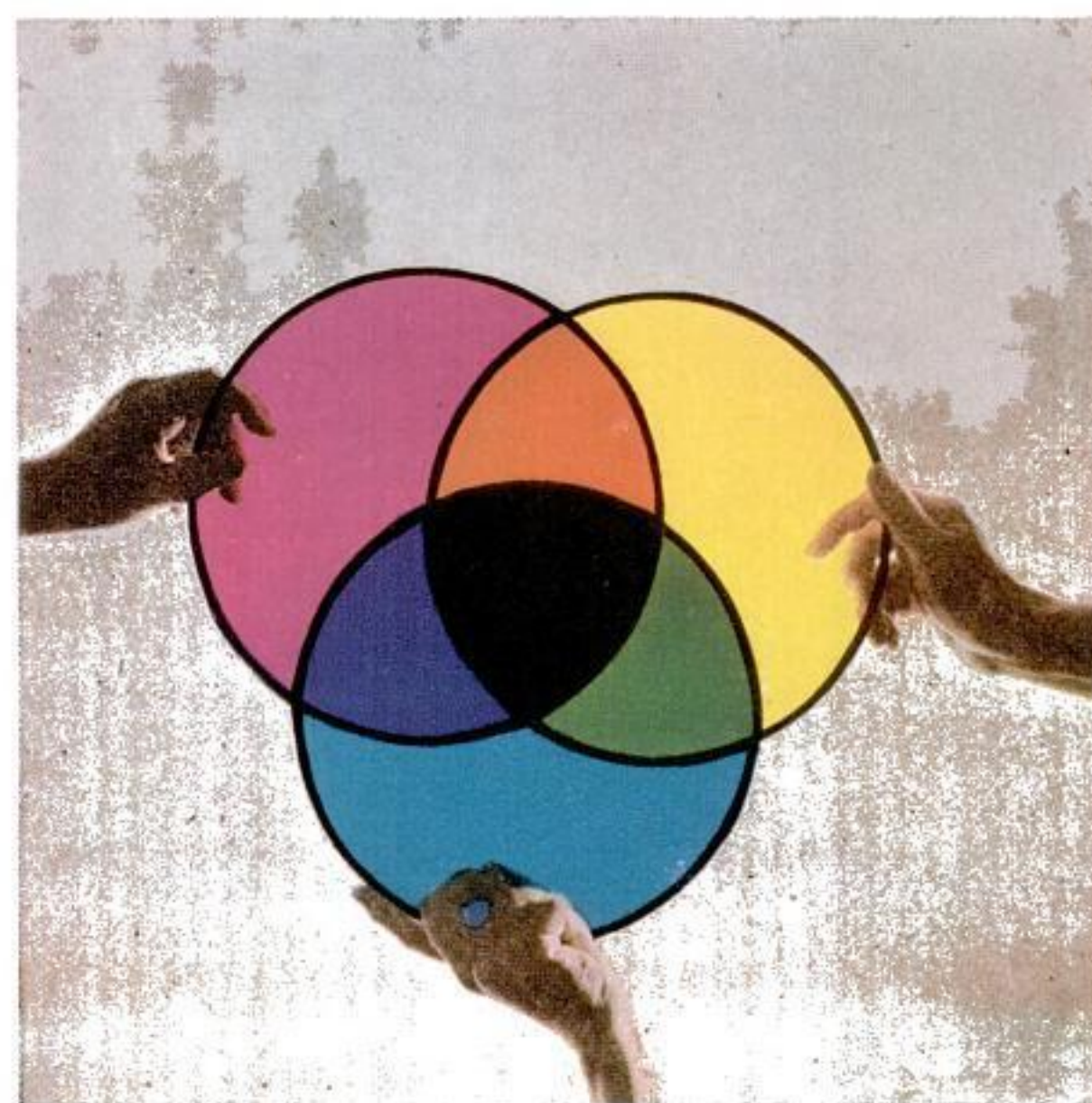
COMPLEMENTARIES: Yellow (minus blue), red-blue (minus green) and blue-green (minus red) filters each subtract a primary from white light.

ADDITION AND SUBTRACTION

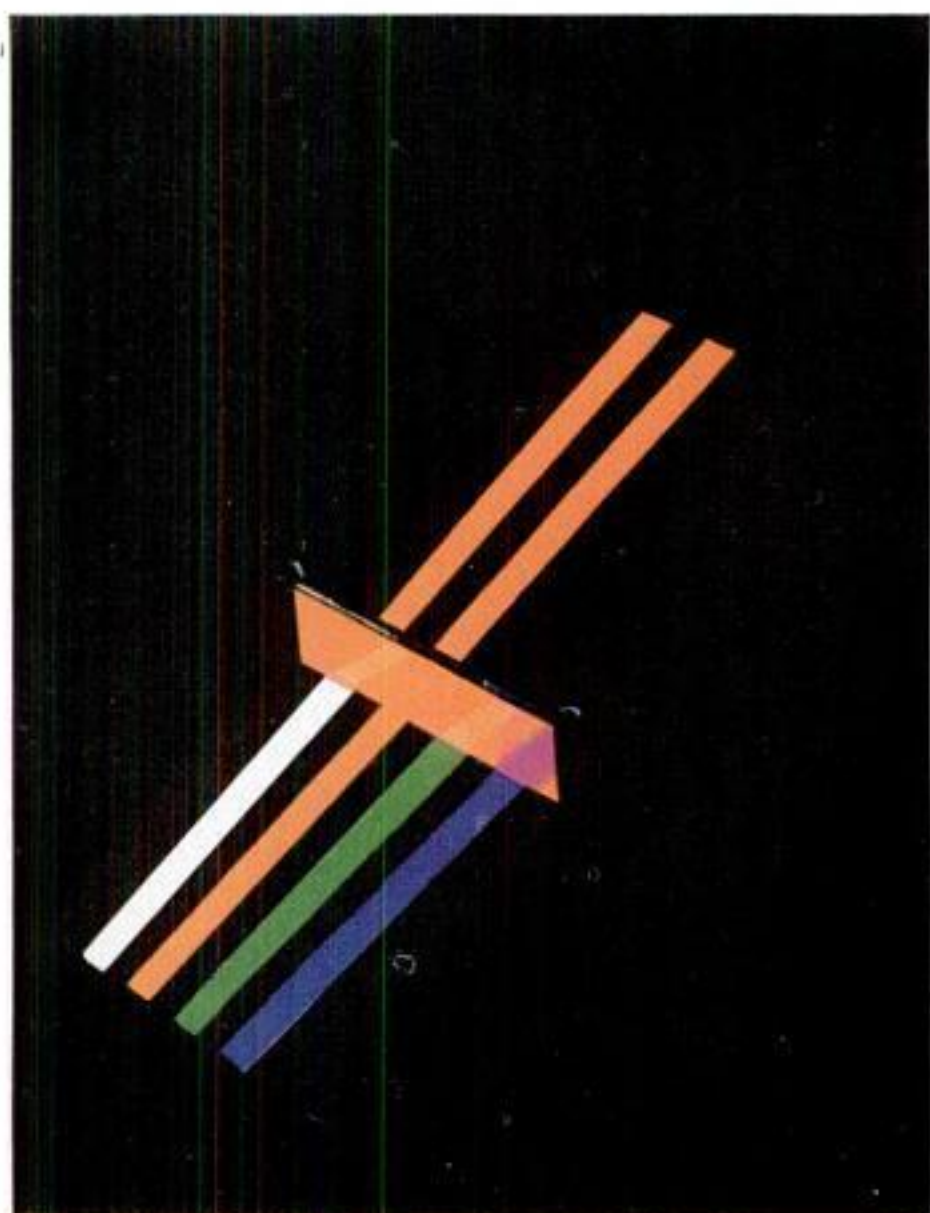
How colors themselves originate is demonstrated on the opposite page in photographs which show the action of colored filters on beams of white light and its component primaries. Red is shown, for example, to result from absorption or subtraction of blue and green from white. The principle of absorption sets up a simple color arithmetic. Thus blue is white minus green and red. The subtracted color or mixture of colors is called the complementary of the resulting color. Thus yellow, the mixture of red and green, is the complementary of blue.

Colors can be mixed to yield new colors by either addition or subtraction. When the three primaries of light are added together by mixing them in overlapping beams of light (*lower left*), their sum is white. Any two of them added together make the complementary of the third.

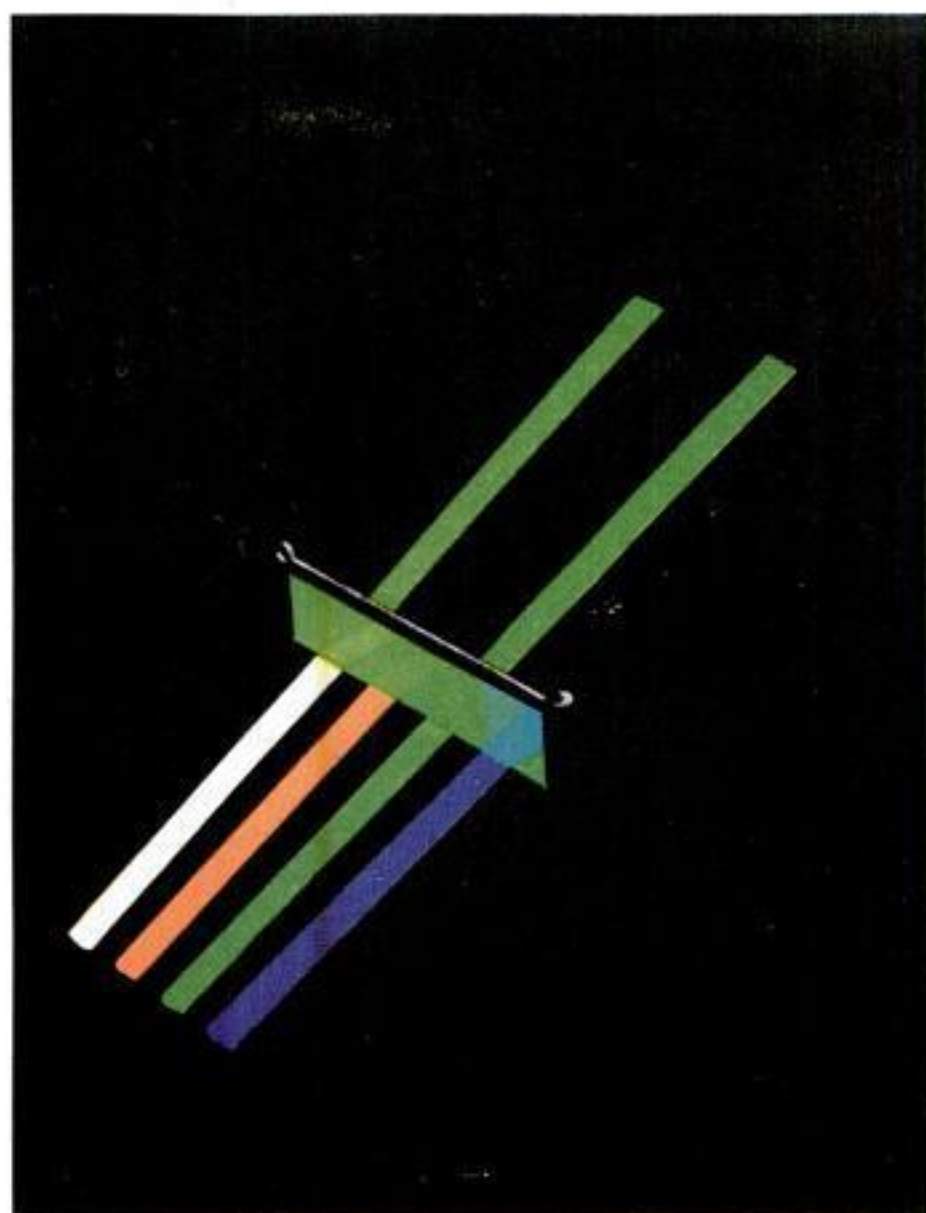
The three complementaries (*above*) of the primary colors form an efficient set of colors for subtractive mixture. Thus when yellow (minus blue) and blue-green (minus red) are both subtracted from white (*below*), they yield green (minus blue and red). On the last page of this essay is a demonstration of the application of these subtractive mixture colors in color printing.



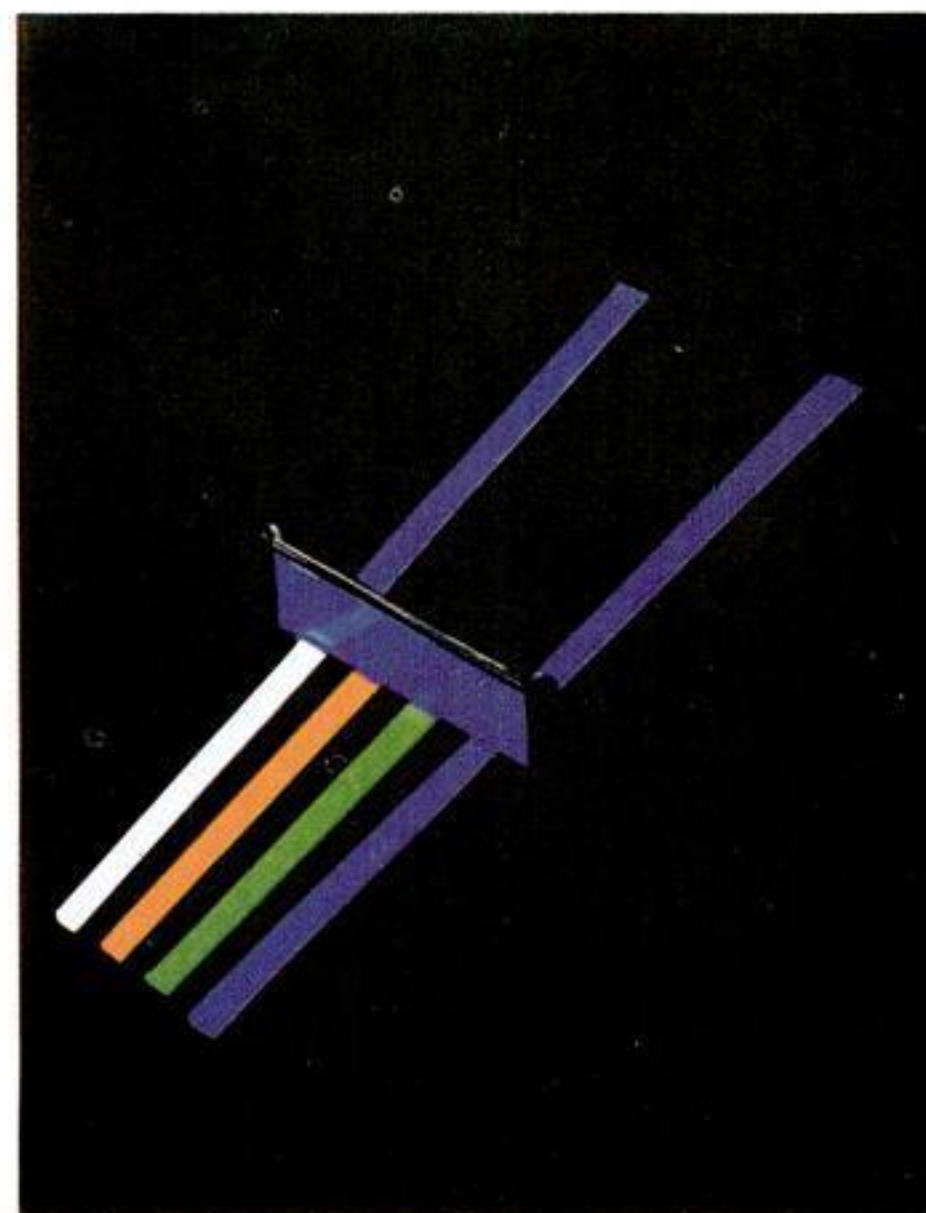
MIXTURE BY SUBTRACTION: Combined subtraction of three complementaries makes black. Combined subtraction of pairs yields primaries.



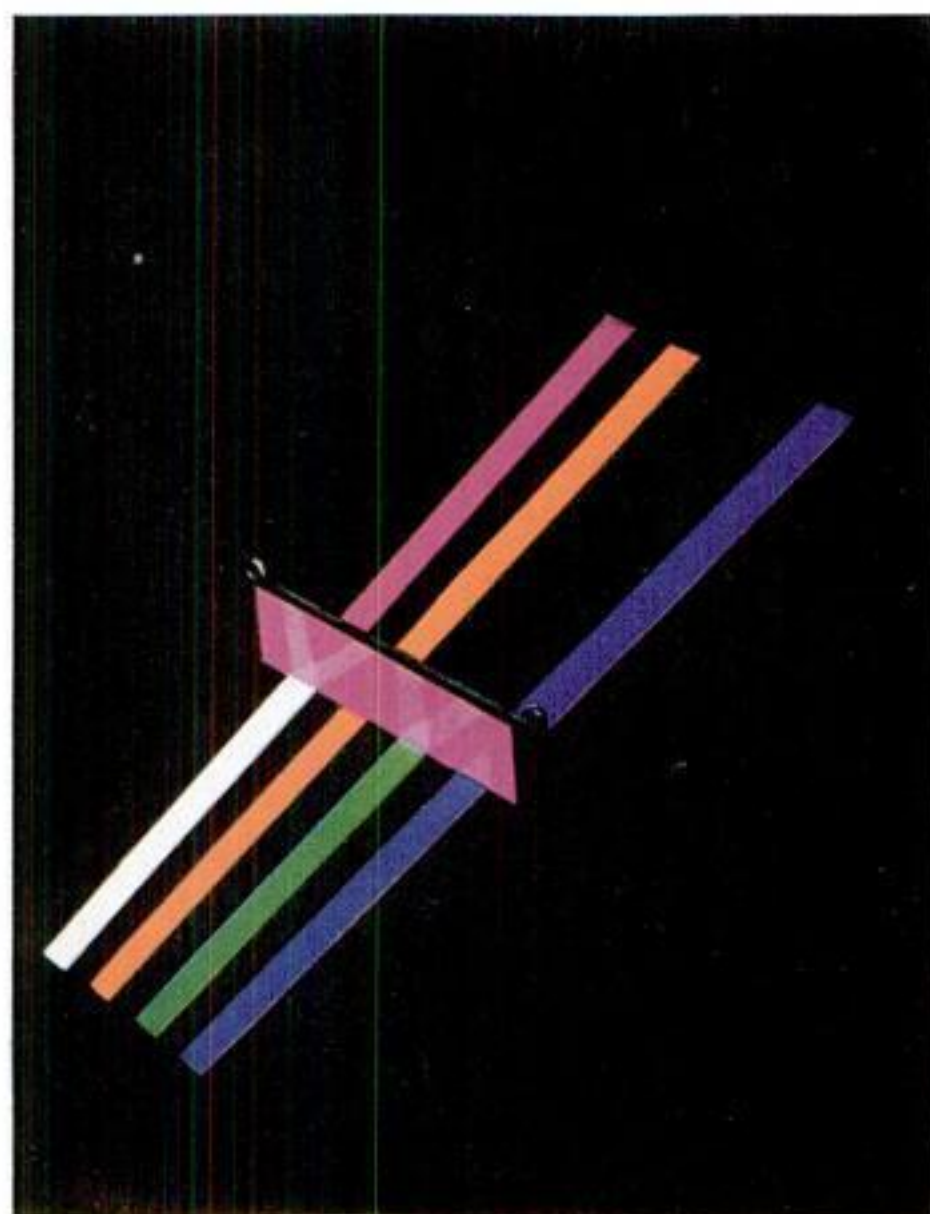
RED results from subtraction of green and blue from white beam. Red filter absorbs green and blue beams.



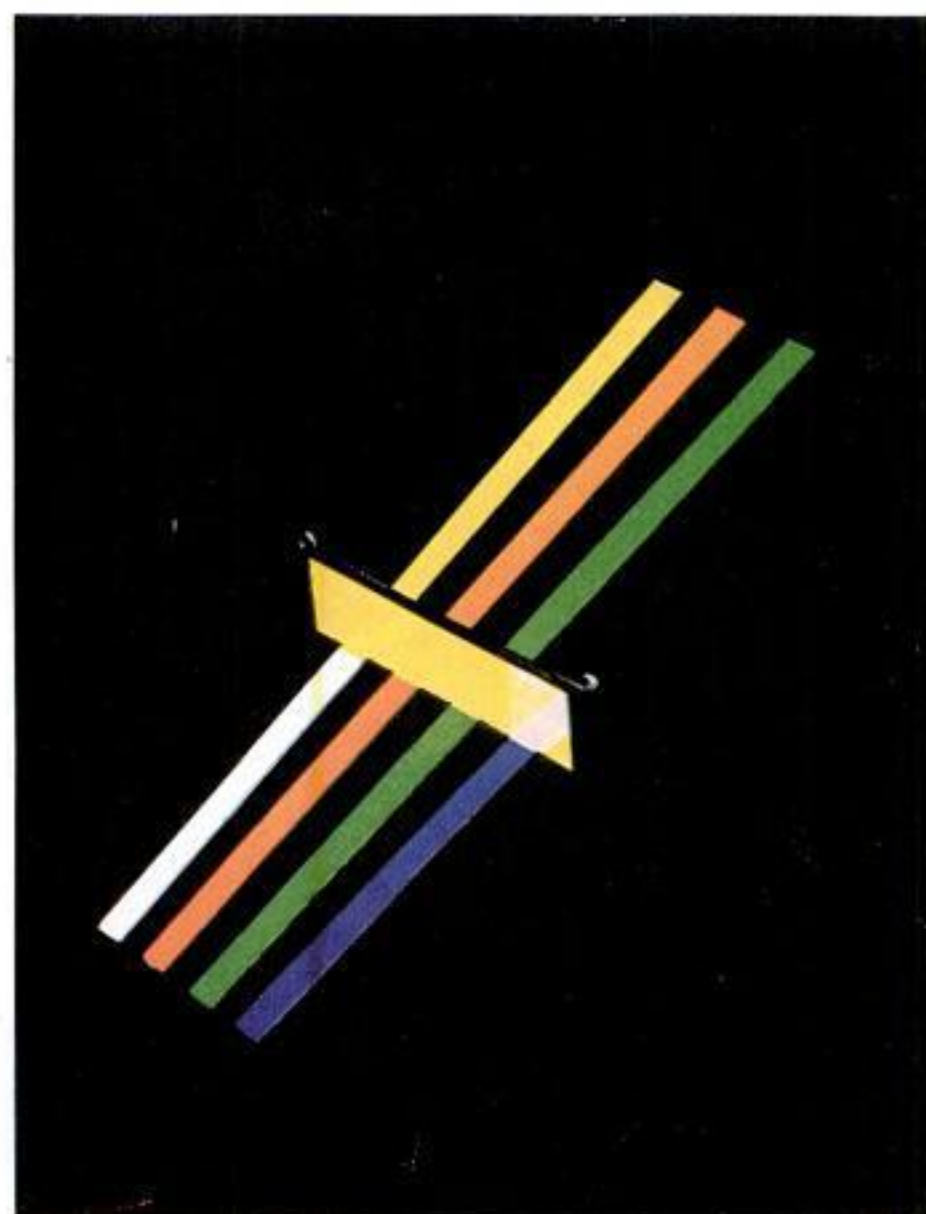
GREEN results from subtraction of blue and red from white beam. Green filter absorbs blue and red beams.



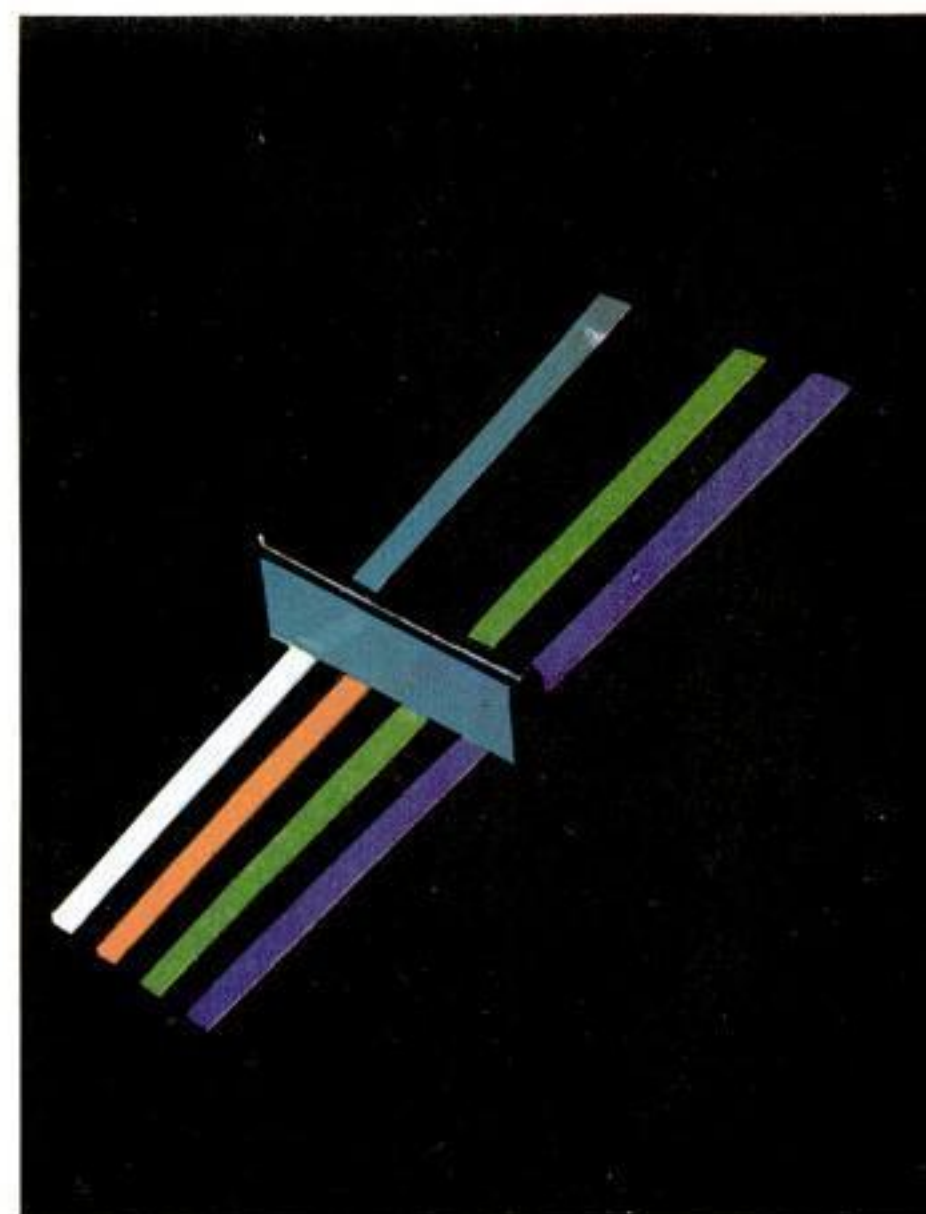
BLUE results from subtraction of green and red from white beam. Blue filter absorbs green and red beams.



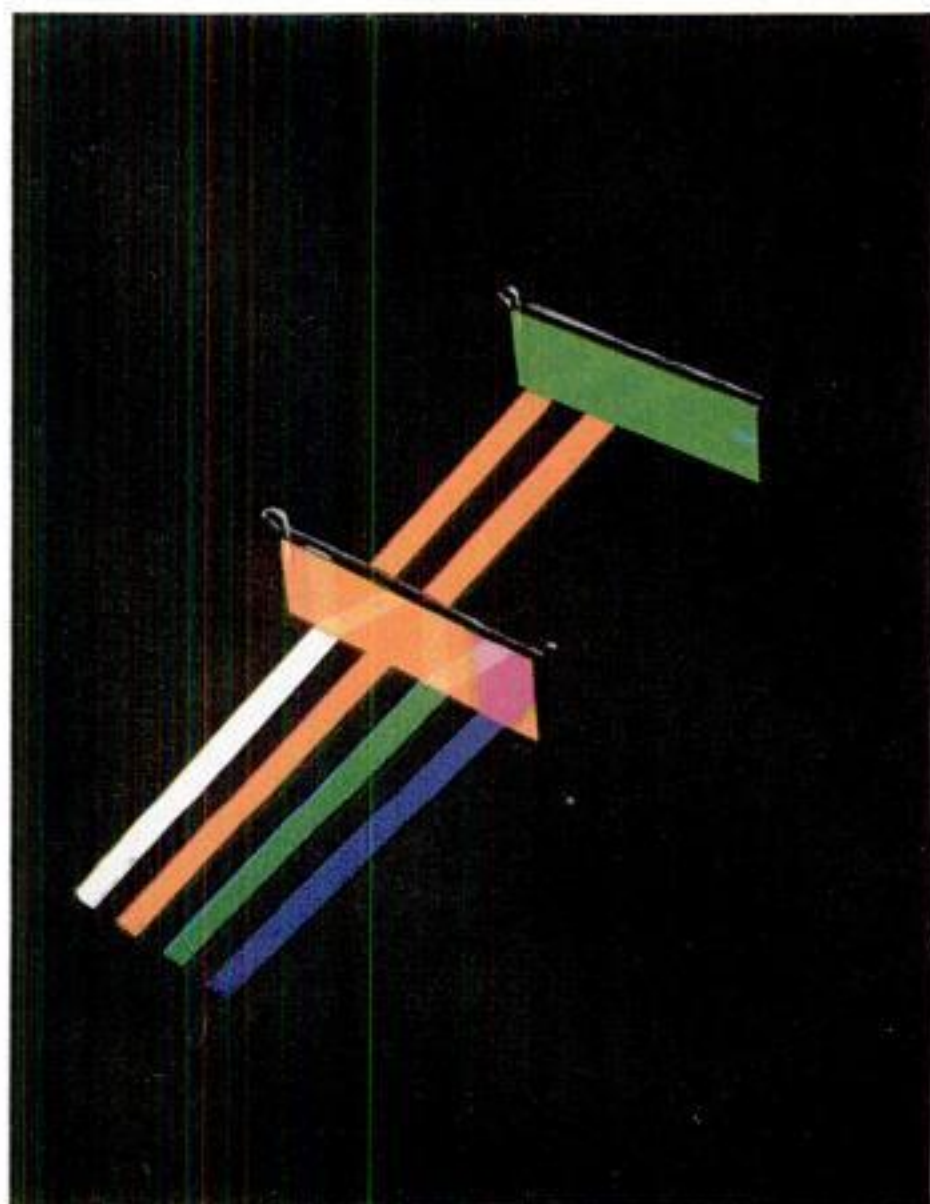
RED-BLUE results from the subtraction of green from white beam. Filter absorbs green, transmits blue and red.



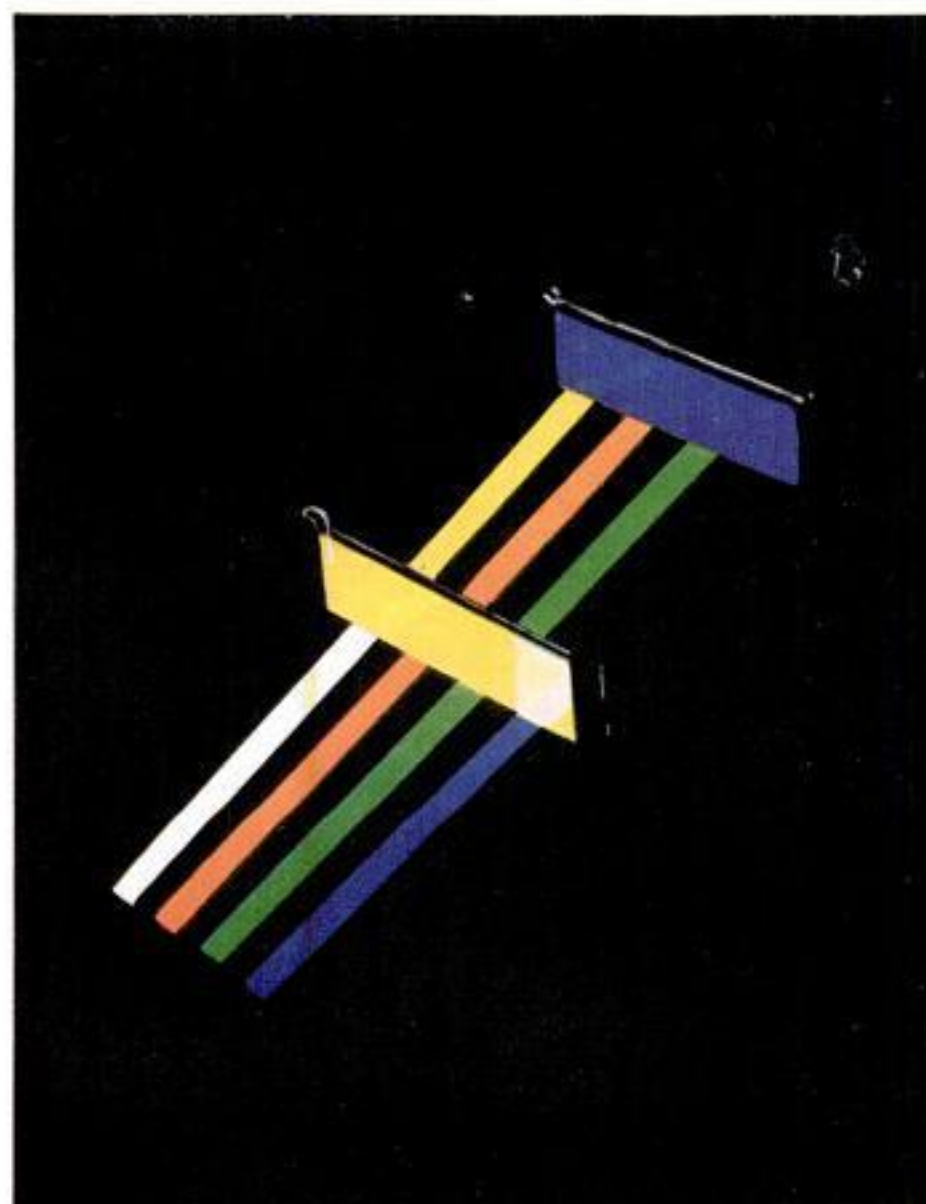
YELLOW results from subtraction of blue from white beam. The filter absorbs blue, transmits green and red.



BLUE-GREEN results from the subtraction of red from white. Blue filter absorbs red, transmits blue and green.



PAIR OF PRIMARIES subtract to yield black. The red filter absorbs green and blue beams. Green absorbs red.



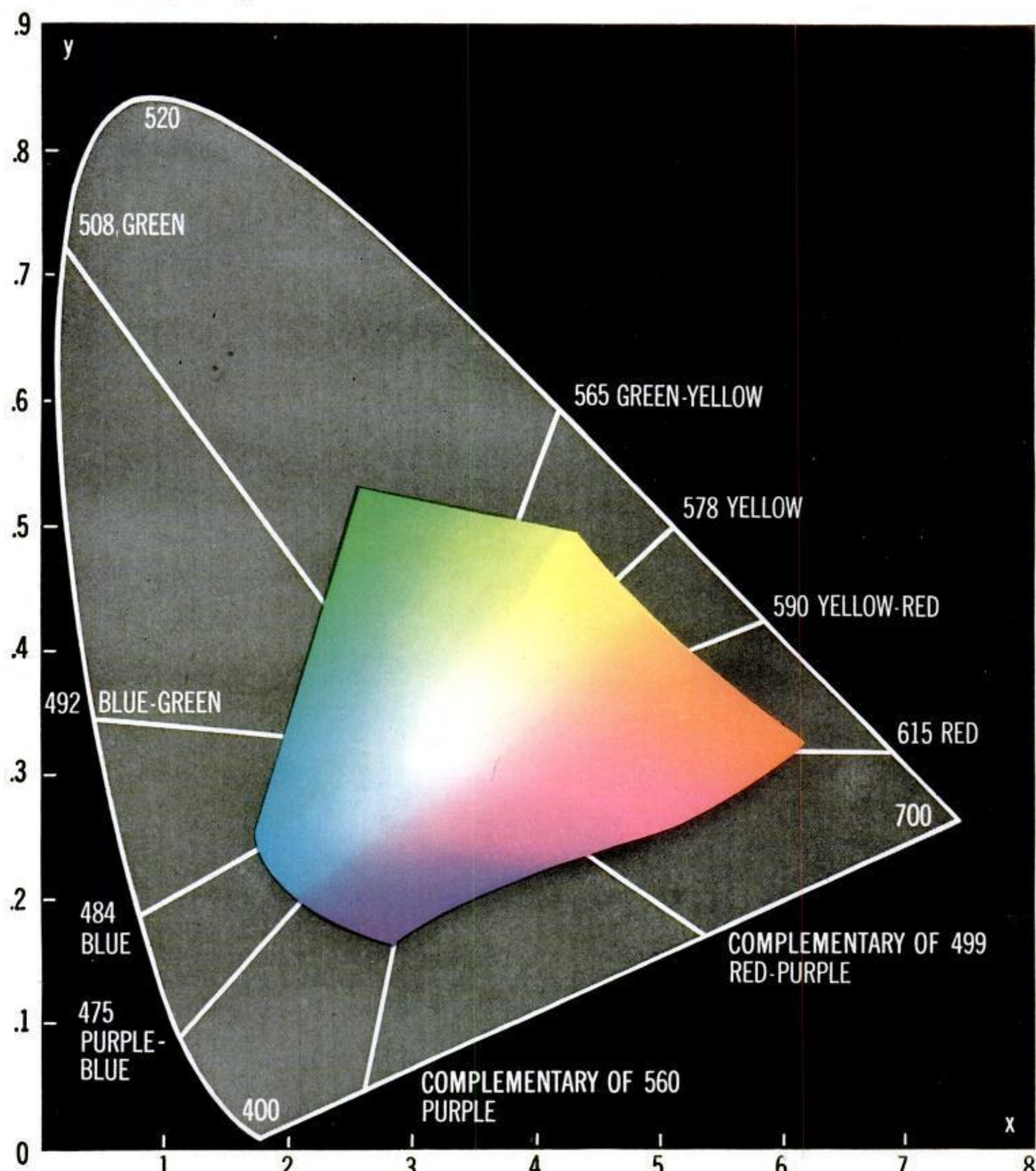
COMPLEMENTARY AND PRIMARY subtract to yield black. Yellow filter absorbs blue. Blue absorbs yellow.



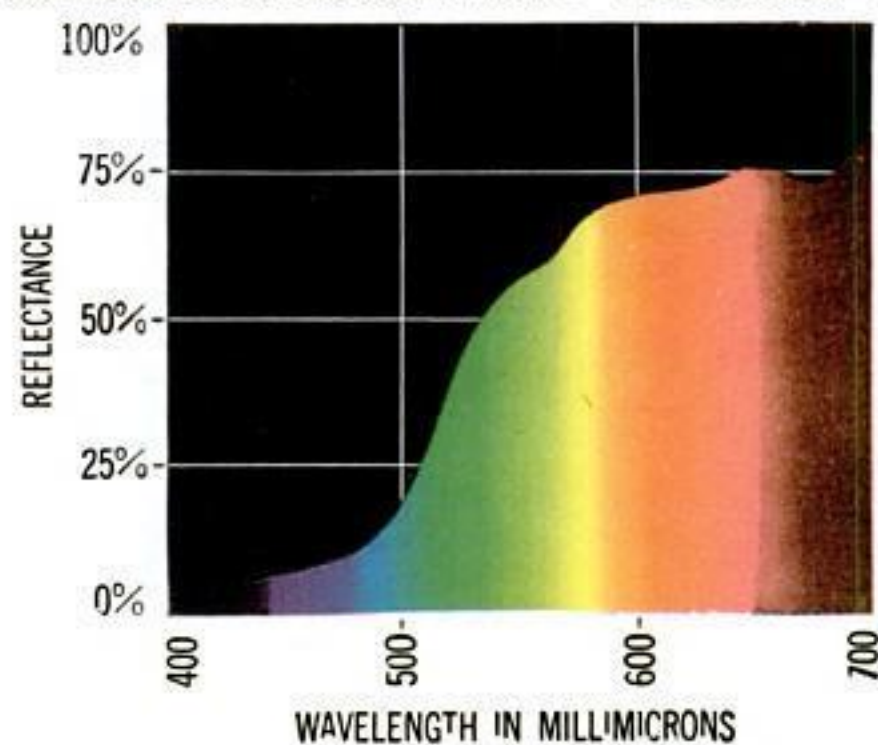
THREE COMPLEMENTARIES subtract to yield black. Each filter absorbs one primary from white light beam.

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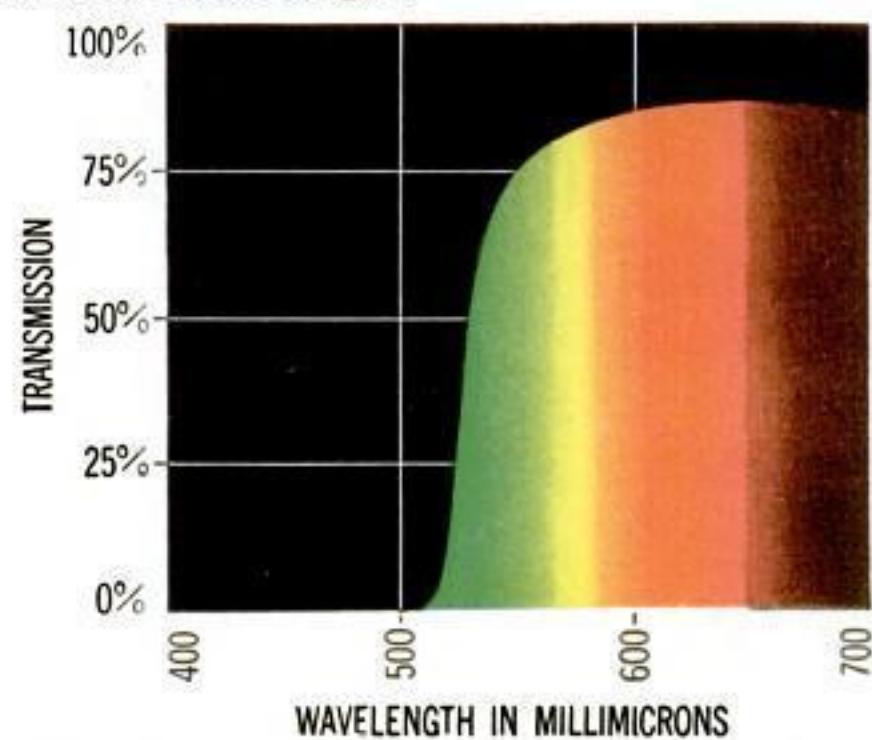
COLOR (continued)



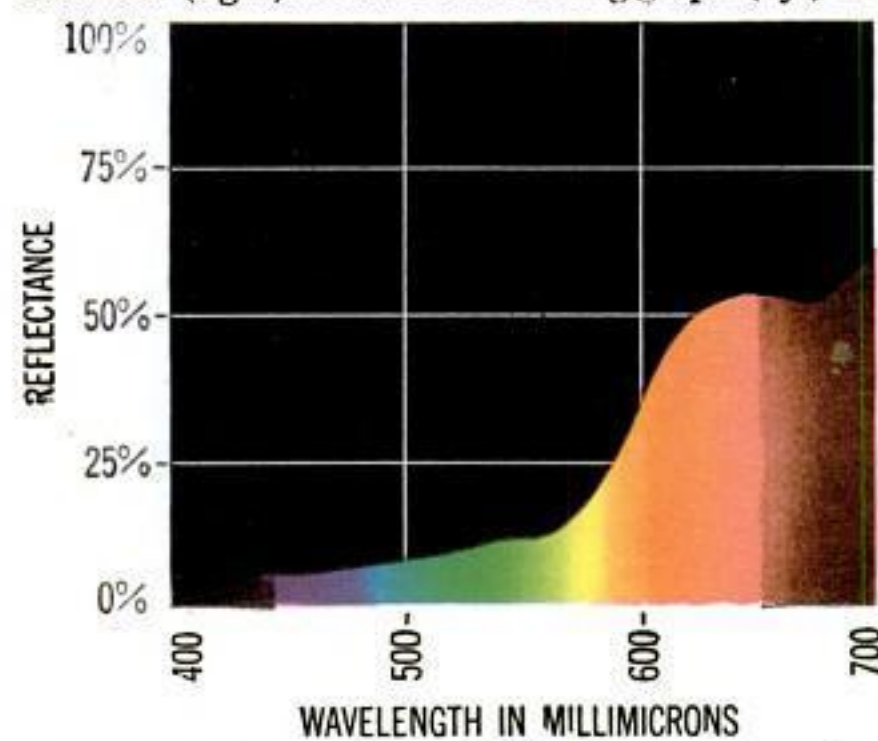
COLORED AREA IN SCIENTISTS' "COLOR MAP" SHOWS FULL MIXTURE RANGE OF PRINTING INK COLORS



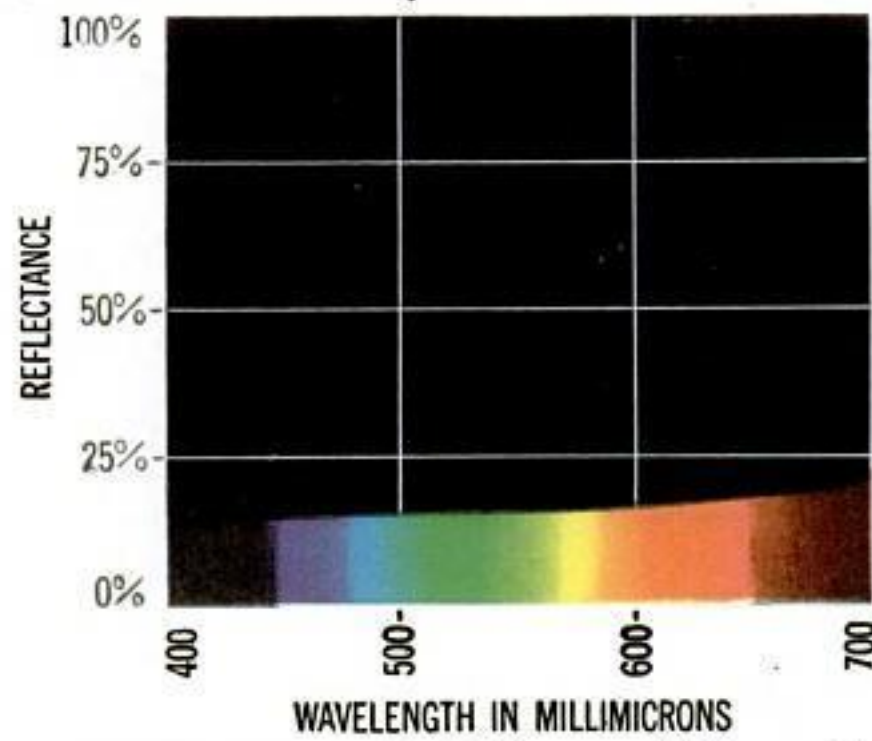
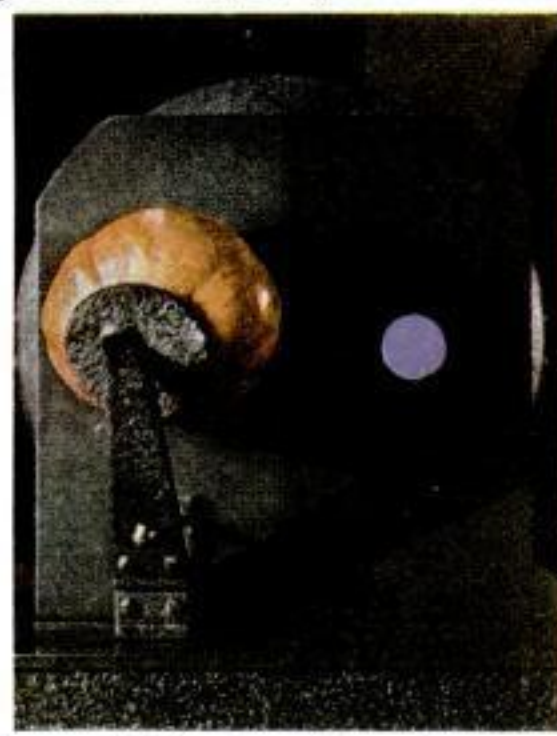
YELLOW OF LEMON is measured by mounting fruit in the spectrophotometer target chamber (right). Curve on resulting graph (left) is high in red and green, low in violet.



YELLOW FILTER (right) yields a smooth graph which cuts off violet completely and climbs almost vertically to more than 75% transmission in red and green regions.



RED OF TOMATO shows 50% reflectance in red region, with low irregular reflectance of other colors. Its graph indicates complex color mixture in the tomato's simple red.



GRAY TEXTILE sample yields a smooth flat graph showing the low reflectance of full spectrum, typical of neutral grays. Red thread in pattern causes an upturn in curve.



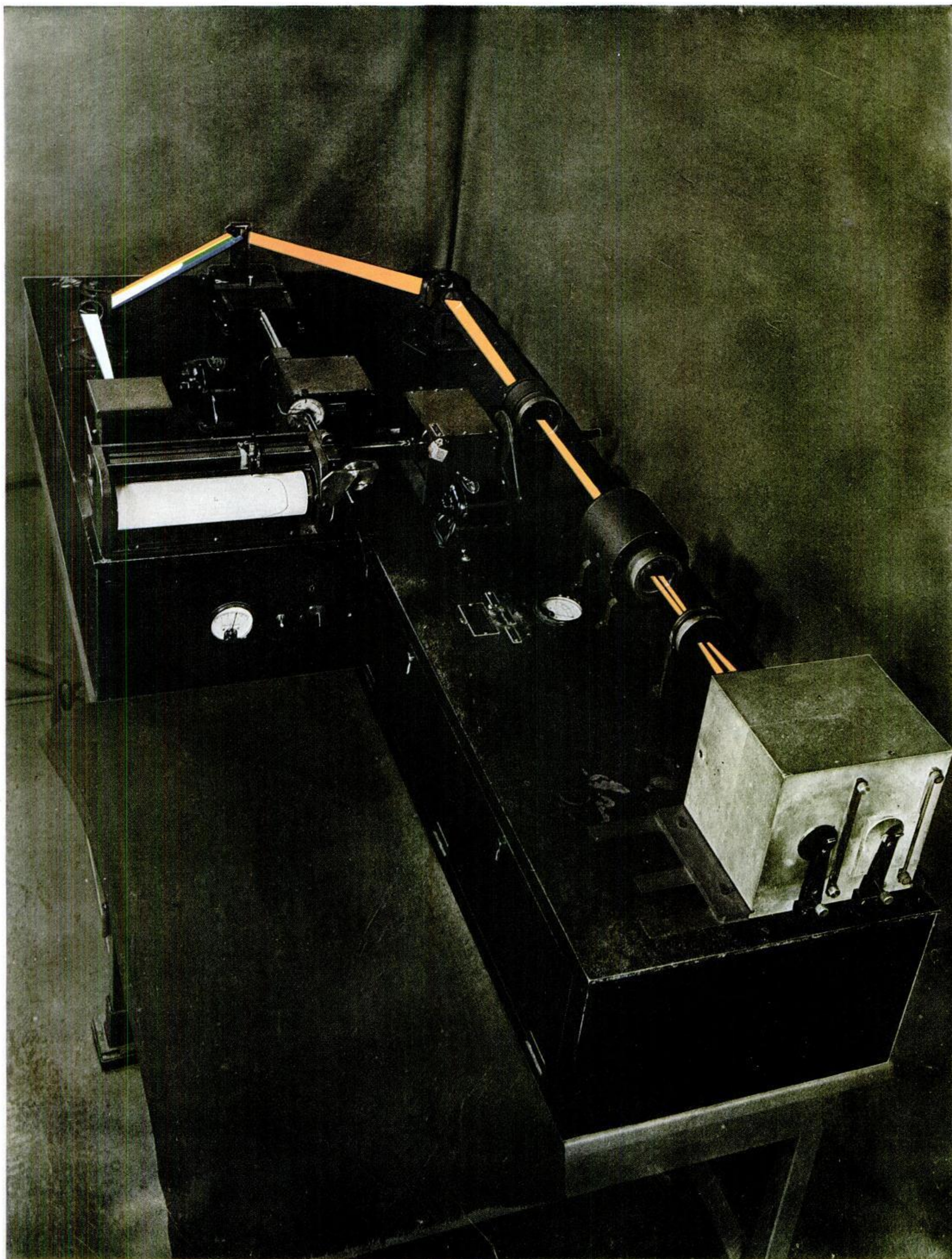
WAVE LENGTHS ARE BASIS OF SCIENCE

The illustrations on these pages show how color has been reduced to an exact science. The spectrophotometer (*opposite*) breaks a color down into its component wave lengths. The "color map" at left puts the wave lengths back together again, identifying a color in relation to all other colors. The details of the process are shown below.

A tomato, for example, is clamped to one hole of the spectrophotometer's target chamber and a standard white square to the other. By a series of prisms, lenses and a mirror, a beam of white light is directed into the target chamber a few wave lengths at a time. The light reflected from the tomato is compared to the light reflected from the white square and the difference in reflectance across the spectrum is automatically recorded as a graph on white cylinder of spectrophotometer. This black-and-white graph (*shown at bottom left in color*) is then read against the color map to locate the exact color of the tomato.

The color map is the scientists' method of showing the colors of the spectrum and all their possible mixtures arranged according to their effect on the three color receptors of the human eye. The colored area represents the current limits of color reproduction by LIFE's printing process, but in fact the colors run out through gray area to the white boundary line. Pure spectrum colors with their wave lengths are located around the white line. Violet (400) and red (700) ends of the spectrum are joined by the straight line representing their mixture in purple. Any point on map may be located by the numbers at side and bottom.

The tomato's spectrophotometer graph is then translated by simple mathematics into two figures—.5 on the base line and .35 on the side line—which locate the tomato's color on the color map.



SPECTROPHOTOMETER: White light beam is dispersed into spectrum by prism. One narrow band at a time is reflected by mirror at top. Color beam is split in two just in

front of target chamber. One beam is aimed at the standard white reflector in box, the other at the sample under test. Photocell compares reflectance intensity of each.

COLOR
(continued)

h

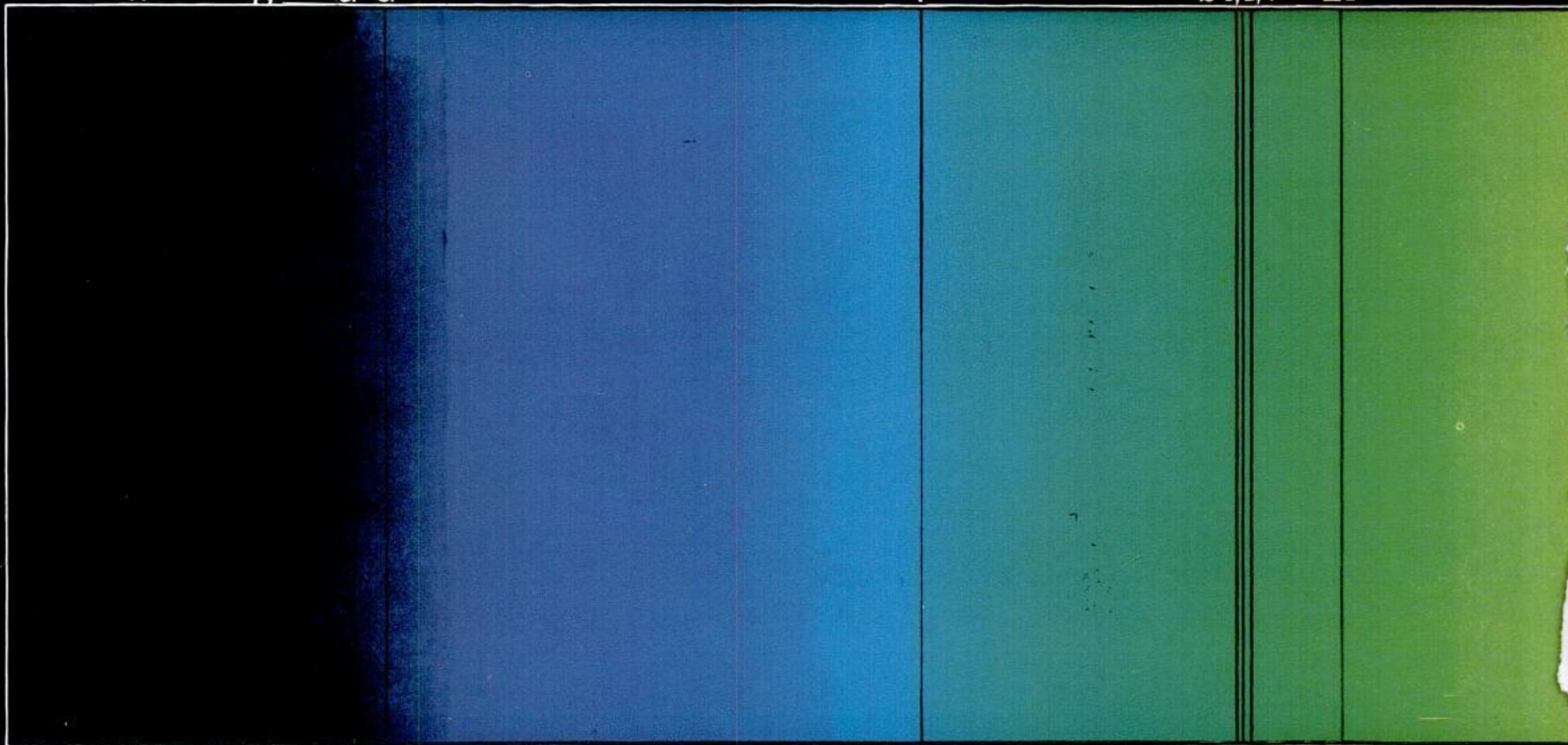
g

G G'

F

b_{1,2,4}

E₂



400

500

THE WHITE LIGHT OF THE SUN, EMBRACING ALL THE COLORS OF VISIBLE LIGHT, IS SHOWN IN THE SPECTROGRAM ABOVE. EACH COLOR HAS ITS OWN WA



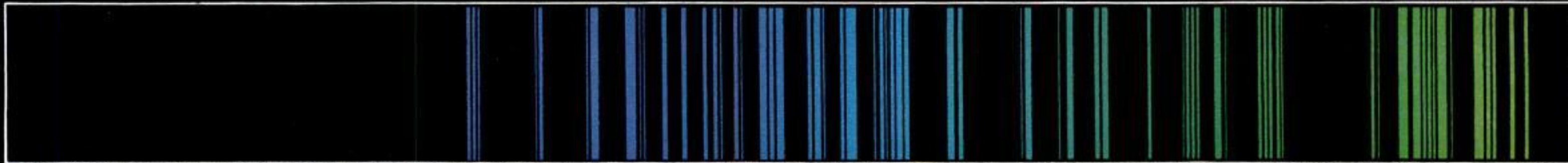
LINE SPECTROGRAM OF SODIUM VAPOR. MOST BRILLIANT ARE LINES AT WAVE LENGTHS 589 AND 590, IN YELLOW REGION. IN SOLAR SPECTRUM AT TOP THE



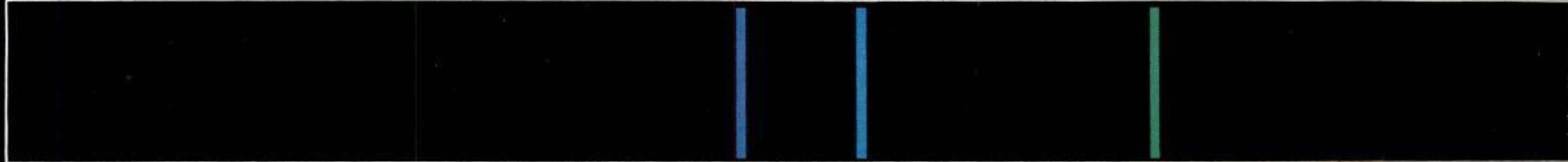
CALCIUM SPECTRUM. BRIGHT LINE AT 422 WAVE LENGTHS IN BLUE REGION APPEARS AT SAME POINT IN SUN'S SPECTRUM AT TOP AS A BLACK FRAUNHOFER



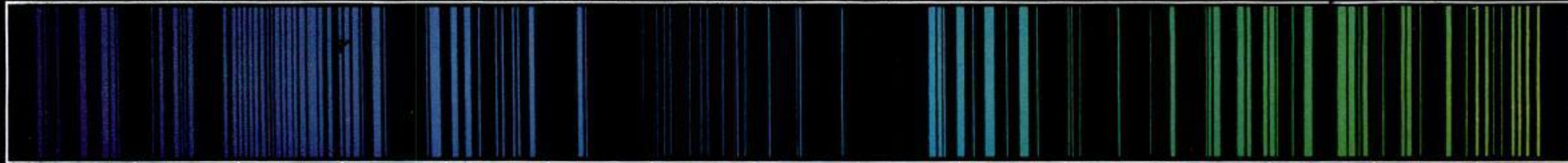
MERCURY SPECTRUM. BRILLIANT BLUE AND GREEN LINES RESOLVE VISUALLY INTO FAMILIAR GREENISH-BLUE LIGHT OF MERCURY-VAPOR LAMPS. DISCHARGE



SPECTRUM OF NEON LIGHT, WITH MANY BRILLIANT LINES IN RED AND GREEN, RESOLVES INTO FAMILIAR ORANGE-RED LIGHT OF NEON TUBE SIGNS. TO MAKE



CADMIUM SPECTRUM IS DISTINGUISHED BY BRIGHT LINE AT 643 WAVE LENGTHS IN RED END. WAVE LENGTH OF THIS LINE, ACCURATELY MEASURED TO ONE PA



400

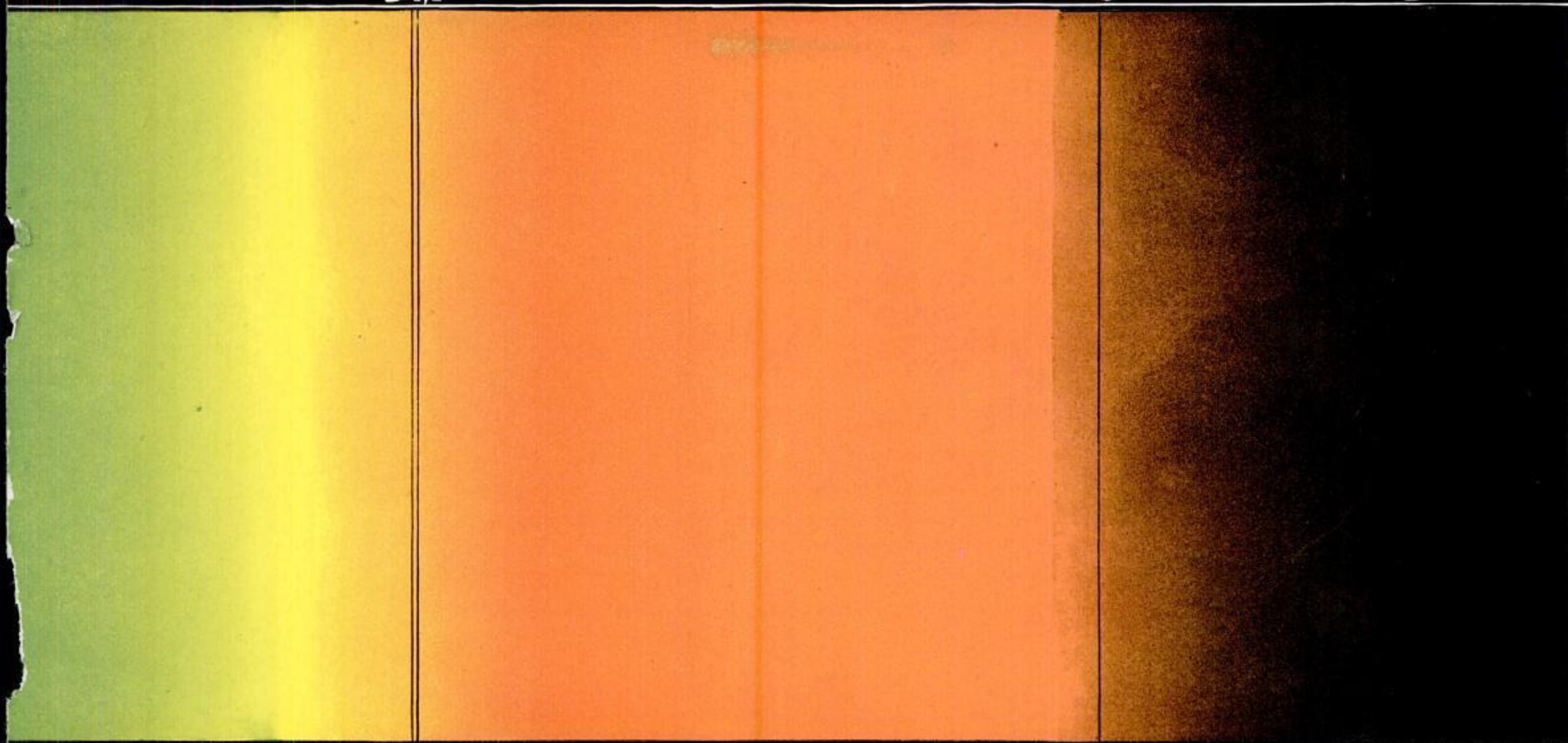
500

SPECTRUM OF IRON, WITH MANY LINES OF MEDIUM INTENSITY DISTRIBUTED FROM BLUE TO RED, PROVIDES STANDARD FOR SPECTROGRAPHIC ANALYSIS. LINES

D_{1,2}

C

B



600

700

E LENGTH, SHOWN IN SCALE. FROM MIXTURE OF THESE COLORS COME ALL OTHER COLORS. BELOW: LINE SPECTROGRAMS OF SIX CHEMICAL ELEMENTS



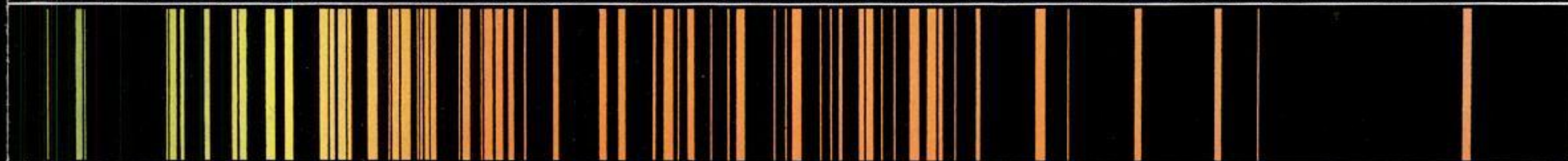
INES (FRAUNHOFER) AT THE SAME WAVE LENGTHS APPEAR BLACK BECAUSE SODIUM VAPOR IN SOLAR ATMOSPHERE ABSORBS THESE WAVE LENGTHS OF LIGHT



NE. PRESENCE OF A SIMILAR LINE FOR HELIUM IN SUN'S SPECTRUM PROVED EXISTENCE OF THIS RARE GAS LONG BEFORE IT WAS DISCOVERED ON EARTH



TUBE USED IN SPECTROGRAPH IS SIMILAR TO LAMP TUBE. OUTSIDE VISIBLE SPECTRUM, TO LEFT, MERCURY VAPOR IS POWERFUL ULTRAVIOLET LIGHT SOURCE



NEON SPECTROGRAM, THE GAS IS ENCLOSED AT A LOW PRESSURE IN GLASS OR QUARTZ TUBE AND IS EXCITED BY ELECTRIC DISCHARGE, JUST AS IN NEON SIGN



RT IN 10,000,000, IS SCIENCE'S UNIVERSAL STANDARD OF LINEAR MEASUREMENT. STANDARD METER IS 1,553,164.1245 CADMIUM RED-LINE WAVE LENGTHS LONG



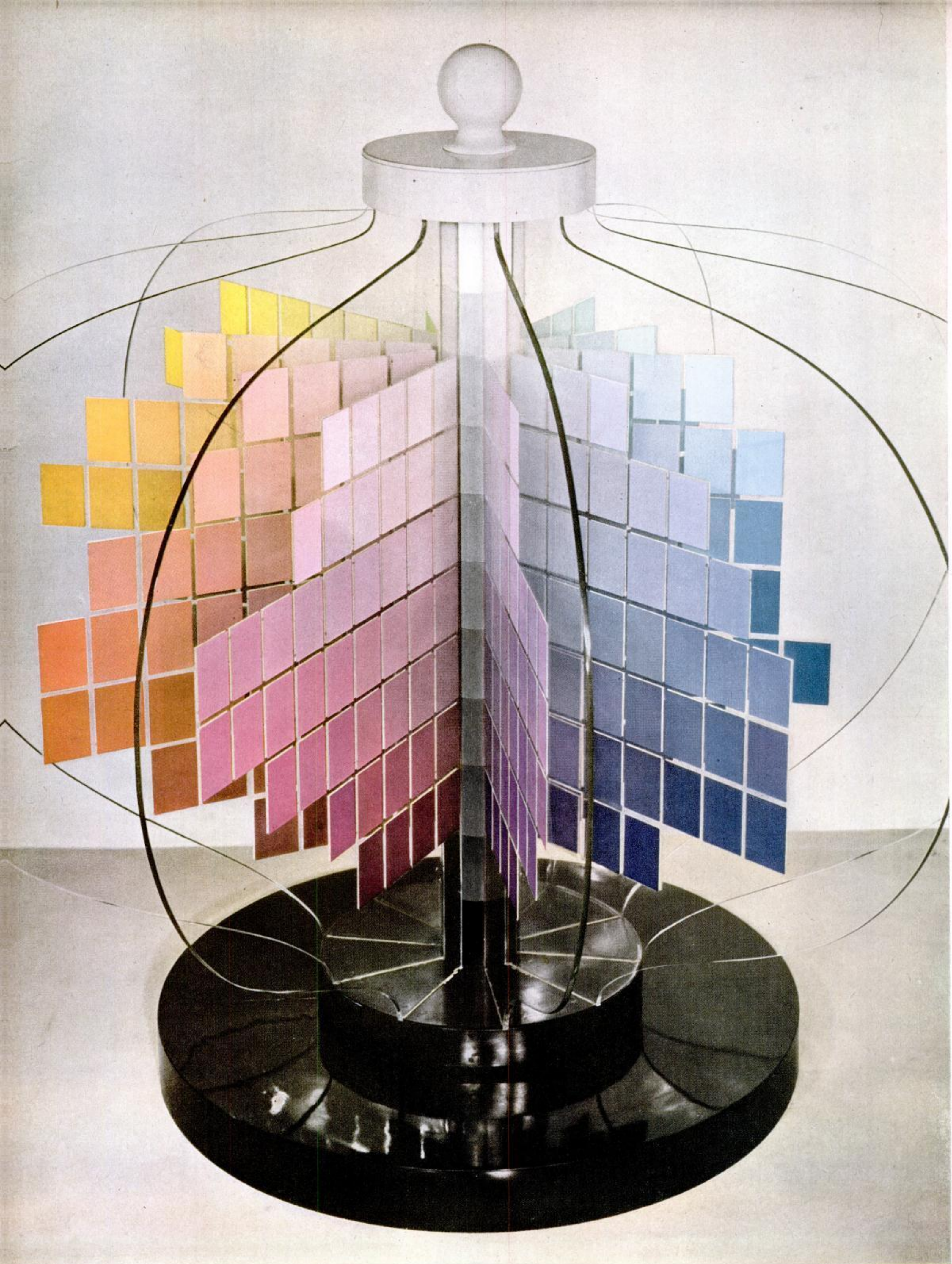
600

700

S ON SPECTROGRAMS OF UNKNOWN SUBSTANCES CAN BE IDENTIFIED BY COMPARING THEM WITH KNOWN AND PRECISELY MEASURED LINES IN IRON SPECTRUM

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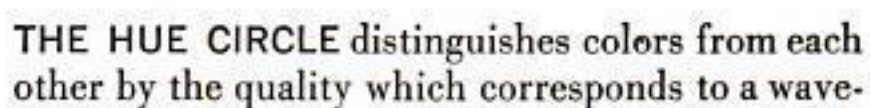
MUNSELL COLOR TREE shows the qualities of hue, value and chroma composed in three-dimensional rela-

tionship to each other. Mounted on each glass plate is one of the 10 families of hues, arranged on the scales

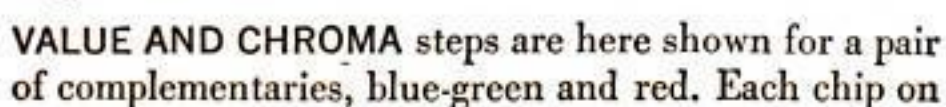
of value and chroma. The neutral gray pole in the center has nine steps between theoretical black and white.

Descriptive as it may sound, a name such as "turquoise blue" means nothing at all when an exact color must be matched. Shown here is a logical way out of such color confusion. This is the Munsell color notation system, which has been adopted by the American Standards Association as industry's language and standard of color.

With this Munsell color notation chart, a "turquoise blue" can be given a meaningful name. It can be specified for example, as Blue-Green 7/4, or the blue-green chip at the seventh step of value and the fourth step of chroma.



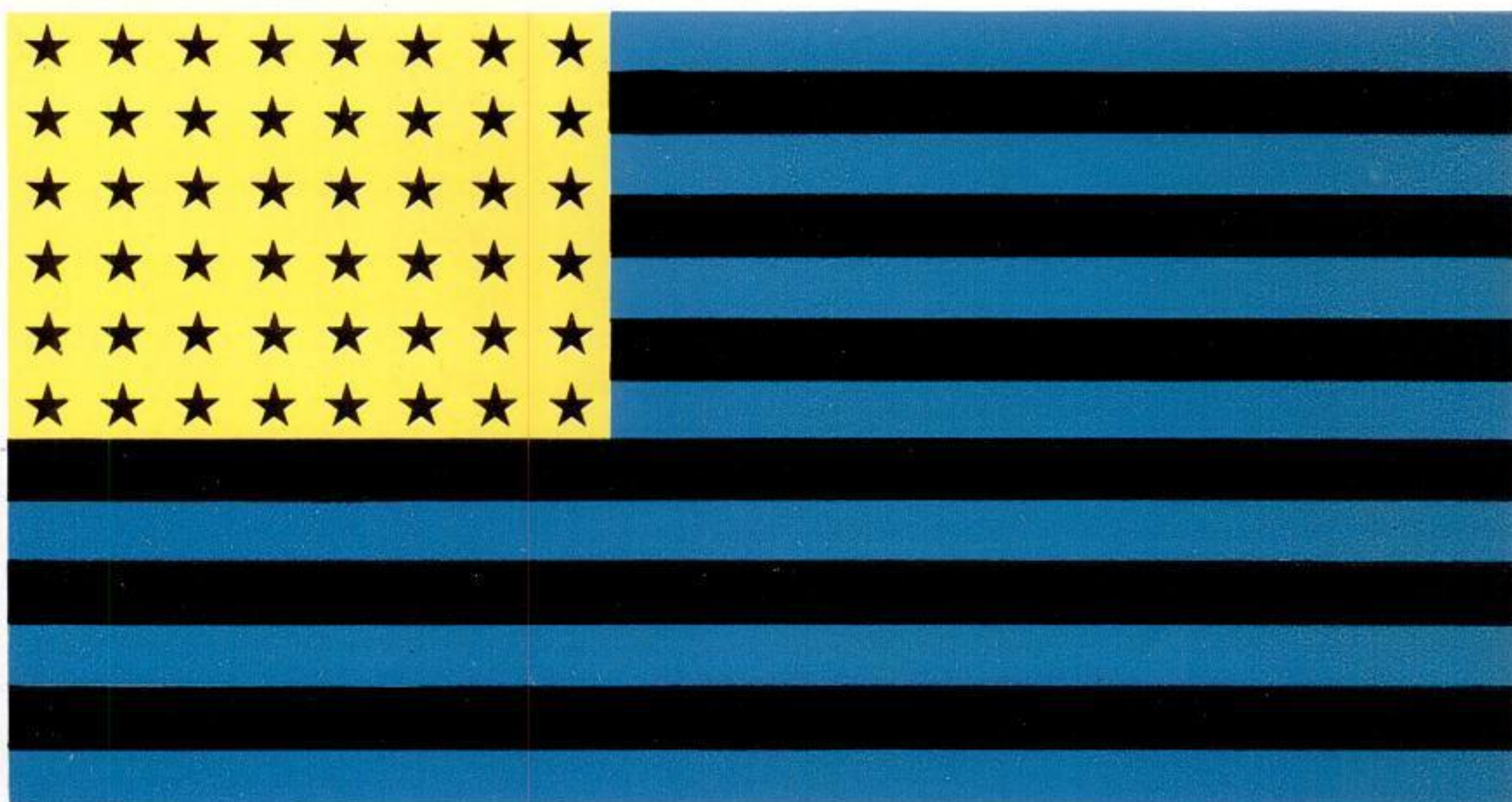
length in the spectrum. Trained observer can distinguish ten hues between each step shown above.



the blue-green side is the complementary of the corresponding chip on the red. Between each value step tech-

nicians can distinguish 10 steps. The Munsell charts and tree were produced by Allcolor Co. Inc., New York City.

COLOR (continued)



STARE AT THE STAR in the lower right corner of yellow field in strong light and count 30 seconds. Then quickly focus eyes on the

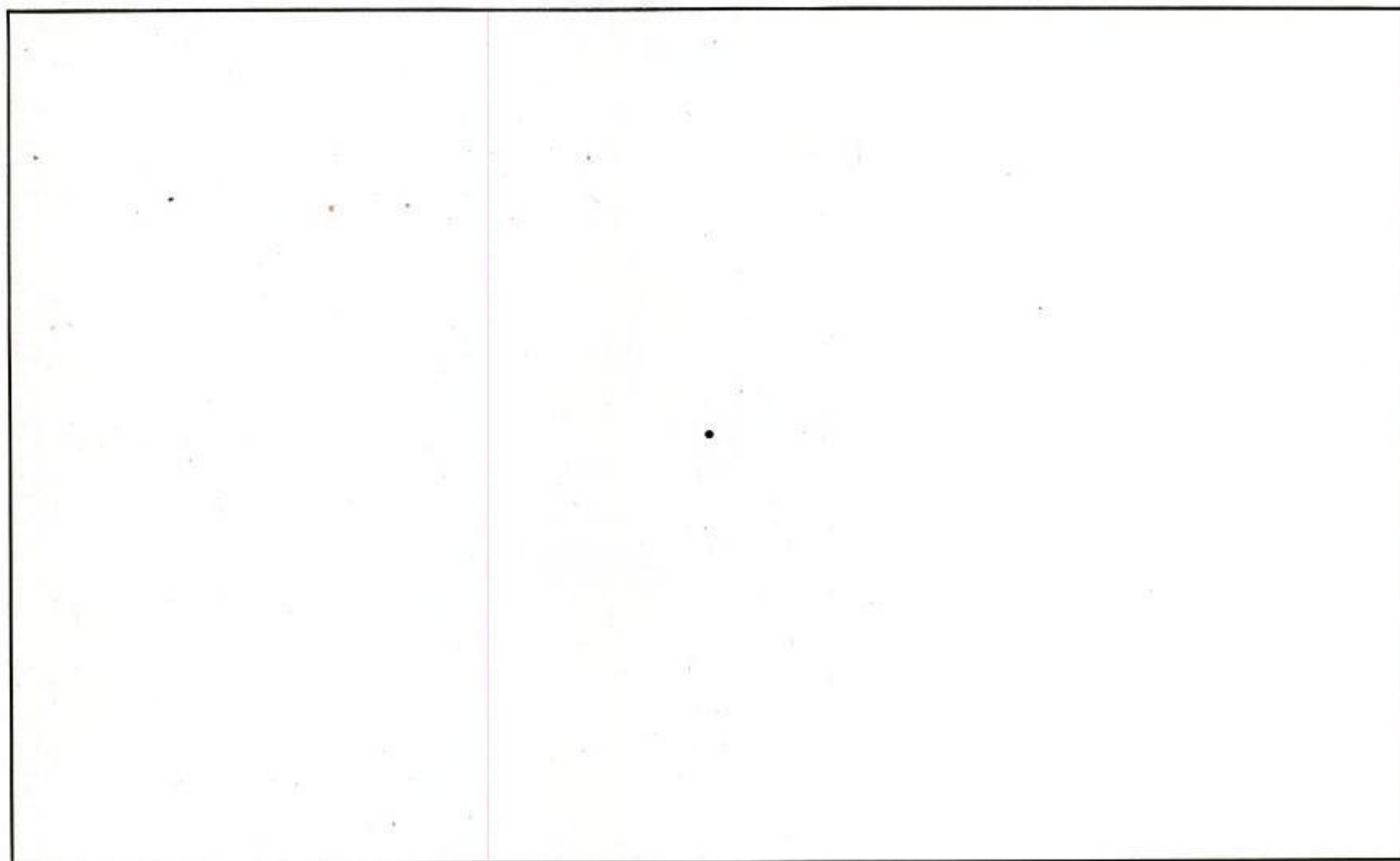
black dot in the center of white rectangle at the bottom of this page. What you should see are the complementaries of the colors above.

ILLUSIONS DEMONSTRATE PRINCIPLES OF VISION

The color tricks and illusions on these two pages demonstrate the basic effects of contrast, harmony and clash, which arise as soon as two colors are used together. These effects can be explained by elementary color science. From here out in color, however, science is left behind and aesthetics takes over.

The first and most important fact in the use of color is that the eye sees colors differently against different backgrounds. This is demonstrated by the gray scale illusion at left. Here the same gray in the circular patch appears to vary in value from dark to light as its background varies from light to dark. By a similar effect of simultaneous contrast, the complementary red and blue-green colors in the panel at top of opposite page heighten each other's brilliance and set up a clashing vibration.

Secret of these effects is the eye's tendency to generate complementaries of colors it is seeing and to mix those complementaries in with colors it is seeing—an addition which theoretically produces white. Demonstration of this principle is U.S. flag reproduced above in its complementary colors. A 30-second stare at this "color negative" makes the eye generate a positive after-image of the flag in its true colors. This after-image can be seen if the eye is quickly focused on the black dot in the white space below. Where the eye saw blue-green, black and yellow, it now sees red, white and blue. The tendency of the eye to add complementary colors is demonstrated by the spinning disc and the checkerboard (*bottom, opposite page*). Here the product of addition is a gray, which is white reduced in intensity through the partial absorption of all spectrum colors by the reflecting pigments.



SAME GRAY spot shifts in value with change in the background.

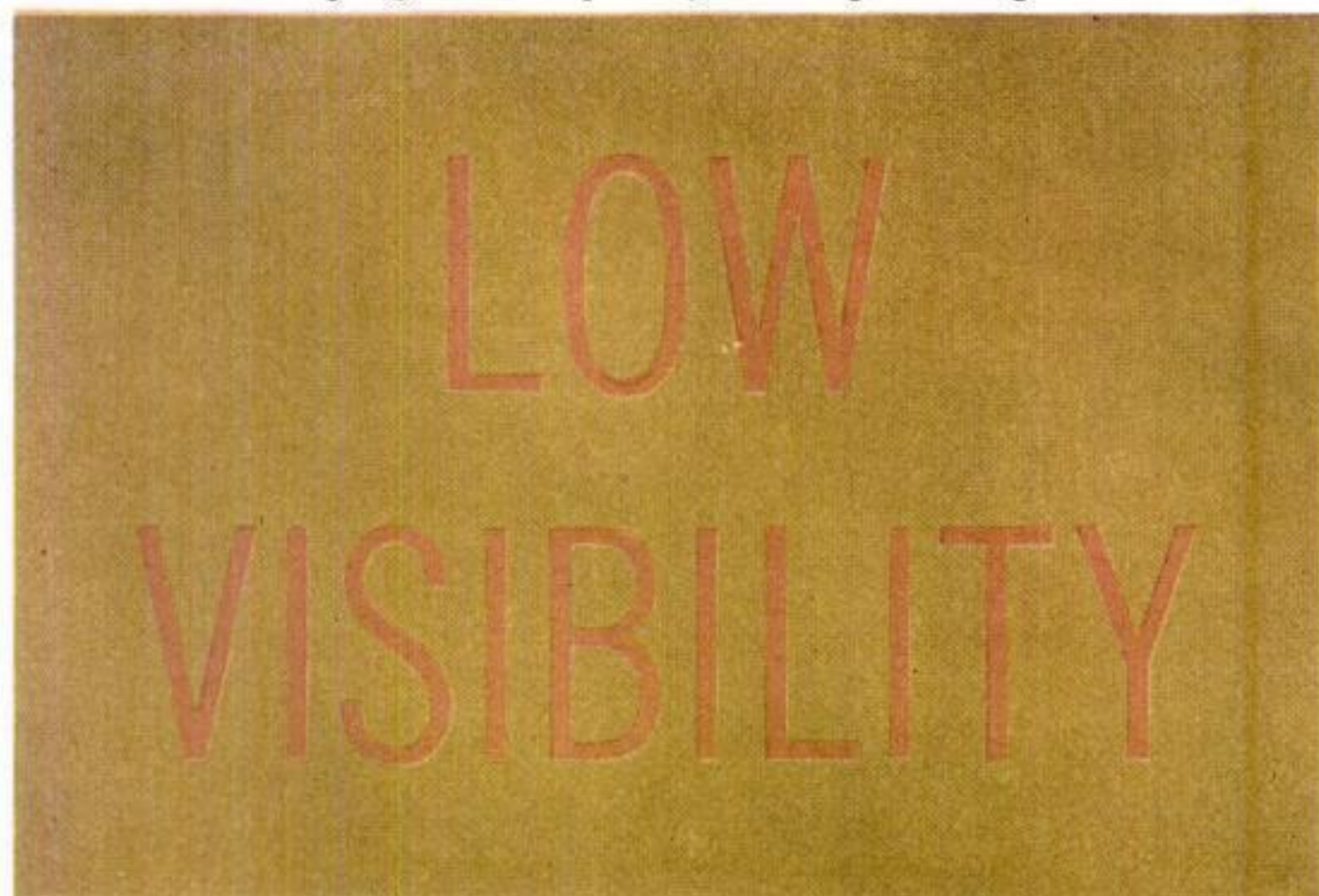
STARE AT THE BLACK SPOT, after looking hard at the U.S. flag in the wrong colors at top, and you should see the flag in its right

colors. Trick is explained by action of color receptors of eye which tend to produce complementaries of the colors which they receive.

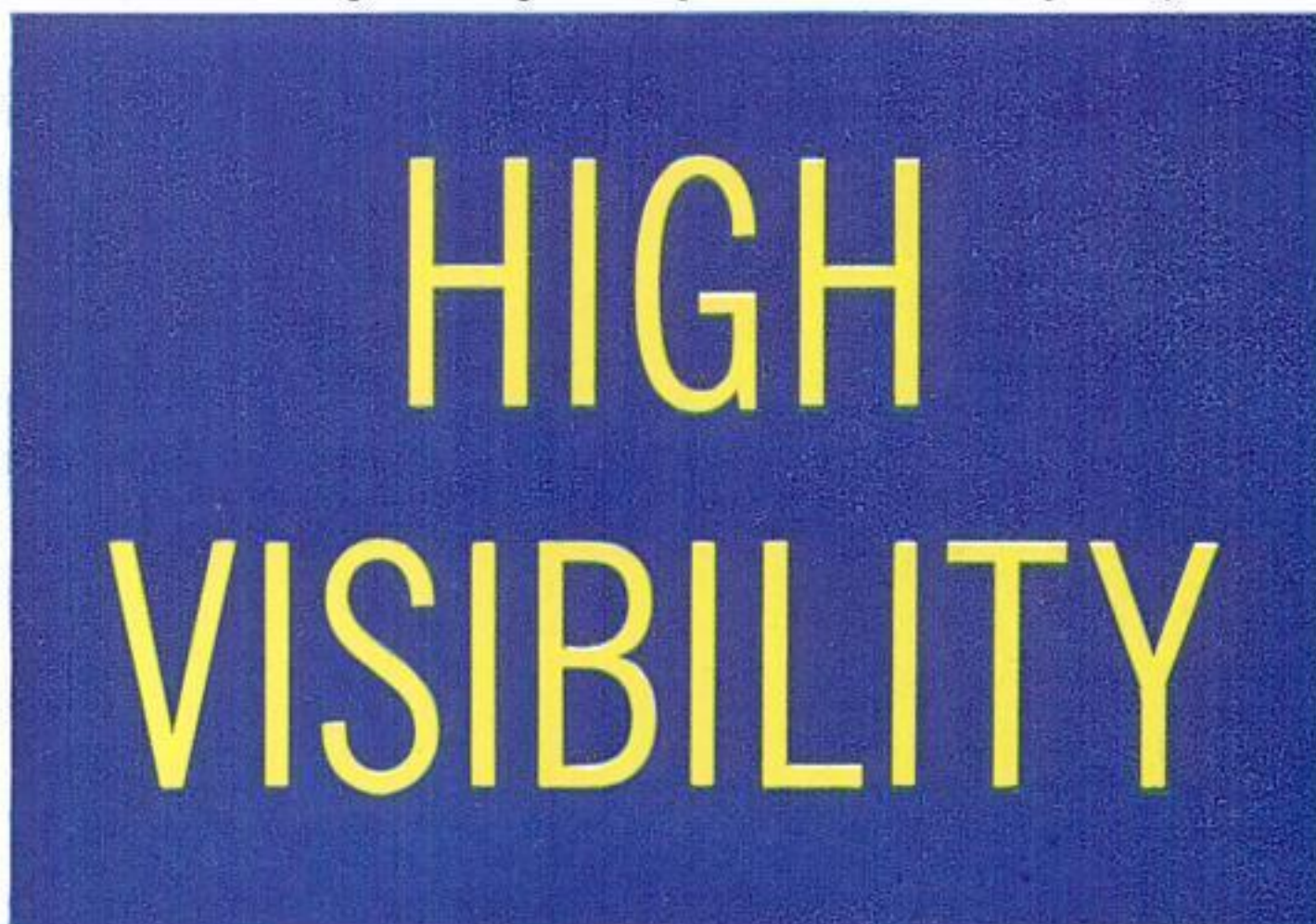
VIBRATION

CLASHING COLORS are a red and complementary blue-green, both at strong chroma and same value. Fatiguing of red receptors by red background heightens the brilliance

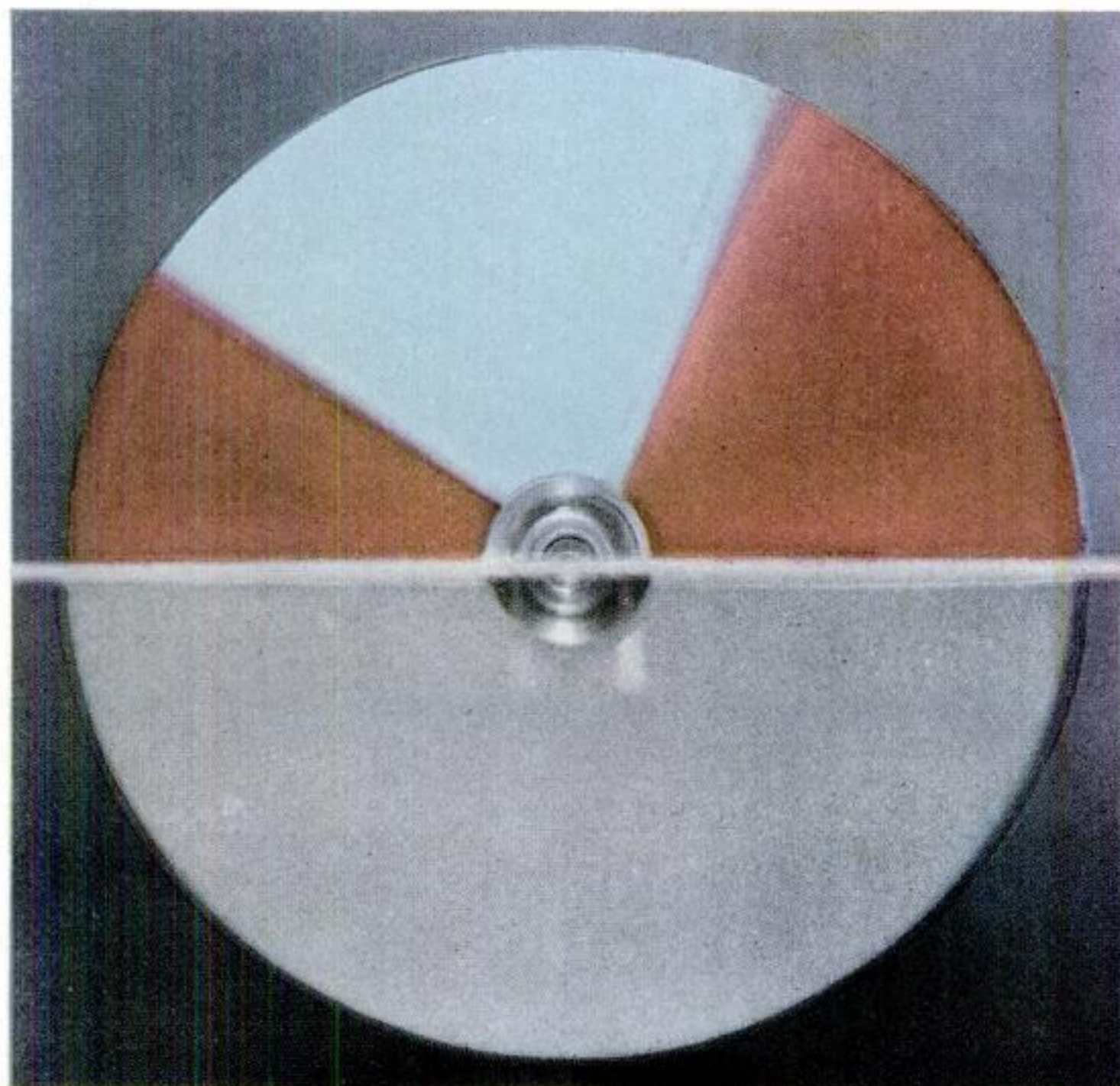
of blue-green letters and vice versa. Resulting clash causes edges of letters seemingly to vibrate. The strong after-image of this panel shows the colors precisely reversed.



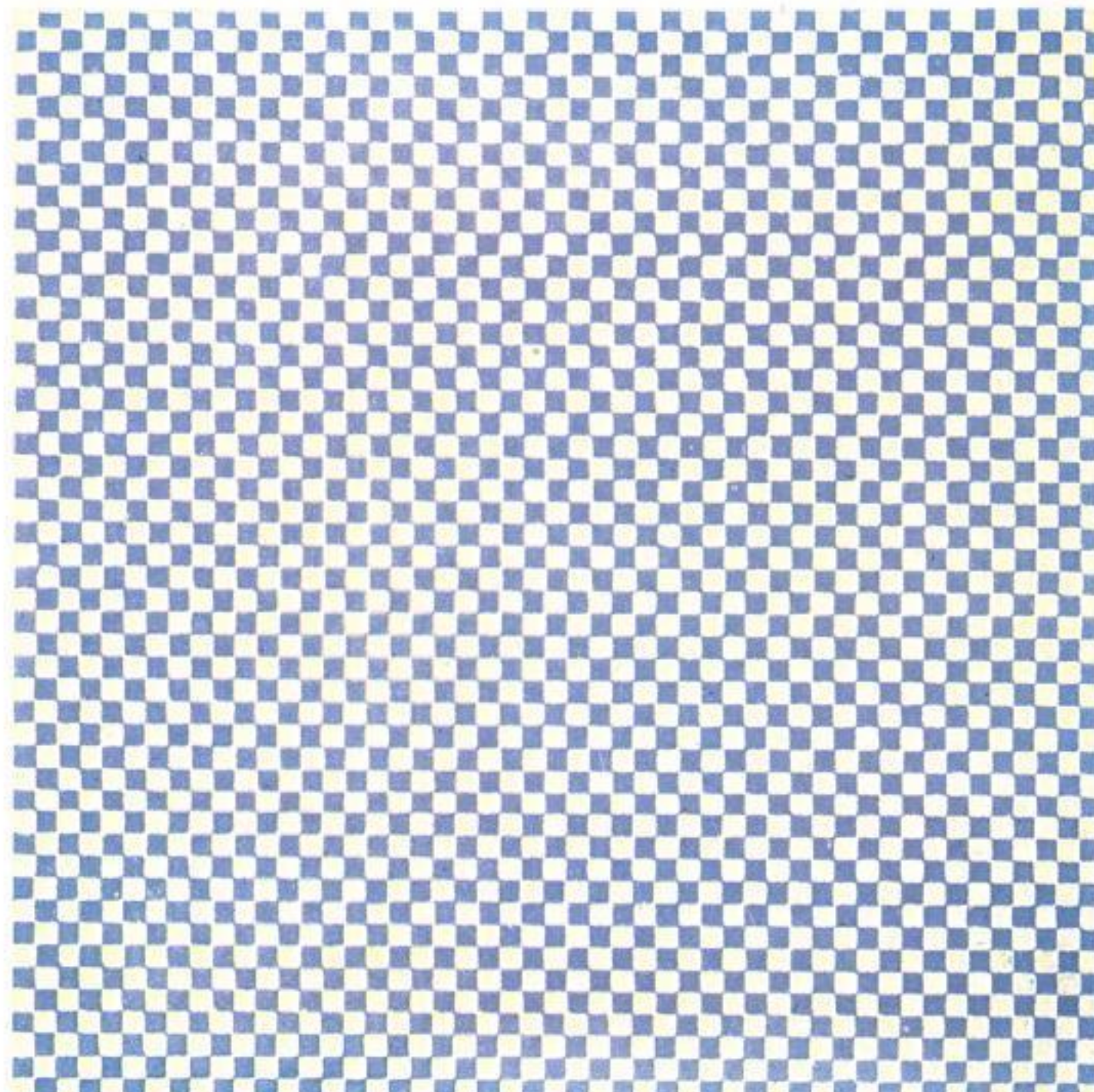
HARMONIOUS COLORS, a middle value red and a reddish brown (really a middle value yellow-red) blend into each other. At 20 feet, the lettering is almost invisible.



CONTRASTING COLORS in this panel are complementaries. Strong difference in value of each color heightens contrast. Lettering remains legible at long distance.



COLOR WHEEL, divided equally between two equal complementaries, spins to gray. The colors are visible on the top half of the wheel, photographed by high-speed light.

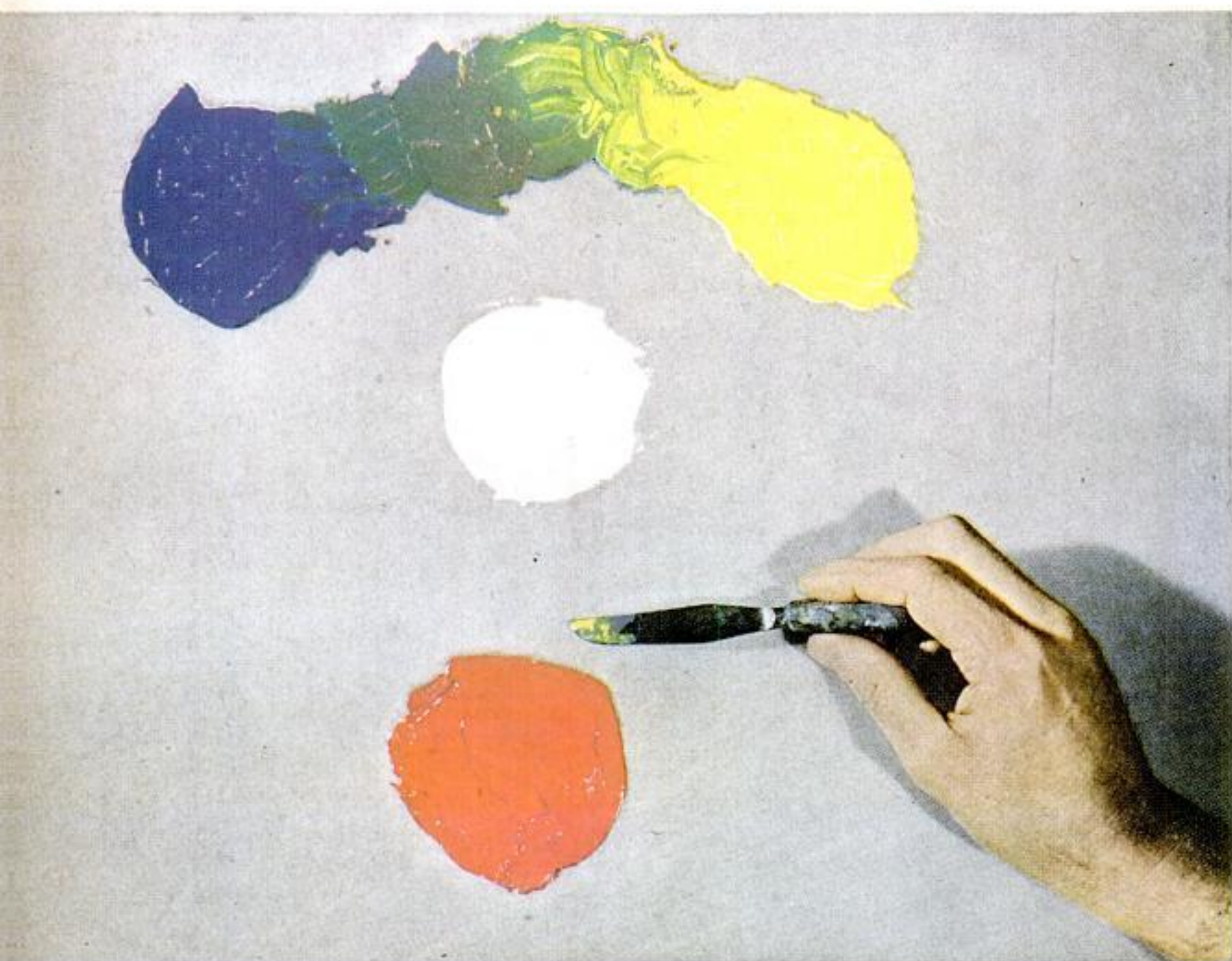


CHECKERBOARD PATTERN of complementaries resolves to gray at a distance of 20 feet, when eye can no longer distinguish squares. This is mixture by addition.

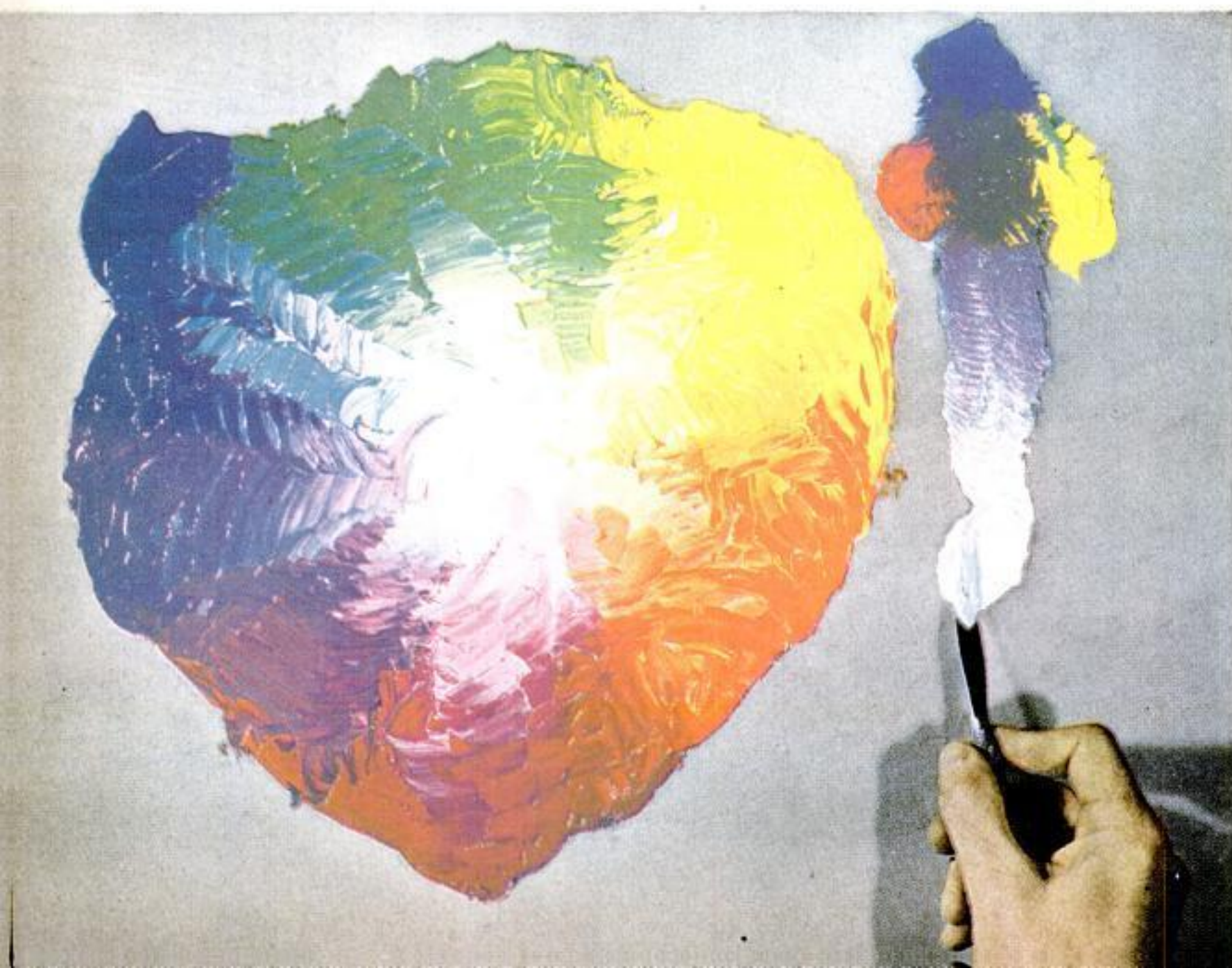
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COMPLEMENTARIES of the primary colors of white light are reflected by the three scientifically designed pigments in this palette. Mixture of these pigments makes new colors by subtraction. The white pigment (*center*) is used to reduce strength of the colors (*bottom*).



PRIMARY COLORS of white light are produced by mixing any pair of the pigments. Yellow and blue-green (*above*) produce green. Below are other combinations. Mixture of all three pigments (*at right*) makes black, which the white pigment pulls down through gray scale.



COLOR (continued)



PRINTING INK COLORS are here printed at half and full strength by engraver's proof bars. These are, with black, basic colors in half-tone color printing.

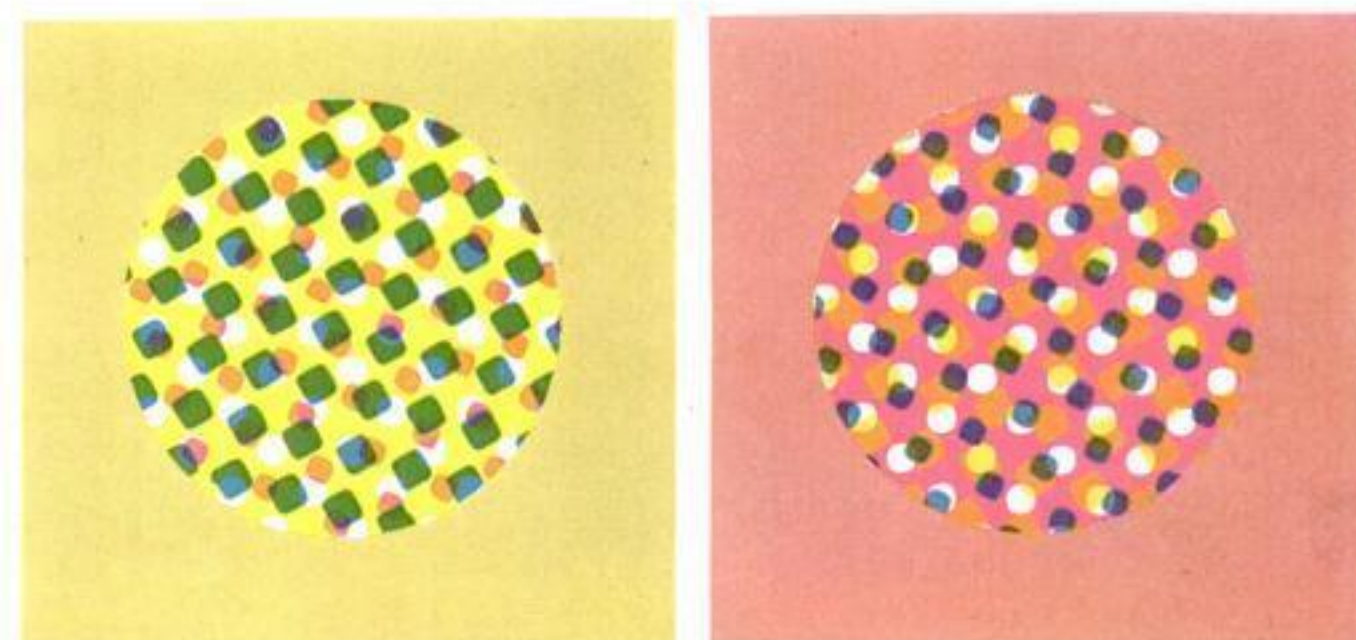
THREE PRINTING INKS MAKE THE COLORS OF THIS ESSAY

All the colors in this essay, except the vibrating red on the preceding page, were reproduced by mixture of the three colors shown above, plus black, used to give accent and depth. In the half-tone process of reproduction, these colors yield other colors by both the addition and subtraction principles of mixture.

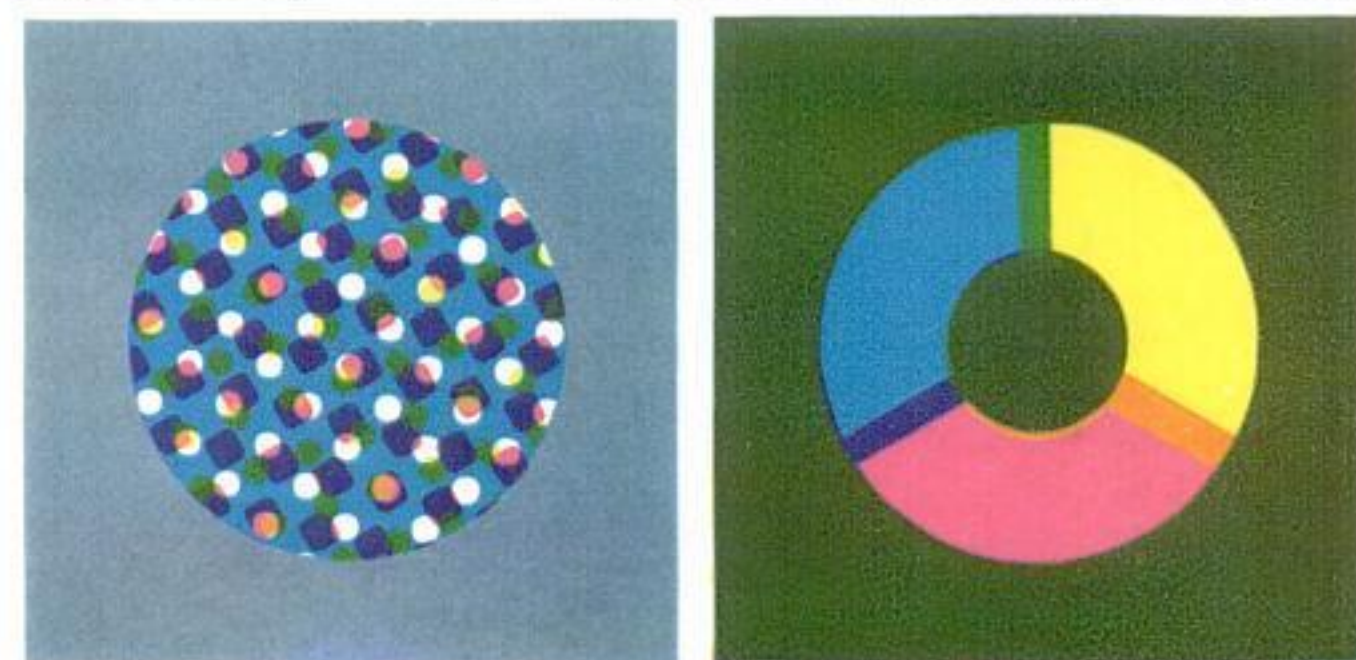
Printers call these colors yellow, red and blue and speak of them as primaries. Actually, they are the complementaries of the true primaries of light: red, green and blue. As such, the pigment complementaries should be called green-red (yellow), red-blue and blue-green. Each of them subtracts one and reflects two of the primaries of light.

Physical mixture of these pigments produces a different color by the principle of subtraction—i.e. the mixture of blue-green and yellow at left subtracts red and blue primaries and reflects green. Mixture of all three makes black. In color printing, subtractive mixture is achieved by printing the inks over each other in half-tone screens, each color being printed by a separate plate. Six different colors, in addition to black, can be printed on a white page—the printer's three complementaries, yellow, red-blue and blue-green, and the three true primaries, red, green and blue which are produced by subtractive mixture of the complementaries. Black is a mixture of all three complementaries. In the enlarged screen patterns below all six colors can be seen.

The solid colors seen by the eye result from additive mixture of these six colors. This mixture takes place in the visual mechanism itself. Because the eye is unable to distinguish between the tiny half-tone screen dots, it mixes the colored light which they reflect into a single color.



ADDITIVE MIXTURE of printing inks is demonstrated by half-tone screens enlarged 20 times (*above and left below*). Eye fuses them into background at 30 feet.



SUBTRACTIVE MIXTURE of the printing inks, shown with solid plates (*right*), makes a black center and thin spokes of primary colors red, green and blue.

"Terrific!"

—Says BETTY HUTTON

**"ONE OF THE YEAR'S
TOP SURPRISES!"**

It points the way to the great films which will be possible when Hollywood becomes aware of the richness and delight of human character!

—TIME MAGAZINE

"After all, we've traveled a lot of 'Roads' together. I didn't think you would ever let me down. Then I saw 'Going My Way.' Sure, you were great, but at least you might have let me thumb a ride. Congratulations!"

—BOB HOPE

**"The greatest thing
you have ever done.
Congratulations."**

—KATE SMITH

Congratulations, Bing

"It is easily your best picture!"

Please make more pictures like 'Going My Way'—we need them!"

—LOUELLA O. PARSONS



"After seeing you in 'Going My Way' do you mind if I tag along? Believe me, after seeing this picture, that's what America's going to do."

—HEDDA HOPPER

**"In 'Going My Way' you're
WONDERFUL!"**

—Says LORETTA YOUNG

*"It is a fine picture.
Really fine. Please accept
my congratulations."*



—CECIL B. DEMILLE

"GREAT"

—DOROTHY LAMOUR

*This film is now being
shown to our armed
forces overseas.*



"Grand!"

—FATHER FLANNAGAN
of Boys' Town



**"A GREAT ENTERTAINMENT!
People will
really go your
way!"**

—BARBARA
STANWYCK

Songs

**"The Day After Forever"
"Going My Way"
"Swinging On A Star"**

By Johnny Burke
and Jimmy Van Heusen

Plus "Ave Maria"
"Silent Night, Holy Night"

Paramount Presents

Going My Way

with

BING CROSBY

BARRY FITZGERALD • Frank McHugh • James Brown
Jean Heather • Gene Lockhart • Porter Hall • Fortunio Bonanova

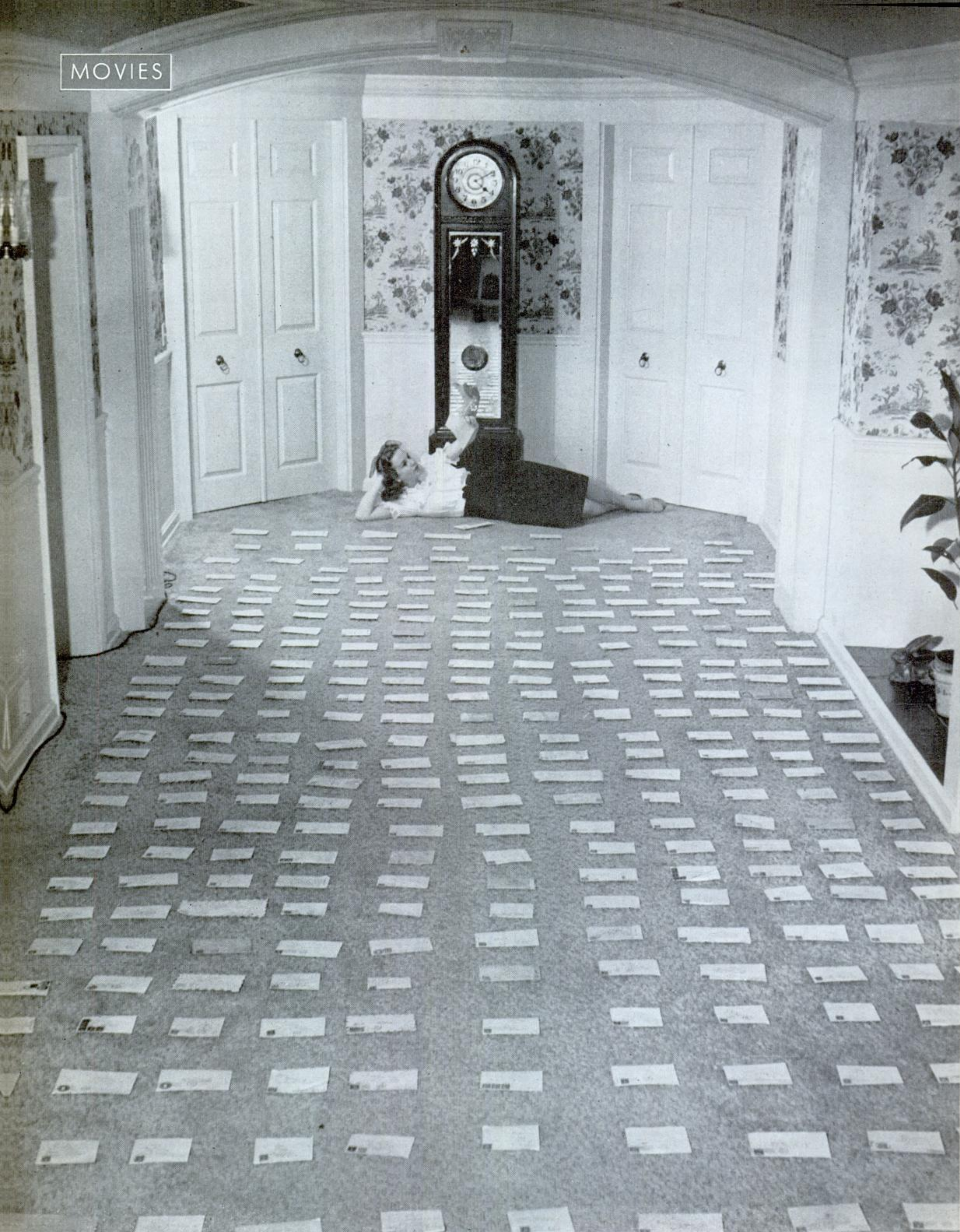
and **RISE STEVE. S**

Famous Contralto of Metropolitan Opera Association
B. G. DESYLVA, Executive Producer
Screen Play by Frank Butler and Frank Cavett

Produced and Directed by **LEO McCAREY**

"Barry Fitzgerald's performance is ONE OF THE HALF-DOZEN FINER THINGS SEEN IN MOTION PICTURES as they complete their first 50 years!"

—LIFE MAGAZINE



This array of letters spread out in the hallway of Deanna's Brentwood home represents only a portion of her daily fan mail. Since her initial success in *Three Smart Girls*, she has received an

average of 16,000 letters monthly, most of which are requests for pictures. Although she never poses for leggy pictures (her legs are plump), Deanna is Universal's most popular pin-up girl.

DEANNA DURBIN

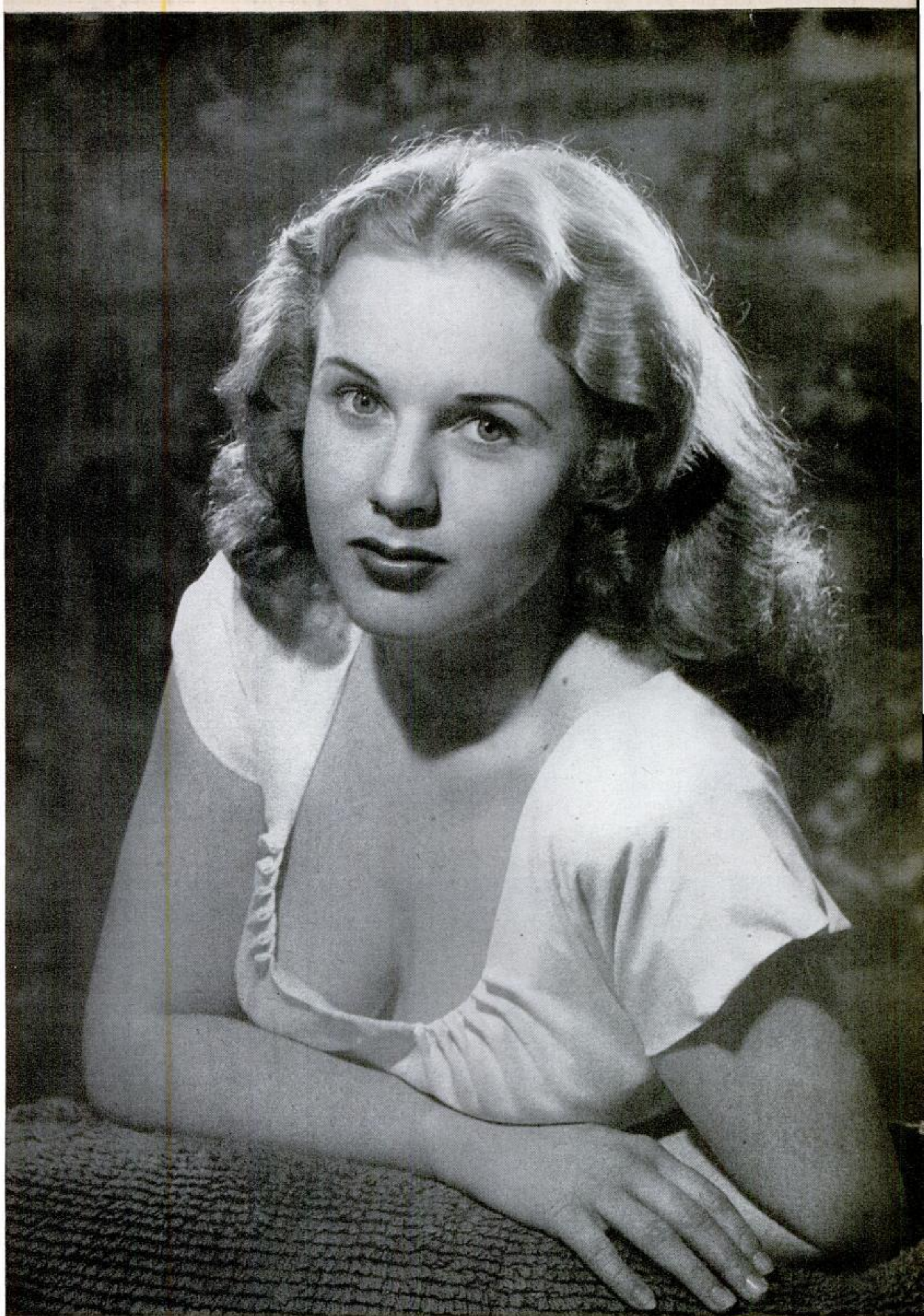
After 7 years of adolescent roles she becomes a mature dramatic star

Deanna Durbin's development into an adult, spanning 14 screen performances for Universal Pictures, has been as long and lingering as her studio could make it. At 15 she had her first "puppy love" affair in *Mad about Music*. Two years later she received her first timid screen kiss from Robert Stack in a musical entitled *First Love*. Last year she was allowed to play her first torrid love scenes with Joseph Cotten in *Hers to Hold*, a picture which revealed that Deanna had suddenly become a grown woman.

In her latest picture, a psychological drama adapted from Somerset Maugham's best-selling novel, *Christmas Holiday*, Deanna's transformation into a grown-up has been completed with shocking finality. Painted with heavy make-up, she makes her dramatic debut in a sordid role that will undoubtedly jolt the U. S. moviegoers who, during the past seven years, have regarded her as the symbol of ginghamed girlish innocence. *Christmas Holiday* marks several important firsts in Deanna's career. It is the first picture in which she plays a married woman. It is also the first time her singing has been subordinated to her acting. With her characterization of a cynical honky-tonk singer, she leaves no doubt that she is capable of handling almost any mature role.

During the seven years that Deanna Durbin has been their principal star, Universal has made between \$25,000,000 and \$30,000,000 on her pictures. In fact, her immediate success in 1937 was largely responsible for saving Universal Pictures Co., Inc. from bankruptcy. On Feb. 3, 1944, Deanna signed a new six-year contract which guarantees her \$5,000 weekly and limits her services exclusively to Universal productions. Under this new arrangement, Universal has planned a long-range program of high-cost productions for Deanna's talents.

In contrast to the smooth progress of her motion-picture career, Deanna Durbin has done a lot of living since she first stepped onto the Universal lot. When she was 18 years old she fell in love and married a handsome young associate producer named Vaughn Paul. Now divorced, she lives with her sister (her parents live in their own home) in the eight-room house which she and Paul built in 1941. Although the gossip columns have linked her with several Hollywood leading men, she denies any romantic plans for the immediate future.



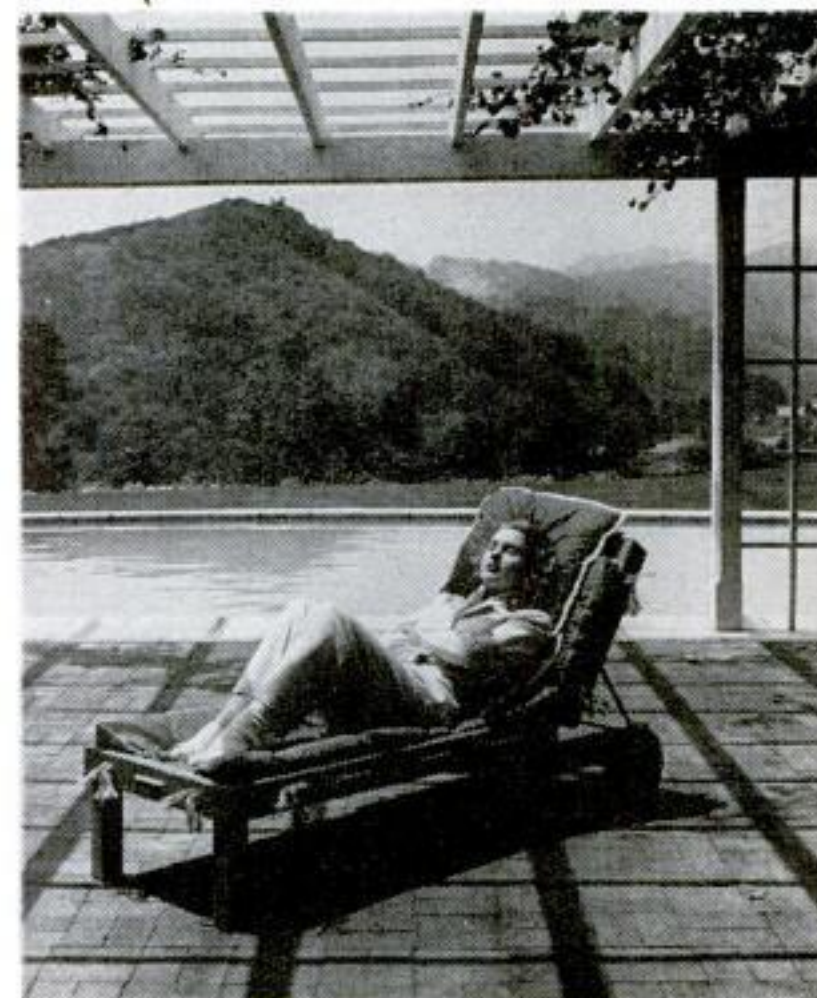
NOW 22, DEANNA DURBIN IS A BEAUTIFUL, POISED YOUNG WOMAN. SHE IS ENTERING A NEW PHASE OF HER CAREER



Behind the soda fountain in her playroom, Deanna opens a Coke for "Dickie" Heckman, her nephew.



Deanna's Brentwood home is an eight-room hilltop house which she and Vaughn Paul built in 1941. Now divorced, she lives here with her sister and nephew, Dickie.



Swimming pool marks Deanna's home as that of a movie star. Between pictures she relaxes on patio.

Christmas Holiday

In this taut melodrama, Durbin acts a lot, sings very little

Scenarist Herman Mankiewicz' adaptation of W. Somerset Maugham's best-seller of 1940, *Christmas Holiday*, is one of the season's most unusual melodramas. Transplanted from Maugham's Parisian setting to a New Orleans locale, *Christmas Holiday* narrates the story of the young wife of a charming profligate whose weakness for gambling drives him to murder a bookmaker. As Robert Manette, the murderer, Gene Kelly temporarily forsakes tap dancing to give one of the most forceful performances of his career. But it is Deanna Durbin

who, as Abigail Manette, the young wife, carries the bulk of the story. *Christmas Holiday*, told in a series of complicated flash backs, is essentially the story of her transformation from a lovely young wife into a chalky-faced singer in a New Orleans dive. But she sings only two songs, Irving Berlin's *Always* and Frank Loesser's *Spring Will Be A Little Late This Year*. The rôle, Deanna's first attempt at a straight dramatic part, gives her the chance to cover a wide range of emotions. Pictured below are the highlights from her most dramatic sequences.



During the first few months of their marriage, the Manettes were idyllically happy. Robert (Gene Kelly) stayed away from the bookmaker, Abigail sang to him in their homey parlor.



On the night of the murder, Robert is mean, tells Abigail to mind her own business when she asks where he has been all night. Robert and mother secretly destroy evidence of his crime.



Abigail discovers in the paper next morning a bookmaker has been murdered. Remembering Robert's attempt to conceal his bloodstained trousers, she realizes he is the killer.



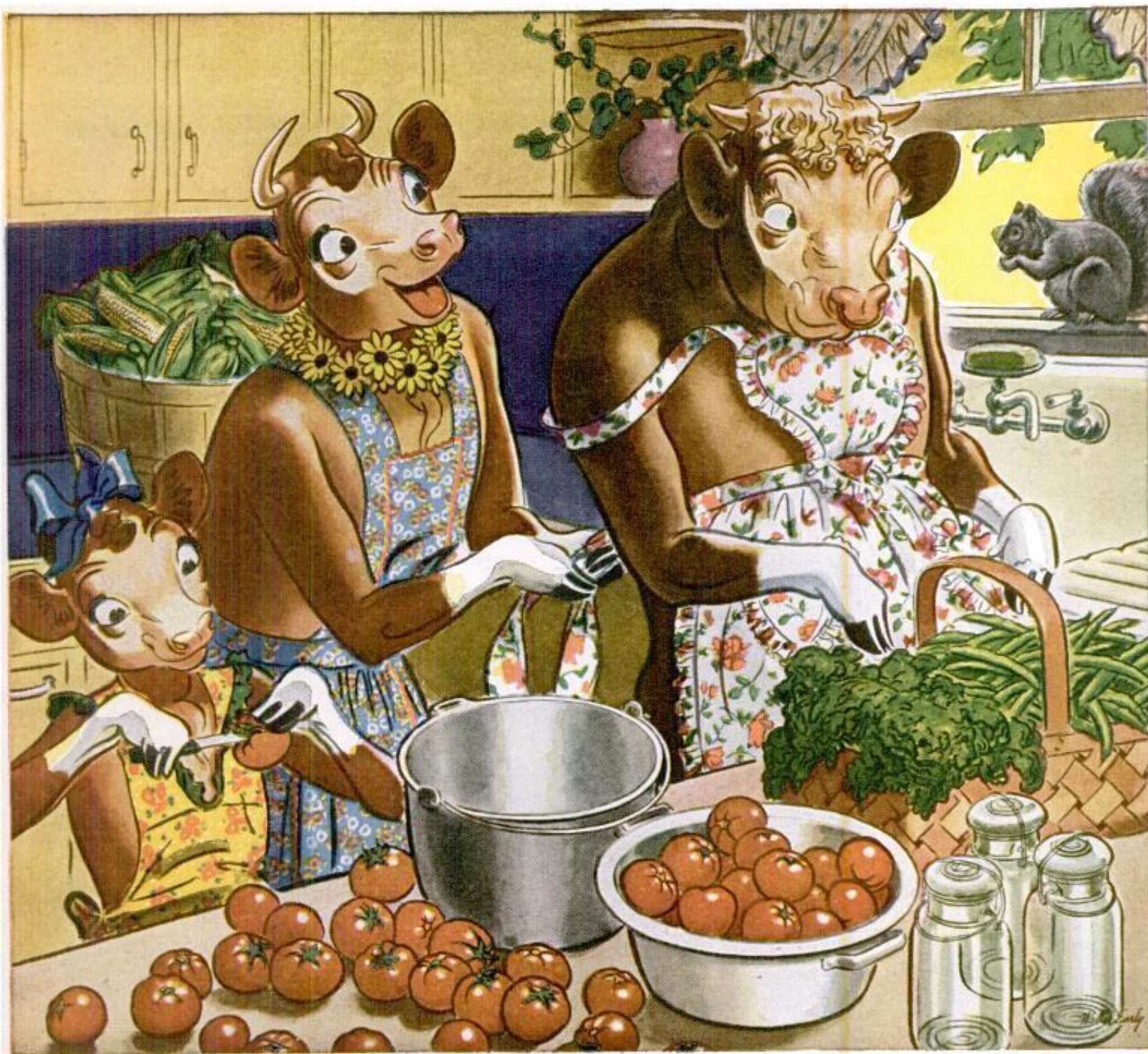
Robert's mother, a selfish, predatory woman, slaps Abigail after Robert is found guilty of the murder, accuses her of failing to keep her son away from his difficulties with gambling.



Robert breaks jail and comes to the New Orleans honky-tonk where his wife Abigail is employed as a blues singer. Believing that she has been unfaithful, he is determined to kill her.



Abigail is terrified when Robert confronts her with a gun, threatens to kill her. Although tired and cheapened by her job in the honky-tonk, she has nevertheless remained faithful.



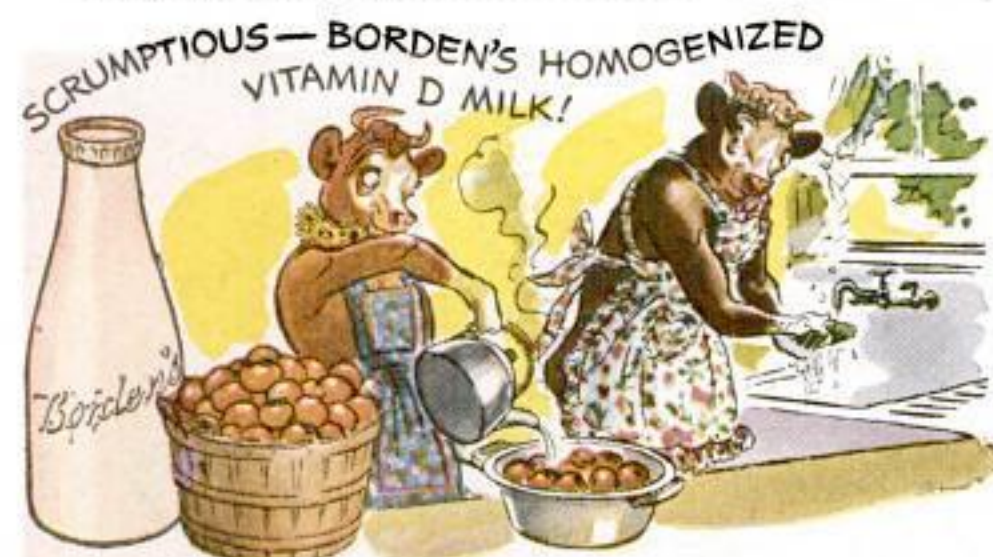
"I'm sure you'll make a wonderful squirrel!" laughed Elsie

"SEE HERE, woman," thundered Elmer, the bull. "If you expect me to climb trees looking for nuts, let me tell you..."

"I want to be a squirrel, too," broke in little Beulah eagerly. "I want to run around on a wheel in a cage. Can I, mommy, can I?"

"Can is the word for it all right," laughed Elsie, the Borden Cow. "That's what I meant when I said you were squirrels. We're going to store away food for the winter just as squirrels do. I'm going to can all our garden vegetables and fruits we can't eat now and you may help me."

"Gee, can't we can some milk, too?" asked Beulah,



fairly popping with excitement. "Mommy, you know you're always saying that milk is man's most nearly perfect food."

"So I am, child," agreed Elsie. "And milk is an even more nearly perfect food when it's Borden's Homogenized Vitamin D Milk. This is my very special milk with the cream mixed all through it. That makes the milk taste better, makes it more readily digestible. Sunshine Vitamin D is added also."

"Then can we can it—can we?" demanded Beulah.

"Goodness," chuckled Elsie, "your tongue is all twisted up. Besides, we already do can milk. Borden's

BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK AGREES WITH TINY BABIES!



Evaporated Milk is canned milk so rich in Vitamin D and so very digestible that loads of doctors approve it for feeding tiny babies."

"Good, good," boomed Elmer. "As long as Borden has done all the work, I won't be needing this apron. Hurry up, get it off me."

"Not so fast," giggled Elsie. "It's everybody's busi-



ness to can extra vegetables and fruits this year. They

contain much of the nourishment found in milk, and milk is none too plentiful these days."

Beulah was examining the canning equipment and looking puzzled. "Mommy," she asked, "why do they call it canning when you put things up in glass jars?"

"I expect it's just habit," replied Elsie. "But don't worry: some of the best food I know comes in jars. Take Borden's Hemo, for instance. Hemo is the new food drink—the way to drink your vitamins and like 'em. And it has the smoothest chocolate-y, malted flavor you ever dreamed of sipping."

"If you must talk every minute," interrupted Elmer, "suppose you tell me why we go to all this fuss. Wouldn't it be just as easy to quick-freeze this stuff?"

"It would be, I suppose, if we had the equipment," agreed Elsie, "and lots of people do it. Certainly, I'd



be the last one to say anything against freezing. Without freezing there wouldn't be any Borden's Ice Cream or Sherbets. And they're not only great treats but great foods as well."

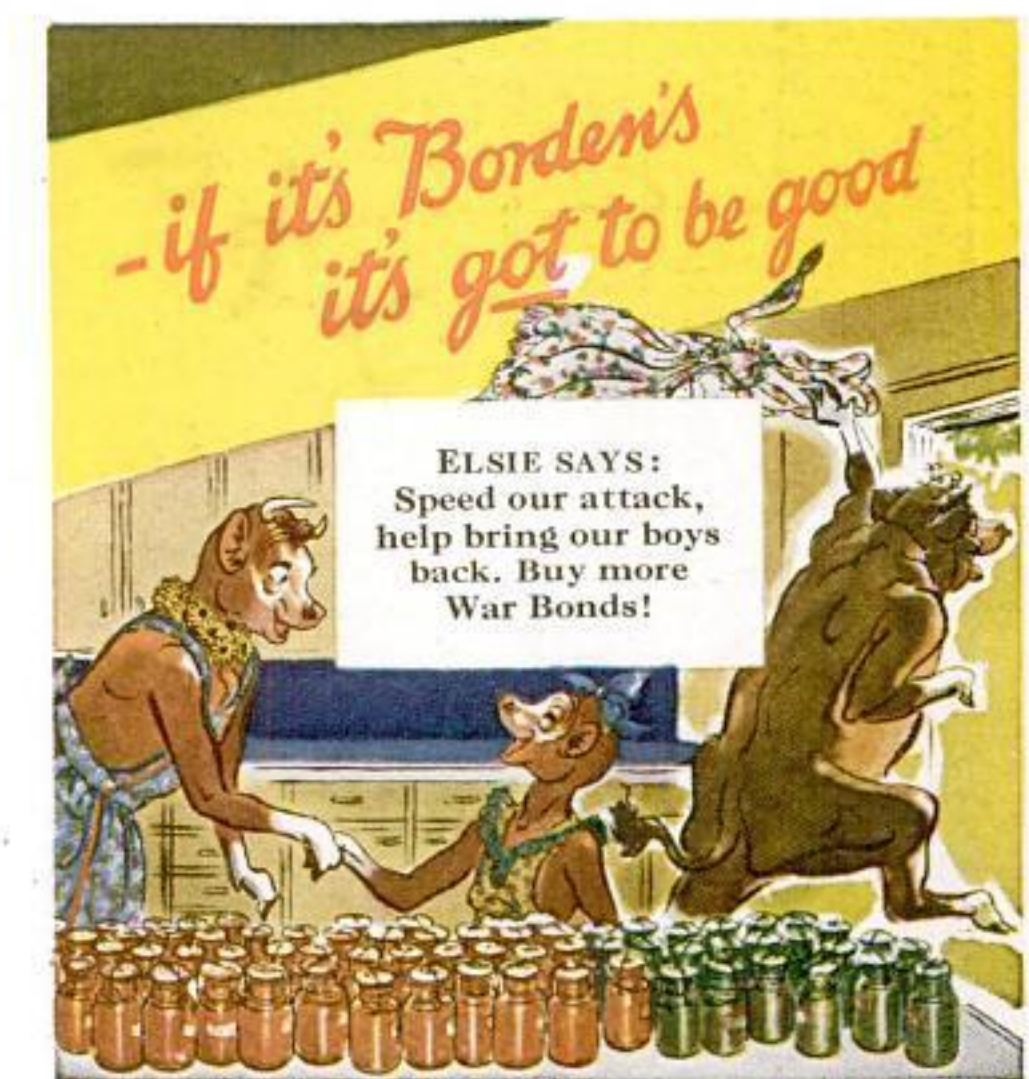
"Look," bellowed Elmer, "are you going to can food or talk shop? Every time one of us drops a word, you sandwich in a sales talk."



"I'm certainly glad you mentioned sandwiches," enthused Elsie. "For anyone can make marvelous sandwiches with Borden's Wej-Cut Cream Cheese. You don't need butter with Wej-Cut. It's a marvelous buy for your points and pennies."

"I know a good buy, too," grumbled Elmer, "and I'm saying it right now... good-by!"

"It certainly is, if it's a Borden's product, agreed Elsie. "If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!"



© The Borden Company

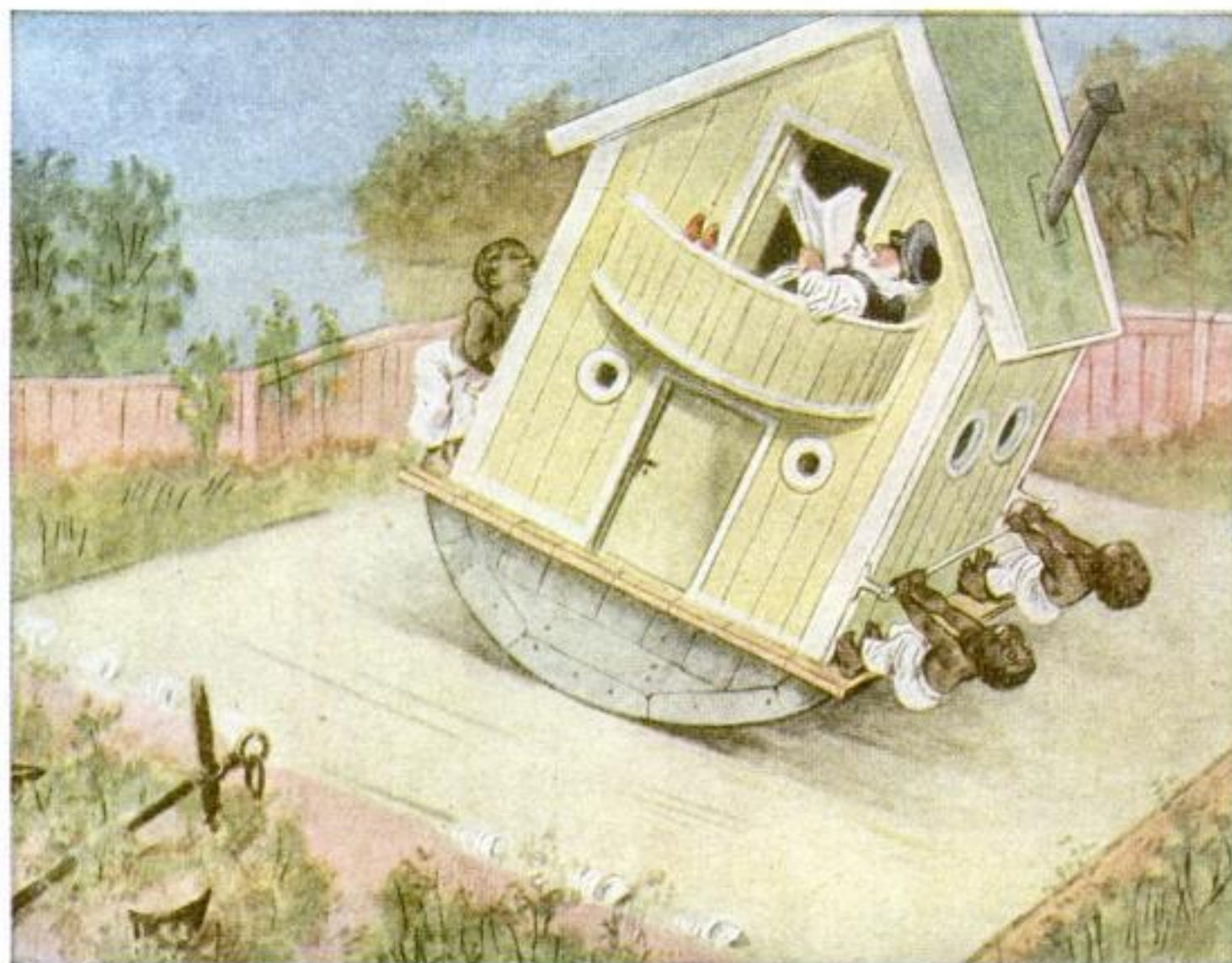
ROBERT HÖGFELDT

He is delightful Swedish artist

Sweden's best-known comic artist is Robert Högfeldt, a slyly disrespectful little man who is 50 years old and looks very much like his pink-cheeked characters shown on these pages. Since 1937 he has published at least three books. His water-color pictures have appeared in countless European magazines and have been reproduced by the million, but

they have never been published in the U.S. Högfeldt's success has brought him complete independence. It has also brought him a small fortune, part of which he has spent on buying an estate outside Stockholm and an island nearby called "Raspberry Rock."

Högfeldt's special field is a mythological world full



HÖGFELDT-DESIGNED HOME KEEPS RETIRED SEA CAPTAIN HAPPY THOUGH LANDLOCKED



THE LOVER OF COMFORT RETIRES IN A STATE THAT FASCINATES THE DESERT LION



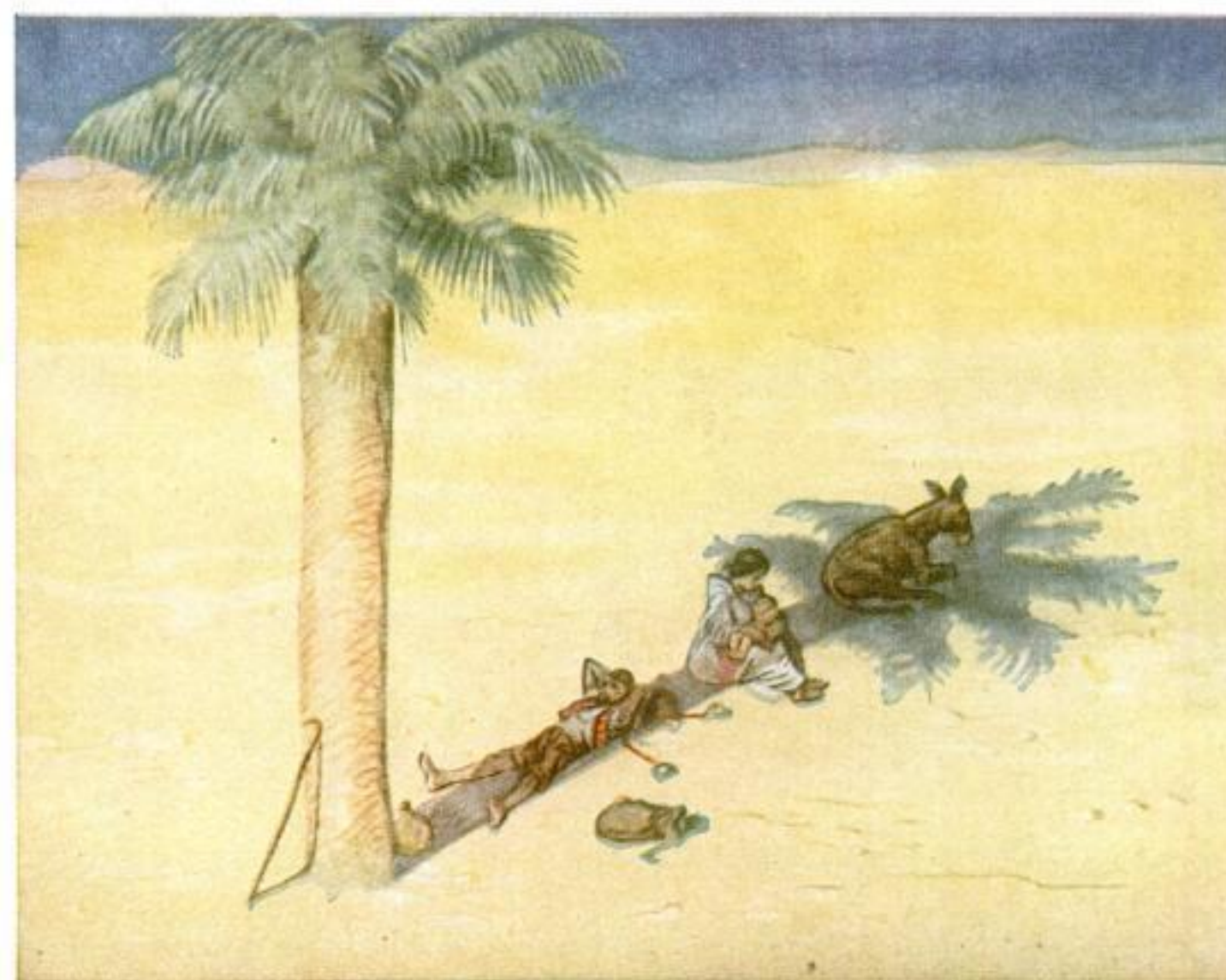
WHILE SUITOR VOWS BY THE BLESSED MOON, FATHER HACKS AWAY AT ROPE LADDER



LIFE IS NOT ALWAYS PLEASANT FOR CAREFREE TROLLS WHO LIKE TO LIVE IN SHOES



A TYPICAL HÖGFELDT PROBLEM: HOW DO YOU KEEP A CENTIPEDE'S SHOES SHINED?



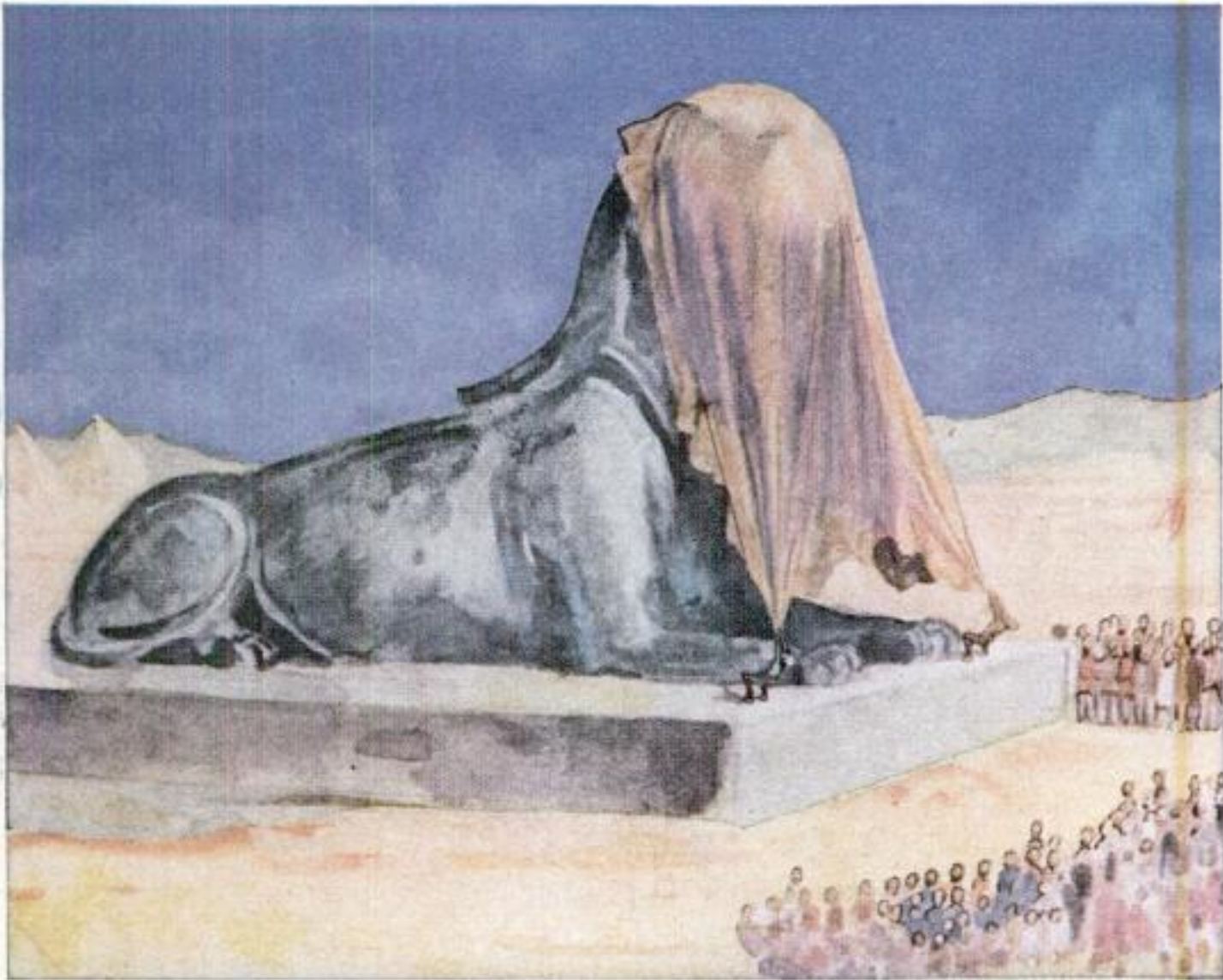
AN ENTIRE FAMILY MANAGES TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE SHADE OF AN OASIS TREE

of pixies, gnomes and trolls. He is equally interested in drawing humans, but these interests seem to overlap. His pixies look like humans and his humans look like pixies. Högfeldt has a trunk full of letters from people who recognize themselves in his pictures. But he swears that these weird creatures come out of his own head. Since this usually happens at night,

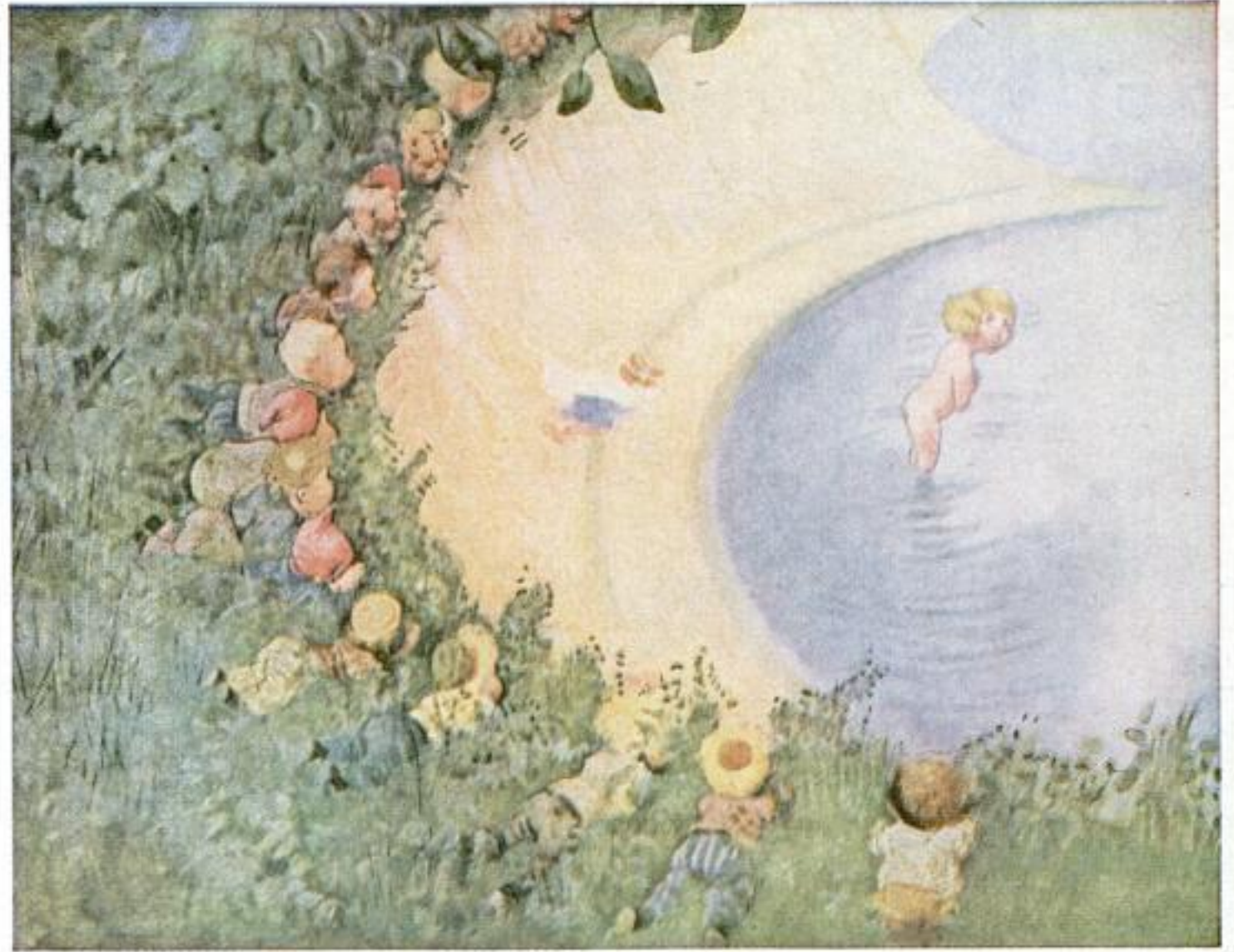
Högfeldt keeps a notebook beside his bed, records ideas in a pictorial shorthand only he can read. He invariably makes his characters ugly, believing that pretty people aren't funny.

Robert Högfeldt showed his talents at an early age by covering the stone floor of his mother's kitchen with chalk drawings. He studied in France, Germany,

Italy and Sweden, but never could get very much interested in the technique of art. The only critic he will listen to is his wife, who is former art student. Högfeldt's drawings have not been affected by the war, but his pleasures have. His greatest weakness is for Cointreau and cigars, and Swedish rationing has driven him to smoking the butts of his cigars in a pipe.



HÖGFELDT IMAGINES HISTORIC CRISIS WHEN VEIL WOULD NOT COME OFF SPHINX



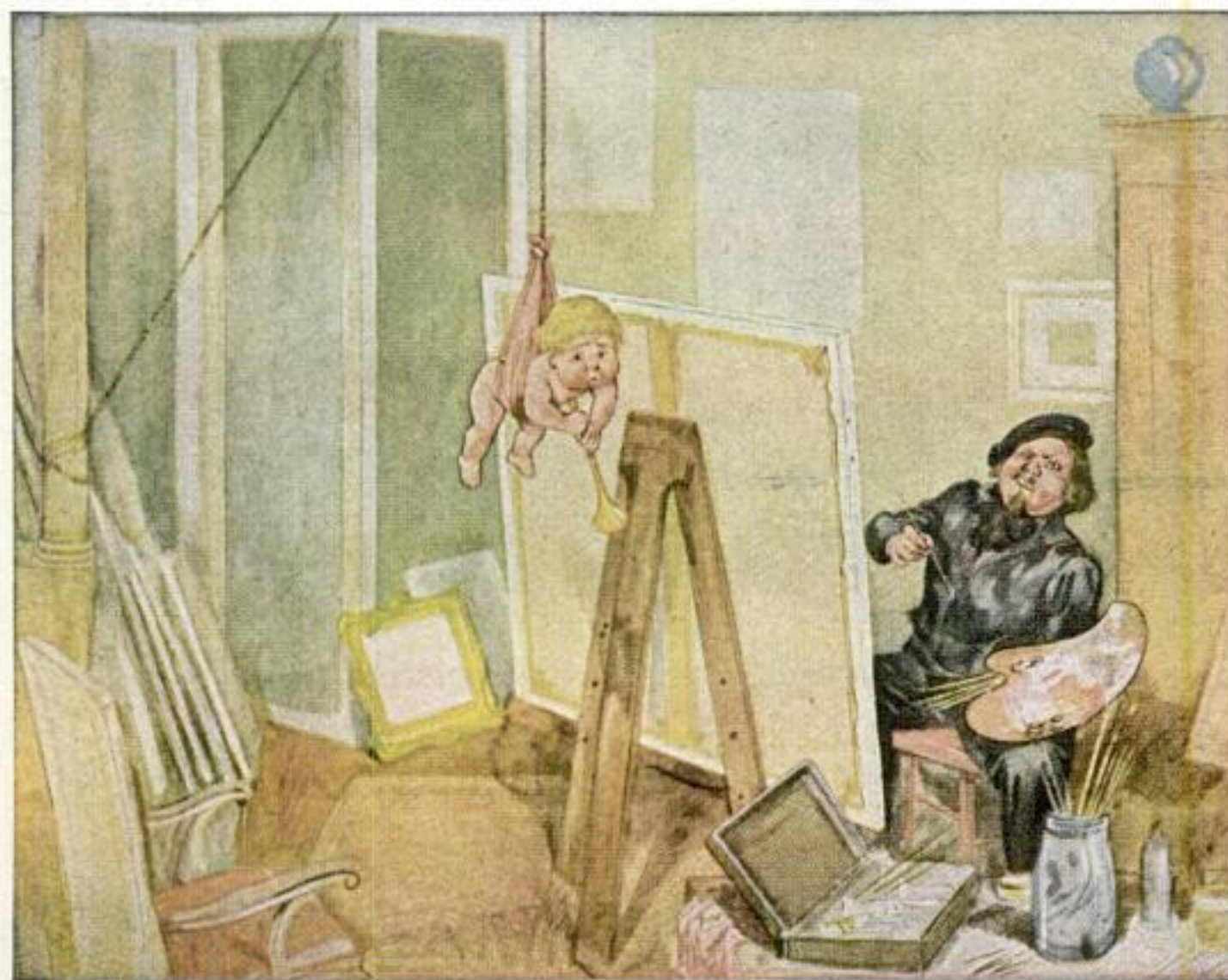
FACIAL EXPRESSIONS CARRY HUMOR IN JUVENILE VERSION OF SUSANNA AND ELDERS



SAILOR PONDERES LURE OF AN ISLAND WHERE CANNIBALS WAIT WITH EMPTY KETTLES



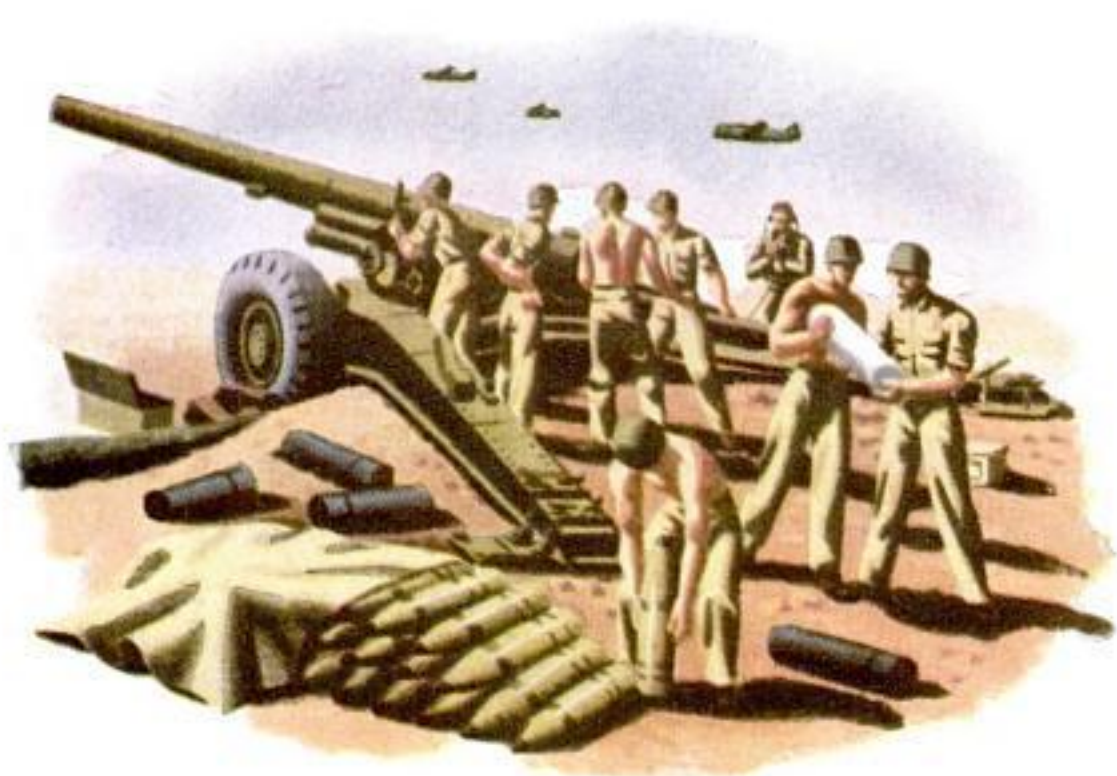
AN IMPRACTICAL BUSINESSMAN PICKS OUT A POOR SPOT FOR A HOT-DOG CONCESSION



DISCONSOLATE CHERUB SHOWS HÖGFELDT'S OPINION OF ARTISTS WHO USE MODELS



HÖGFELDT MOCKS COURTLY LOVE WITH MOONLIT SCENE, CONVERGING TROUBADOURS



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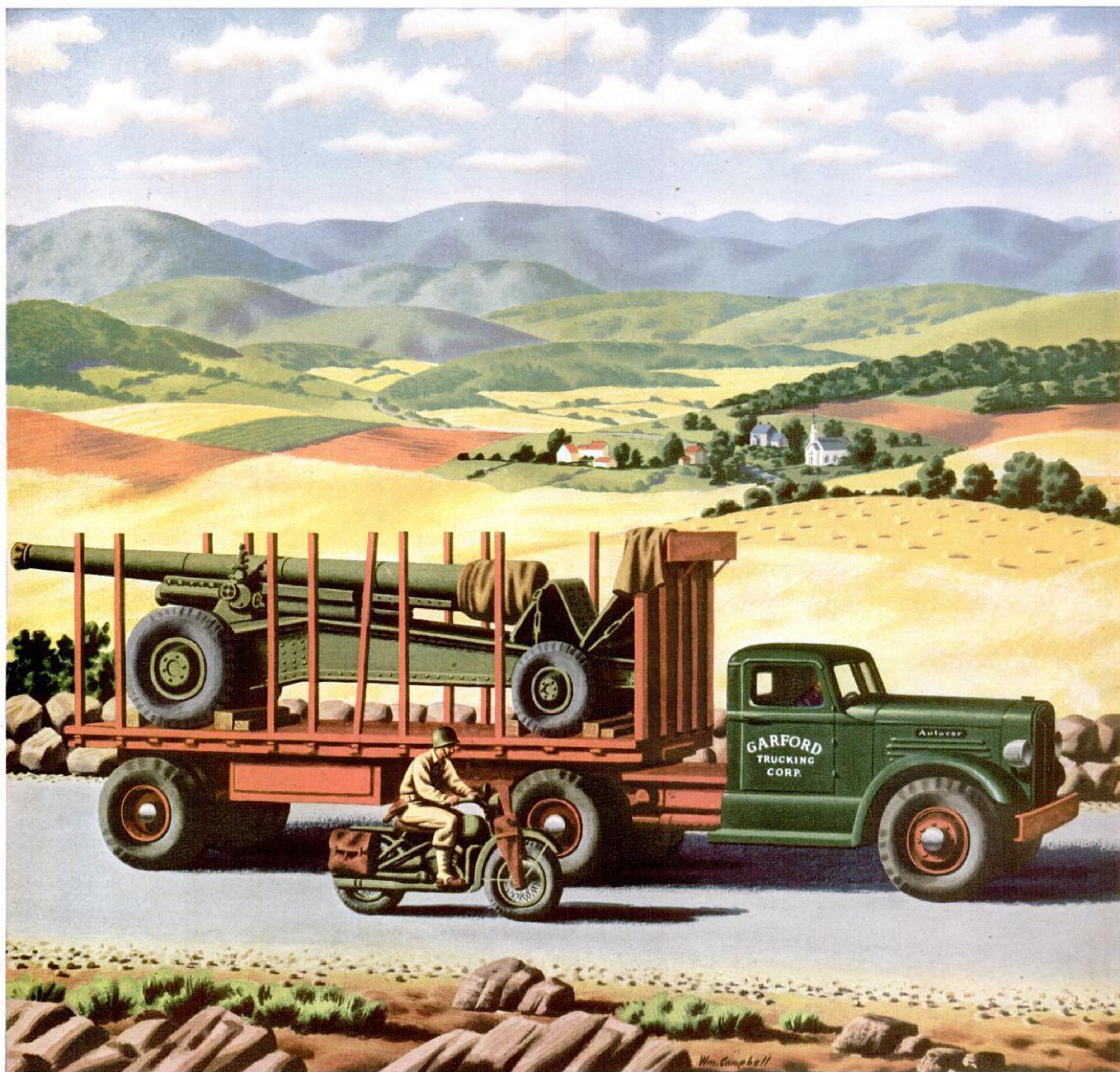
Heavyweight champions . . . two of them . . . symbols of war and of peace: The 155-mm. gun and limber, weighing 27,800 pounds, and the Autocar C-70-T tractor, one of a fleet of 64 heavy-duty Autocars owned and operated by Garford Trucking Corporation, South River, N. J. . . . Heavy-duty on active duty. Heavy-duty Autocars for low-cost-per-mile performance and clock-round dependability. The tests of today are presaging the trends of tomorrow, when heavy-duty Autocar Trucks, famed from coast to coast, will again provide priorities on profits for American enterprise.

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HOLINESS FAITH HEALERS

VIRGINIA MOUNTAINEERS HANDLE SNAKES TO PROVE THEIR PIETY

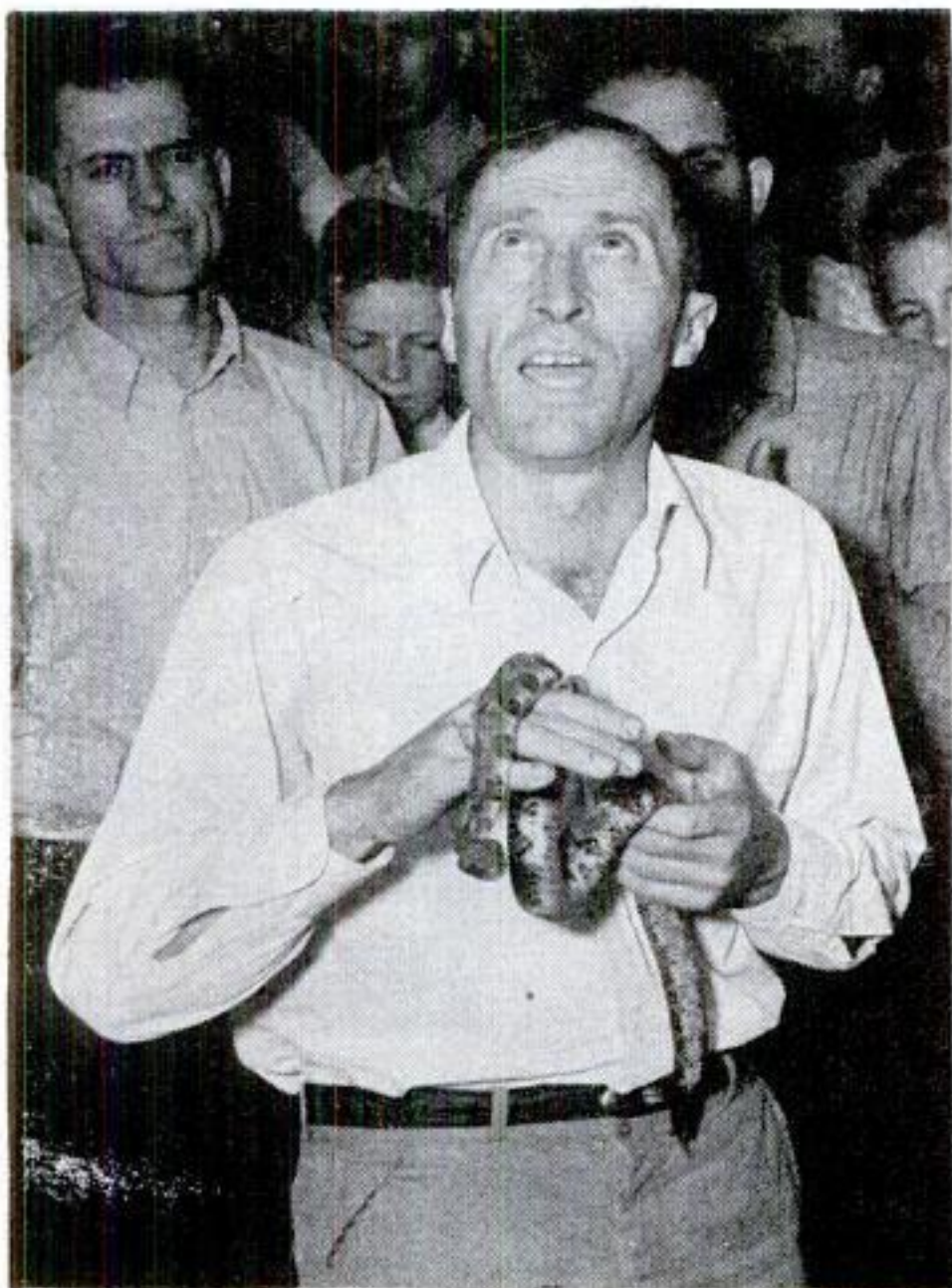
Near the village of Stone Creek, in a mountainous mining pocket of southwest Virginia, 35 glassy-eyed members of a religious cult called the Holiness Faith Healers gathered last month for an outdoor demonstration of their singular form of worship. To the singsong intonation of their Biblical tenet (*They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.*—St. Mark, XVI; 18), they passed venomous snakes from hand to hand, coiling them around their heads and arms. They played with fire (see following pages) and stamped about in the rhythmic frenzy that caused Dr. Axel Brett, University of Tennessee psychologist, to comment that “jitterbugs and snake handlers have a lot in common.” Accompanying their strange rites was off-beat music of guitars playing old revival hymns, tom-tom clapping of hands, moaning exhortations to “sweet Jesus” and screaming in the “unknown tongue,” a frenetic gibberish to which the cultists resort when their religious fervor moves them beyond intelligible speech.

At this meeting a diamond-back rattlesnake and a yellow-mouth copperhead were used. They did not bite. But in the eight years since Holiness Faith Healing was introduced to the illiterate mountaineers of Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, some 100 cultists have been bitten. Six of them died. The Healers, who call themselves “saints,” refuse all medical care, and those who recover from their bites are considered to have proven their piety. Despite several brushes with the law, the cult has increased its membership from a handful to several thousand. Its primitive emotional appeal was summed up by a Holiness preacher: “The serpent is the devil. How are you going to conquer a big devil if you can’t conquer a little snake?”



Diamond-back rattlesnake is held up on open Bible by cult leader to open the meeting. The followers crowded into a

small roped-off area surrounded by 200 curious spectators who were shown that snake's fangs, poison sacs were intact.



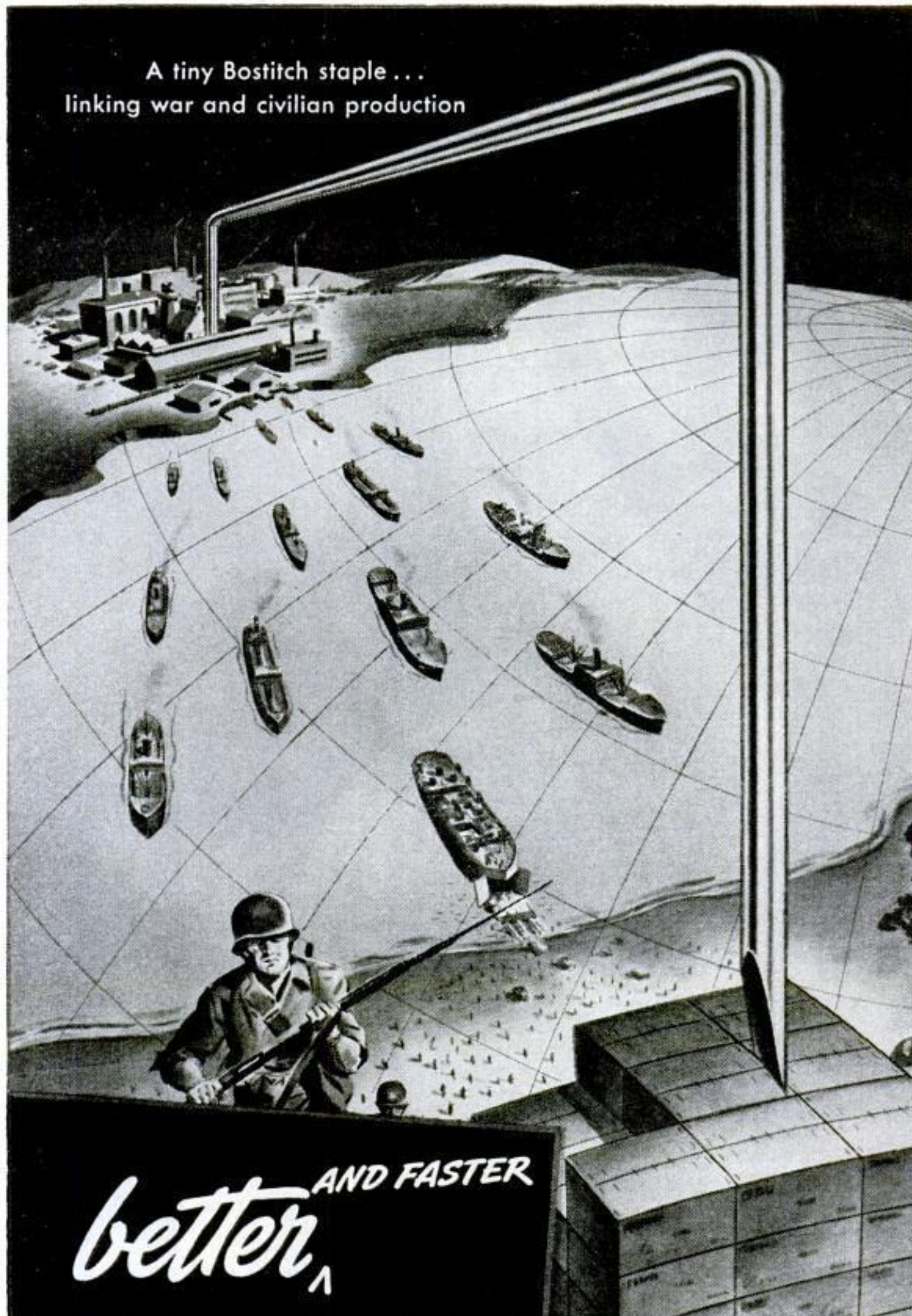
Cultists took snakes “if the Lord moved them.” Most are coal miners, including self-appointed, unordained parson.



Pregnant woman from nearby Kentucky was among most hysterical “saints.” Many collapsed after the long meeting.



Chanting and swaying as snake encircles neck, cultist seems hypnotized. Another man tore off shoes and trod on snake.



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Below: A Bostitch Box Bottomer. Any girl can easily operate a foot- or motor-powered Bostitch machine.



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*AND FASTER
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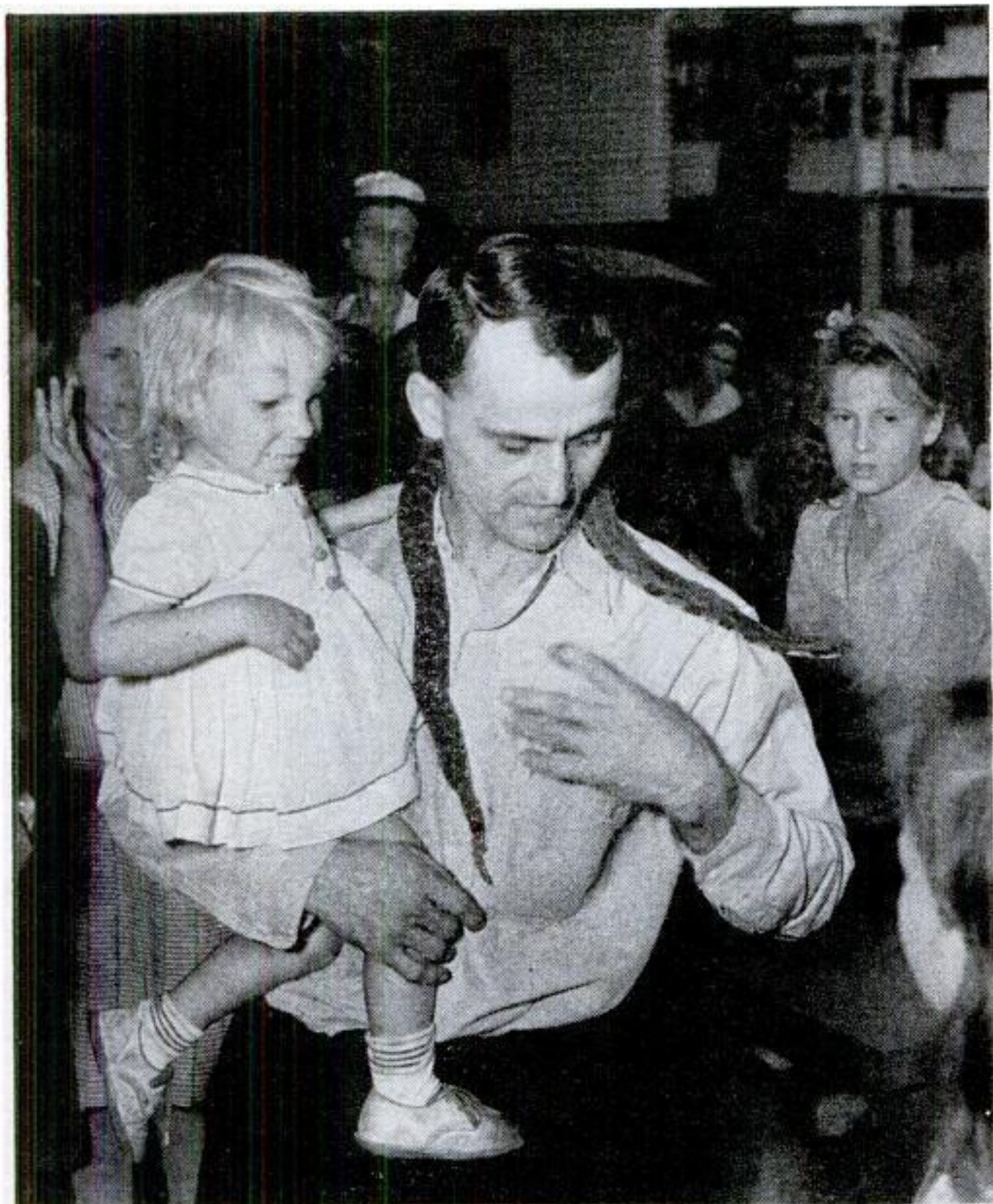
ALL TYPES OF STAPLES APPLIED BY MACHINES
ALL TYPES OF MACHINES FOR APPLYING STAPLES



Active snake handler was an elderly woman who cried: "I wish the Lord would send us a lion so we could face it." Others said they would like to handle a few cobras.



Cultists brought out "flaming torch," mayonnaise jar filled with kerosene and handkerchief as wick, when thrill of snake handling paled. There was smell of scorched



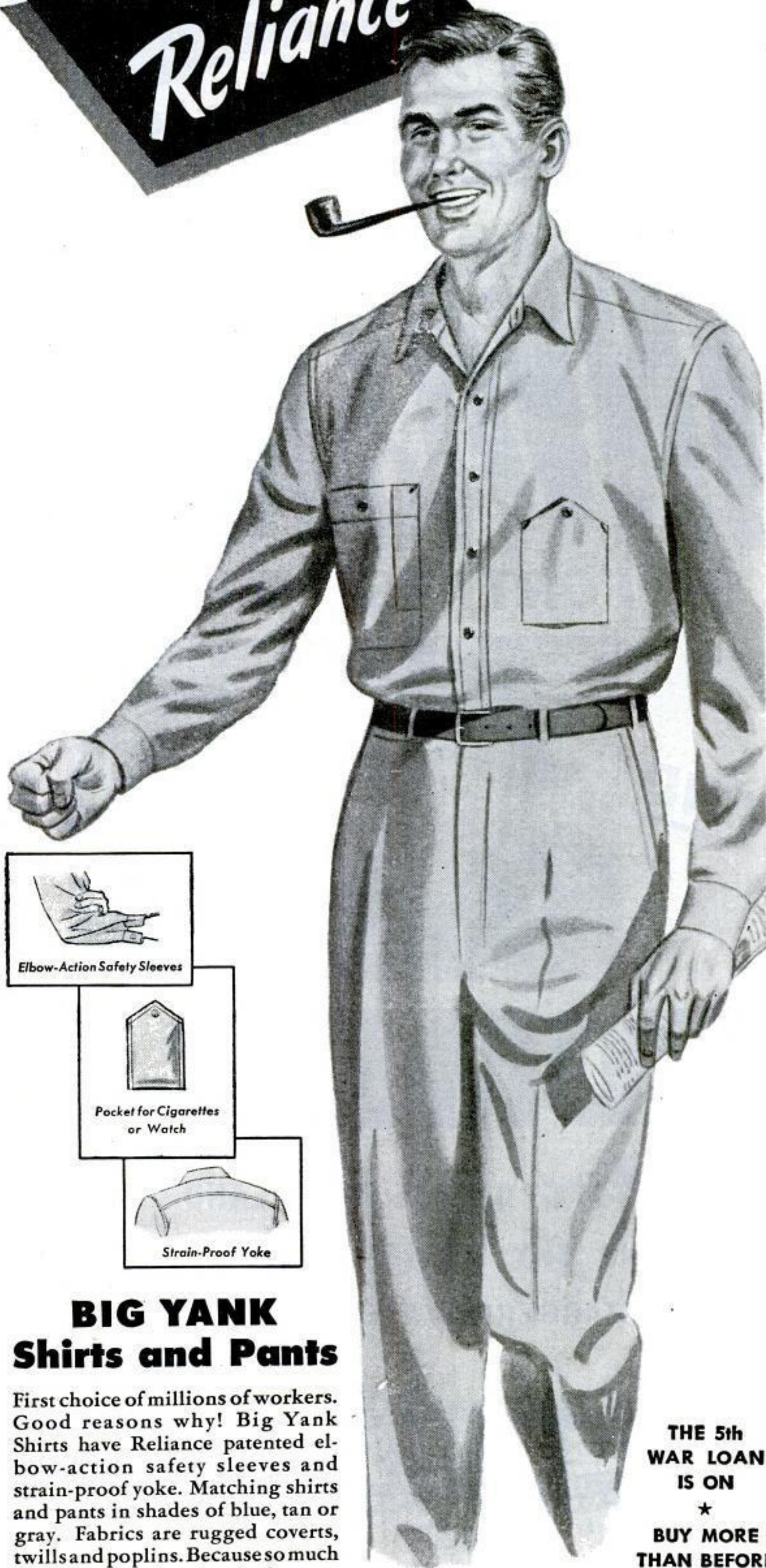
Frightened 3-year-old girl cried as rattler was placed on shoulders of her father, a Kentucky miner. Spectators protested angrily but pastor moved snake closer to her.



hair and flesh as they held hands in flame but all denied feeling pain. Holiness Faith Healers believe all ailments are cured by prayer and anointing foreheads with oil.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

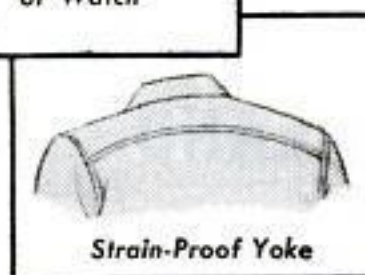
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L-7

Holiness Faith Healers (continued)



In fanatic frenzy, girl passes her face through the flame. Another feature of Holiness meeting was miner's testimony that his broken leg was healed by faith in 24 hours.



Skeptical onlooker is a former cultist. Bandage covers the lower part of his face where snake bit him at recent meeting. He quickly lost his faith, went to a doctor.

Boss Lady



It's her "yes" or "no" that goes... on news pictures hot off the press syndicate telephoto machine. She selects spot news items, writes captions, and releases them to hundreds of papers all across the country. She is Rosellen Callahan, NEA News Editor, who's replacing a man in vital civilian work, as our country asks every woman to do.

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TORTURE MURALS FROM DANTE DECORATE GESTAPO'S LIVING QUARTERS

GESTAPO IN ROME

Germans leave proofs of their ferocity behind

Every day the muffled sound of heart-chilling screams filled the Roman street seen below. But the fearful residents of the street had to keep their shutters drawn. They had to ignore the cars that unloaded pitiful figures at No. 145 Via Tasso and took away more pitiful ones. The 50 Germans who worked inside the house were never seen. No face ever appeared at the door. For this was the Villa Tasso, Gestapo headquarters in Rome, the place of final congealing terror for the helpless. By June 5, when the Allies entered Rome, the screams, the terror and the torturers had all gone. But the horrible proof of Gestapo ferocity still remained.

Two survivors are shown at right. Angelo Ioppi now moves in jerks and spasms. He returned after the fall of Rome, groped on his cell wall for his name scratched in plaster, found it and went into a convulsion. John Spurney, an Englishman, came out of it with a whole mind. He was tied into a knot in a chair and pounded with a leather club. Four times he was headed for 15 years of solitary confinement in Germany but Allied bombing stopped the trains out of Rome. He escaped from the Villa Tasso at the hour that the Americans entered Rome.

For the climactic Gestapo atrocity during their stay, turn the page.



Victims of the Gestapo tortured at Villa Tasso are Angelo Ioppi (*above*), who had his daughter and friend bring him back, and an Englishman, John Spurney, formerly an Associated Press employe in Rome (*below*). For helping British prisoners of war escape, Spurney was kicked, beaten, tortured at Villa Tasso. Ioppi's hands and feet were tied behind him for 52 days. He collapsed of shock on revisiting the prison.



GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS IN ROME WAS YELLOW STUCCO 145 VIA TASSO



APPROACH TO GROTTA SHOWS HOW GERMANS BLOCKED ENTRANCE AND ITALIANS REOPENED IT TO FIND THEIR DEAD

WORST OF ALL ATROCITIES WAS MASSACRE OF HOSTAGES

The tragedy enacted behind the dumb mouth of the cave seen above was a horror to shame all men everywhere. In March an antifascist grenade killed 32 German soldiers in Rome. On March 23 at midnight the Gestapo drove a long line of Roman hostages out to the dark Grotto Via Ardeatina, large cavern in the out-

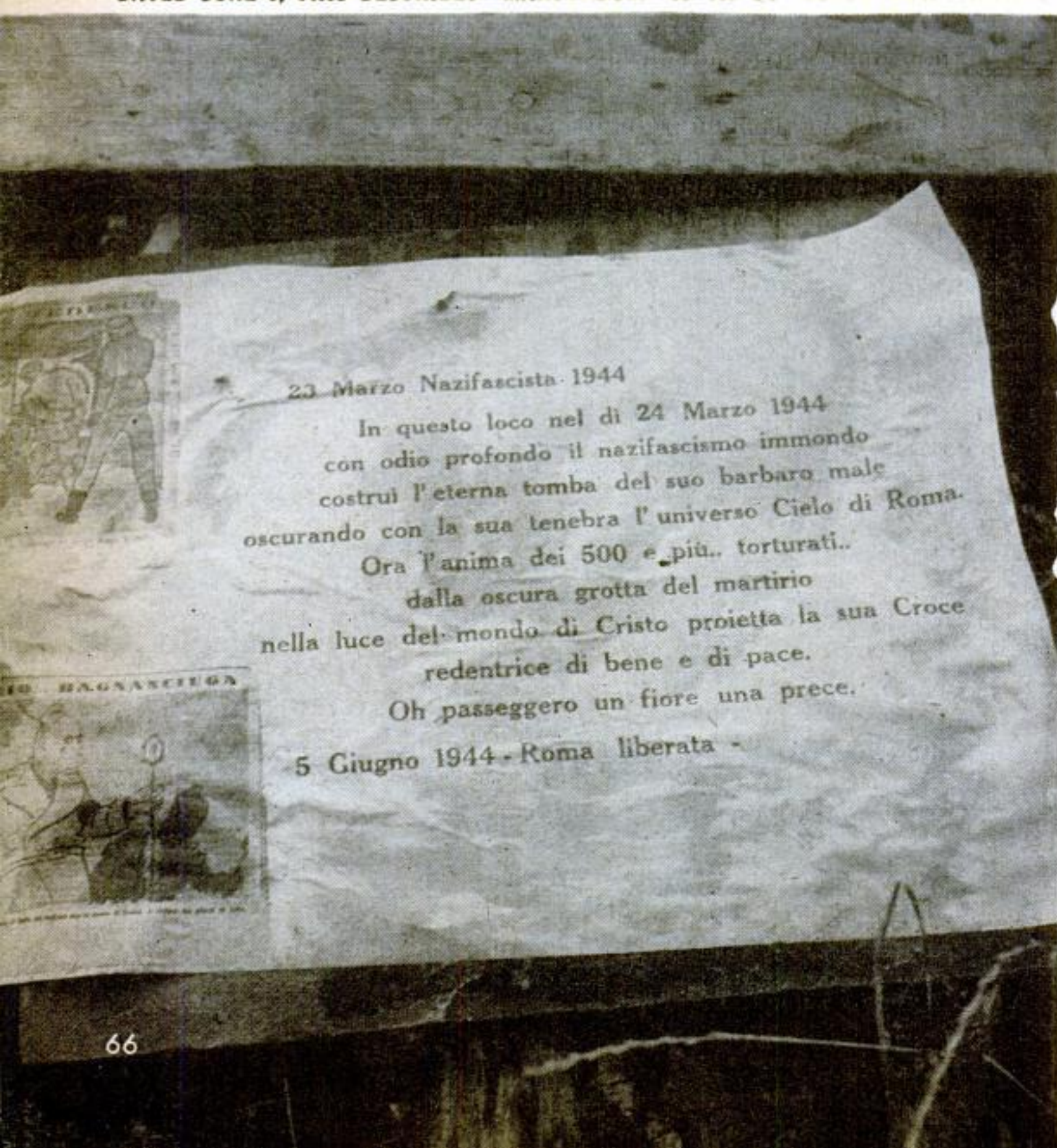


INSIDE CAVE, THE VICTIMS' KINFOLK BRING FLOWERS TO

skirts of Rome not far from the famous Catacombs of San Sebastiano and San Calixtus.

Beginning at 2 a. m., by the light of torches and flashlights, the Romans inside the Grotto were herded into batches of four, mowed down by German machine guns and shoveled away. By 7 a. m. a number of bodies

DATED JUNE 5, THIS DESCRIBES "MARTYRDOM" OF 500 BY "DIRTY NAZI-FASCISTS"



TWO ITALIAN WIDOWS HAVE COME TO PRAY AND WEEP FOR THEIR MEN IN THE GROTTA

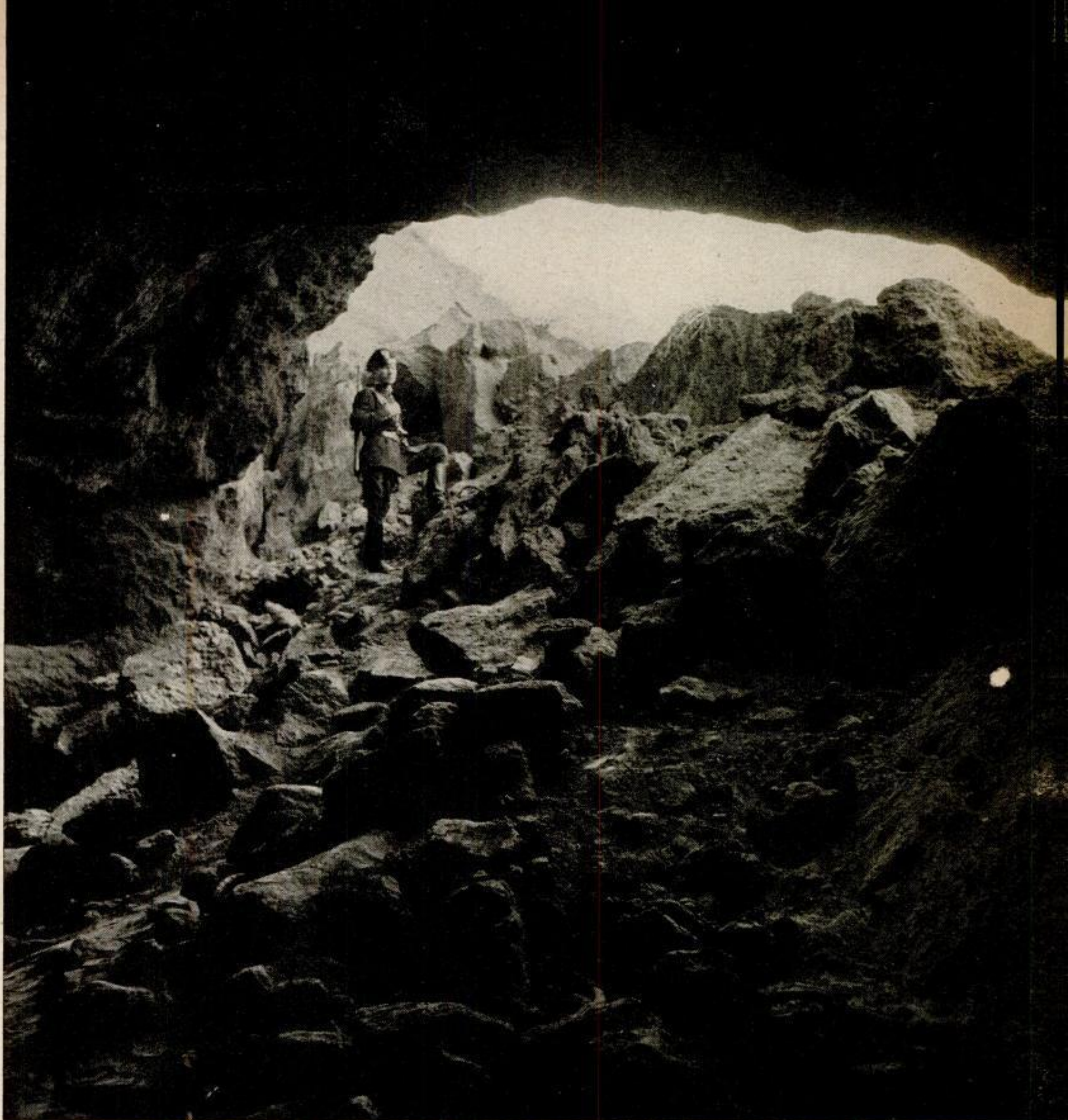




LAY ON THE UNMARKED GRAVES OF THE 500 DEAD MEN

—said to be 320 by the Germans and 500 by the Romans—were stacked like cordwood in the recesses of the cave. The Germans dynamited the entrance, closing it. The relatives came that morning to dig out their kinsmen. The Germans came again with more dynamite and buried the mouth of the Grotto even deeper.

THE QUOTATION IS FROM GARIBALDI'S WAR HYMN: TOMBS ARE OPENING, DEAD ARE ARISEN



LIKE THE ENTRANCE TO HELL IS THE ROCK-STREWN OPENING OF THE GROTTA VIA ARDEATINA AS SEEN FROM INSIDE

The instant Rome fell the Italians rushed out to the Grotto Via Ardeatina to reopen the awful abattoir. LIFE Photographer Carl Mydans reached the scene after the corpses had been mercifully buried. But the odor of death still hung in the place.

The German practice of killing hostages is a revi-

val of a barbaric custom which other civilized nations in Europe dropped several hundred years ago. The Nazis, however, have deliberately spilled innocent civilian blood for four years throughout France, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Russia and the other occupied countries as a form of pseudolegalistic terror and oppression.

ON THE HILL ABOVE THE CAVE A CROSS HAS BEEN RAISED IN MEMORY OF THE DEAD



JOE IS HOME NOW

A discharged soldier, having fought overseas, finds that he still has to fight to make his way in civilian life

by JOHN HERSEY

After repeated warnings, the American public has prepared itself for the shock of invasion casualties. But so far the American people have given little thought to human reconversion—the process of turning those casualties back into normal civilians. Already more than 1,250,000 soldiers have been discharged into civilian life. This is the story of a discharged soldier.

Like the best-selling novel *A Bell for Adano* by the same author, this story is in fiction form but is based on fact. It is distilled from the actual experiences of 43 different discharged soldiers. Joe Souczak does and says things which actually were done and said by various of those men. Only such changes of dialog and situation have been made as would give the story a consistent thread and the discharged man a consistent character. The pictures with the story are of real people and places, but are more figurative than literal illustration of the text which does not specifically deal with them.

There is no typical discharged soldier, but Joe Souczak's experiences may be taken as fairly representative. To get this real significance, multiply him by millions and remember that he has come home early—during a manpower shortage. Human reconversion will obviously rank with economic reconversion as the greatest of U. S. problems in the months and years to come.

The boy with one arm stood in the Rochester station and looked around. He was on his way to Onteoga, N. Y. and he was full of going home.

He glanced up at the iron clock—5:15, it said. Above the clock he saw the service flag showing that the railroad had sent 25,602 men to the wars. Jeepers, the boy thought, more than a division.

A middle-aged civilian came up to him and said: "You're in the 1st Division. I seen your shoulder patch."

Joe Souczak said: "Yeah."

"Where'd you get hurt?"

"Africa."

"God, I got hurt myself."

"Yeah?"

"I was in the 1st in the other war. Company H, 18th Regiment."

"No kidding, I was in G Company of the 18th. Neighbors, huh?"

"God," the older man said, "where you headed?"

"Home," Joe said. "I got 30 days' leave. They're going to discharge me later, only they given me 30 days first. I'm going to hit this town before I catch the train on home. I don't know how my mother will take it. About the arm. I'm going to hit the town first, you know, get a little happy for my mother's sake."

"God, what are we waiting for?"

They went to the Seneca Grille. Joe ordered whisky with beer for a chaser. He found out the civilian came from Auburn and was in the FBI. The FBI man had a Purple Heart ribbon with him and some small articles he picked up off Germans in the last war. Joe said he was sorry, but he had checked his souvenirs in his barracks bag at the station. The FBI man asked: "How you feel about getting home?"

Joe said: "I'm almost as scared as I'm happy. I don't know how it's going to be."

They had several, then went across the street to Odenbach's. The FBI man kept telling about his experiences; he told about chasing Pancho Villa in Mexico before the last war. He called Joe "my old regiment pal."

The FBI man said: "I'm going to ride out home with you. Least a guy can do for an old regiment pal. Maybe I can help out with your old lady."

Joe had had enough drinks to think that was a fine idea. They bought a quart of whisky to take along, then went to the station late at night. Joe called up home and arranged for his sisters to meet him. Then the pair caught the last train for Onteoga. After pulling on the bottle for a while the FBI man fell asleep.

Joe moved across the aisle and started talking with a girl. It turned out that she worked in a Rochester camera factory. Joe said: "Among my souvenirs I got this French camera. I wonder could you look at it and inspect it all the way through and find out does any American film go in it?"

She looked it over and said: "A 320 would fit it perfect." She promised to put in a priority and send Joe some film. After they got more friendly, she said: "Sometime you're in Rochester come down my house for Sunday dinner and all that."

HIS SISTERS WAIT FOR HIM IN THE STATION SQUARE



AT FIRST HE SITS AROUND THE HOUSE AND THINKS



RIDING UP THE MAIN STREET IS ALL THE WELCOME THE RETURNING SOLDIER WANTS



HIS FIRST PLAN IS TO SPEND A GOOD MONTH'S "VACATION" IN HIS PARENTS' HOUSE

JOE IS HOME NOW (continued)

Joe said: "Thanks just the same, only I'm interested in getting home and I got a girl there. Anyhow I had a girl. I don't know if a one-arm fellow gets to keep his girl."

"Oh, sure," the girl said.

Joe said: "I don't look so good to see her tomorrow. I'm kind of disgusted on the point of view my clothes don't fit me, I don't have any others, they're used uniforms they hand out to us at the hospital."

"You'll do all right," the girl said.

When the train was nearly due, Joe wrote a note and pinned it on the lapel of the FBI man's coat, using the Purple Heart ribbon to pin it on with. The note said: "Figure I'll make out all right with my mom. Thanks for everything regiment pal, Joe."

Joe left the FBI man sleeping and got off the train. His sisters Anna and Mickey were waiting for him in the old car. Joe was very excited and he said: "Well, after so long a journey I'm almost home, I only got nine miles to go. How's the car run? It still running? Those girls you taught driving lessons to ruin it? Can we get any gas?"

Anna said: "We waited a long time for this. You're gone a long time from home. We've been praying every day you'd come home. You did, Joe."

Mickey said: "We hated to hear about the arm."

They all started out with a crying jag and wound up laughing.

They drove out to Onteoga and as they crossed the tracks into town, Mickey said: "I'm sorry we don't have the brass band out for you."

Joe said: "Let the band go to hell; I don't need the band. Riding up Genesee Street, that's all the welcome I ever wanted. This is my home-coming, the streets are out to greet me." And he said not very loudly: "Hello, streets."

The first stop was home, naturally, 143 Front Street. By this time it was nearly 4 a. m. and Joe was rather drunk. He had only meant to have a couple so as to be cheery when he first saw his mother, but now he was pretty far gone.

He walked up to the front door and banged on it. His father shouted from bed upstairs: "Who is it?"

Joe Souczak shouted: "Does Joe Souczak live here?"

His father shouted: "He ain't home yet."

Joe shouted: "Who you think this is, dad, it's me."

Right away Joe's father and mother came downstairs together in their night things. The two kid brothers, Anthony and Sam, came crashing down after.

Joe's mother went straight to him and took him. All she said at first was: "My boy."

She held him and moved her hands up and down his back. She said: "You're all one piece, I'm so glad they didn't molest your face at any point, you're very thin, my Joey." She did not speak of the arm.

Joe's father stood by smiling and said to Anna: "Looks like mother took first choice at embracing the boy."

Finally Joe's mother let go. She smelled the alcohol on his breath and started crying. She was against drinking.

Joe's father had prayed for him

Joe's father stepped up and said: "Son, a good many days I wished Our Lord that if you could only come back, Our Lord could take me then, only I wanted to see you just one time." Joe's father was 53, he was a railroad worker, he had his wish now.

Joe could not think of anything except to reach out the bottle to his father and say: "Take a drink." His father took the bottle and drank. That only made the mother cry harder.

Joe broke into a temper in spite of himself and said to his mother savagely: "What's the sense of crying, for God's sake, I'm home now, ain't I?"

His father said: "Come in the house, son."

They turned on the lights and sat in the living room formally.

The father said: "How was it in this war, son?"

Joe said: "I don't know but it's rougher than the last."

Joe's young brother Anthony said: "How many Germans you kill, Joe?"

Joe said: "Nobody who is a soldier answers that, Tony. You don't like to talk about it, mostly you don't even know, the range is big."

Anthony went over and touched Joe's empty left sleeve and said: "What happened, Joe?"

Joe said: "I remember it was nighttime, doing a patrol action, well, that's when I got hit. It was a rifle bullet."

"Sniper, son?"

"That I couldn't say, maybe it could've been a sniper. They took me to the 38th Evac, that's a hospital. They took the arm in Algiers. . . . Could I have something to eat?"

Anna asked: "What you want?"

"Could I have some eggs, plenty of eggs anyhow? Then they started bringing me home, see."

Joe looked at his mother crying, and talked fast, feeling bad because he had spoken sharply to her. "I stood in Gibraltar couple days. I took an English boat, what was it, the *Jervis*. I went to near Bristol, I stood there till I had three more operations. From there I left in June, it was on a Canadian boat, the *Nova Scotia*, that was the second trip she took, she went to Halifax. I stood a while at Fort Devens in Lowell General, then it was Walter Reed. Now I come home."

They sat talking till it got light. Joe asked about different things that had happened at home, who was married and so on. No one volunteered any information about Mary Ellard, his girl. Joe's voice was shaky and his one hand trembled. At one point someone said maybe Joe was tired, but he said: "Let sleep go to hell, sleep is a luxury."

When it was day Mrs. Souczak stopped crying and went to the telephone. She dialed a number and said: "Joe is home now," and hung up. She dialed many numbers and all she would say was: "Joe is home now." Then she would hang up.

Pretty soon the people she had called started coming, uncles, cousins, Mrs. Souczak's neighbors, friends of the family. Mr. Shaughnessy, president of the Onteoga Knitting Mills where Joe worked before the war, came. He said never to worry about a job, just worry about getting well. "The factory is there waiting for you, Joe," he said. "Come over this afternoon, and see us." Joe agreed to go at 2 o'clock.

At each knock at the door, Joe jumped up and went to see who it was. It was about 10 o'clock before Mary Ellard came.

Joe reached out his hand. She couldn't seem to say anything. Joe had decided to be cold toward her, for defensive reasons. He just said: "Hello, Mary," and led her right into the living room. They couldn't kiss because of all the company.

Everyone talked busily, but Mary just sat there looking at Joe. He pretended not to see her. After a while she stood up and said: "My brother, he's in from the Pacific only he has to go back this afternoon, his leave's up. Three o'clock. I better go see him."

Joe went out onto the porch with her.

Mary said: "Our first meeting wasn't too personal together, Joey."

Joe said coldly: "It couldn't be. Didn't you see all those people?"

Mary said: "I'm so excited, I been biting my fingernail right off."

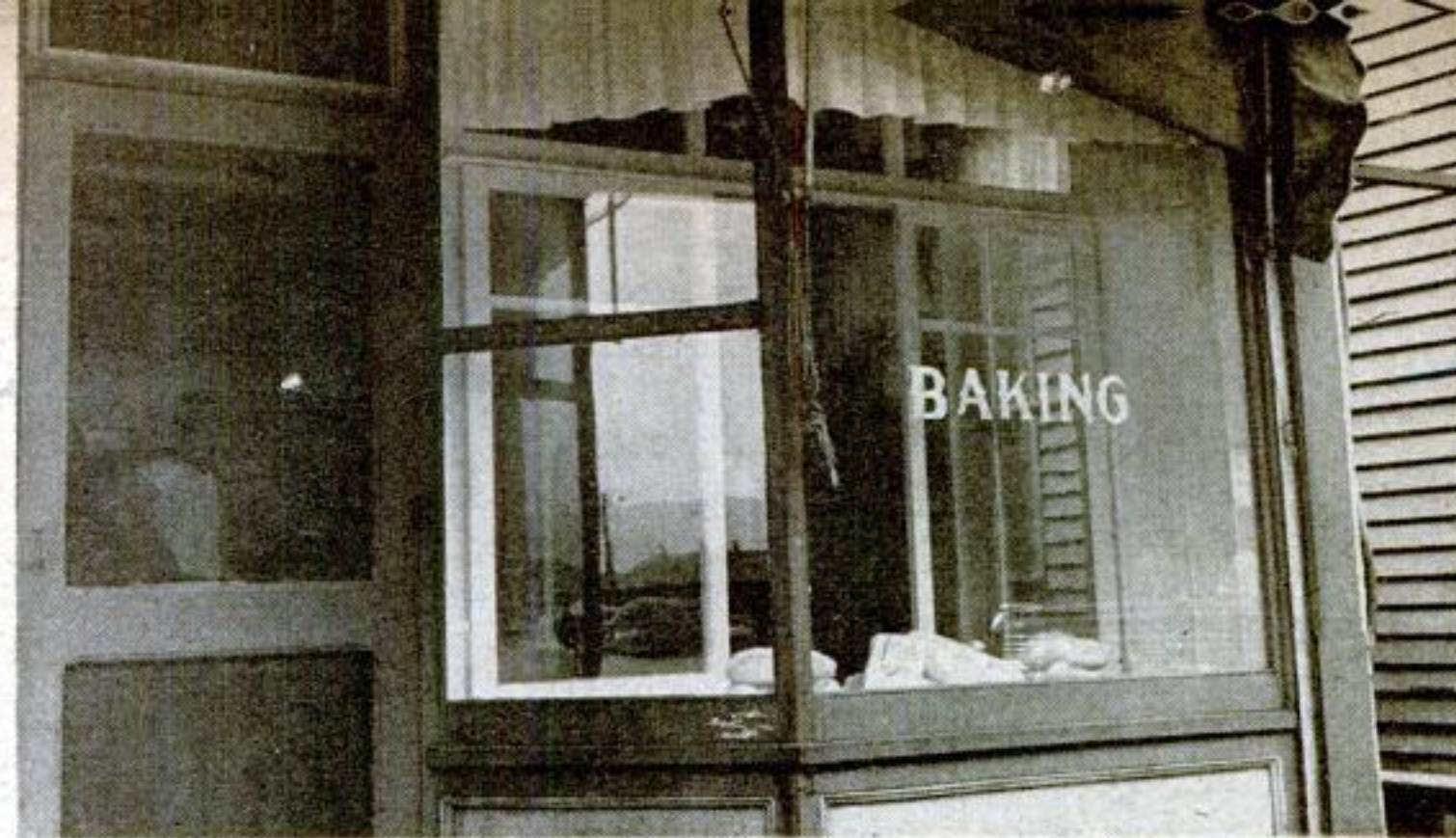
Joe said: "I'll be seeing you," and he went back

HE GOES OUT WITH HIS GIRL FRIEND TO HAVE A FEW DRINKS, EAT STEAKS, AND DANCE



THE DISCHARGED SERVICEMAN'S TINY GOLD BUTTON IS HIS BADGE OF HAVING FOUGHT





HE TAKES BACK HIS OLD JOB ALTHOUGH HE WOULD MUCH PREFER A NEW LINE OF WORK

AFTER MANY FALSE STARTS HE IS ABLE TO GET INTO BAKING BUSINESS FOR HIMSELF

in the house. He was trembling all over. He ran upstairs and looked at himself in the mirror: the sleeve was quite neat in his pocket, but his face looked sickly and the uniform was too big.

At about 2 o'clock Joe reached the factory. He went up on the second floor, where he found the whole mill waiting for him in a large room. Mr. Shaughnessy said: "We've shut off the wheels of progress for 30 minutes, we want you to make us a little speech."

Joe stood up and said: "I'm glad to be back and I can say that I'm very lucky to be back. I remember a good many times when Mr. Shaughnessy used to talk to us on production, that if we didn't produce the soldiers wouldn't have anything. That is so because I went three months without underwear over there. There wasn't any. It was pretty wicked up there in those mountains."

Then Mr. Shaughnessy and Joe presented each other with gifts. The factory gave Joe a 21-jewel Lord Elgin wrist watch, plus \$161 purse. Joe gave Mr. Shaughnessy a green French pocketbook. "On here," Joe said, "is the inscription in silver thread made by the Ayrabs, it says ORAN. I carried this through all the battles, even the worst ones. I had you in mind, Mr. Shaughnessy."

Afterward Joe went out and shook hands around the town. Everyone wanted to shake his one hand, and he felt like quite a hero. He stopped in at the barbershop and was very glad to see Charley the barber again, his old friend. When he got home late in the afternoon his mother asked him what he had been doing and he said: "People been patting me on the back and offering me life-time jobs."

After a couple more days of callers at 143 Front Street, a crowd of fellows came after Joe and said: "Let's hit the road and do some hell-raising. Let's have a doings amongst ourselves."

So the boys began going out. The first night they planned to make all the rounds, but the first place was as far as they got. Joe had such a good time that he persuaded the crowd to repeat, night after night.

One day toward the end of his leave Joe went in to see Charley the barber, who was twice Joe's age. Joe had always come to Charley for advice and sometimes Charley gave advice without being asked. Charley said: "You're raising too much hell."

Joe said: "It's fun, I earned some fun."

Charley said: "People beginning to talk."

Joe said: "Let people go to hell, they didn't fight."

Charley said: "Why don't you see Mary?"

Now Joe tumbled out the words that had been rolling around inside him all through his leave: "Hell, I'm no use to myself with the one arm. What use would I be to any g l?"

Charley said: "I'll be glad when you're discharged. What you need is the right job and the right girl."

Joe did not have the courage, though he had plenty of desire, to see Mary before his leave was finished. He kept telling himself he would be home for good soon, that would be the time to see her. The film for his French camera came from the Rochester girl a couple of days before his leave was up, and he kidded himself that he would go collect that Sunday lunch.

Joe was ready for a rest

When he reported back to Walter Reed the doctor said: "You look better. Want 30 days more?"

Joe said: "No thanks. My friend told me, he said: 'Joe, I seen you 27 days and I seen you drunk 27 days.' I could use 30 days to rest, doctor."

After a few days they brought an artificial arm and strapped it on. From the first Joe disliked it. He told the nurse: "It hurts my—the upper part of my arm that's left." He never could learn to say stump. But they taught him to use the arm.

In January his honorable discharge came. This time Joe got a uniform that fit better and he thought he looked pretty well as he started out on the train. He had left off his fake arm, because he liked the empty sleeve in his pocket. The arm was in his suitcase. He had on his ribbons—African Theater, Purple Heart, Before Pearl Harbor. On the way a second lieutenant came over to Joe's seat. You could see the lieutenant had just won his bars and was full of authority. He apparently did not notice Joe's empty sleeve.

"Private," the lieutenant said, "what do you think you're doing, wearing all those ribbons? Do you think you're some kind of a lousy hero?"

Joe stood up and controlled himself. "Sir," he said, "I served 18 months foreign duty, I given my left arm, they told me I earned these ribbons."

The lieutenant, horribly embarrassed, stared at Joe's limp sleeve and said: "I'm awful sorry, fellow, I didn't realize." Trying to make it all right, he said: "What's that end ribbon for?"

Joe said in the politest tones: "Sir, I think if you want to go around and make remarks about people's ribbons you ought to know what the ribbons stand for."

Joe sat down. When the lieutenant went away the man sitting next to Joe said: "Lousy shavetail."

Joe expressed the enlisted man's universal complaint. "They've made this into a two-man army," he said. "They've made it an officer's army and an enlisted man's army. The two of them eat in different pots, bathe in different pots and pee in different pots. Now the looney don't want me wearing my ribbons. Aw, let him go to hell, I'm out of uniform in a few days anyway."

But when he first got home, Joe found that it was not at all easy to get out of uniform. He was authorized to wear the uniform for 90 days. He felt better in uniform. The khaki sleeve in the khaki pocket was very neat. His stump felt a lot better in a uniform sleeve.

For a long time Joe just lay around the house. He told his parents he figured he'd earned a month's vacation, and that when the month was up he would choose one of these high-paying defense jobs. "In the meantime," he said, "don't bother me, I'm all geared up ahead of everyone else around me, I'm looking for a slowdown."

But the more Joe tried to rest, the more restless he got. He got feeling disgusted with himself. He began to think he was not worth anything and never would be again. He tried walking out in the town, but he felt like a beaten dog; he would not speak to a civilian.

He tried working around the house but whatever he did, he ended in a rage. His father had been a frequent fisherman once, and Joe got out some of his tackle one day. But trying to oil the reel and feed the line through the little leader holes on the rod with one hand got him more and more nervous, and he wound up putting his fist through his closet door. That was the way it went.

About 10 days went by before he took Mary out, and then he got two other fellows to take their wives along as cover-up for his embarrassment and uneasiness. They went to Charter's and ate steaks and tried to talk above the juke-box noise. Mary was pathetically eager to please Joe, but on the way home he said: "I don't want you to be nice to me just because you're sorry for me."

Mary said: "It doesn't matter, Joe, I'm just glad to see you."

But Joe said: "I don't want nobody sorry for me. Nobody." And when they got home Joe shook hands coolly and drove right off, leaving Mary crying.

The vacation was not panning out. One day he found he was getting low on cash, and at lunch he asked his family: "Where's my allotment money I sent you? In the bank?"

Joe's father and mother looked at each other, and his mother said: "We had to spend it when

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

HIS PRIDE MAKES HIM LEAVE HIS HOME AND TAKE AN EMPTY ROOM WITH AN IRON BED

ONE OF THE REASONS HE IS UNHAPPY IS BECAUSE ALL OF HIS BUDDIES ARE OVERSEAS



your father was in the hospital having his hernia."

Joe said: "You spent it. All I can say is it's quite disheartening to think you can't trust the ones you ought to trust most. Jeepers, you spent my lifeblood savings." He got up from the table and left the house in disgust.

He went down to the barbershop. There were no customers. Charley the barber said: "How's it go, Joe?"

Joe said: "Like hell. In the money department I'm worried, Charley. The family spent my allotment money. Looks like I worn my welcome out with my folks. I'll get the hell out, I guess."

"That doesn't sound right, Joe."

"Well, you don't wear your welcome out with your folks, they're dear to you I guess, but you wear your welcome out with yourself. I feel funny as heck, it makes me nervous and twitchy around their house, you get thinking too much when you sit down."

"You better get a job."

"Maybe you got something there. Seems like the more I stand fast and wait, the more nervous I get. I tell you, Charley, you put yourself on a pedestal when you first come home, you figure you're a kind of hero, you feel proud of yourself, you've accomplished something, you feel good about fighting for your country. But after about two weeks you know you're just another fellow only you haven't got your left arm below the elbow."

"You better get a job," Charley said. "And I know just the one, if we could only work it. You know Seraviglia's Bakery? Well the old man died a couple months ago and the shop's idle. You'd make a good baker, Joe." Joe said: "With one arm?" Charley said: "Why not?"

He decided to try a war job. Out in the field he had heard all about the high wages in defense industries. Now it was his turn for some of the gravy. No more Onteoga Knitting for him.

He went first to the Principo Company—small makers of safety razors before the war, aircraft self-starters now. He was introduced to a Mr. Fenner in the personnel department.

Fenner said: "We'd be glad to take you on, Mr. Souczak, any day you can start."

Joe said: "What do I get?"

Fenner said: "We'll start you at 73¢ an hour, that'll come to about \$48.50 if you work a good week."

Joe said: "That don't sound like a lot of tin to me. I read in *Stars & Stripes* over the other side about these \$150 a week positions in defense plants. I don't go for that \$48.50."

Fenner said: "That's our starting rate, Mr. Souczak."

In the following days Joe tried three other small war shops and got the same story at each. Then one afternoon he came home and found a telegram waiting for him. It was from Mr. Shaughnessy of Onteoga Knitting. It said: **HEAR YOU ARE LOOKING FOR JOB. REPORT TOMORROW MORNING FOR PHOTOGRAPH AND INTERVIEW PLANT NEWSPAPER AND GO TO WORK EIGHTY CENTS HOUR PLUS FIVE CENTS EXTRA FOR NIGHT WORK. REGARDS.**

Joe knew he would take his old job back but he did not bother to show up the next morning, nor for four mornings after it. "Let the damn job wait for me," he said, as if it were an imposition to ask him to go to work.

On the fifth morning he strapped his artificial arm on for the first time in two weeks and reported at the plant. All the people there were very kind to him. The personnel manager said: "We start most at 65¢ an hour and 5¢ extra for night work. We're going to make an exception in your case and start you at 80 and 5."

Joe said: "I don't want any personal favors."

The personnel man said: "It's not because of your handicap, Mr. Souczak. After all you're one of our old hands around here." He gave Joe an advance on his first week's wages.

Joe could not handle his previous job at the yarn-winder with one arm, so they put him on oiling and cleaning the machines.

At the end of the first day's work Joe was very tired but also happier than he had been for a long time. The advance payment felt nice and crisp in his pocket. He joked at supper and his family were glad to see him perked up.

The job seemed to go well and day by day Joe felt more and more like himself. He went to work in khaki pants and shirt, with an old basketball sweater on top. After a few days he left off his artificial arm. The men in the plant fixed up a special harness for him to carry the oil can and waste around with, so he could leave off the arm.

Another date with Mary

He felt like going out with Mary again, and he did. They went the rounds and ended up at The Siding. It was like old times for a change. They laughed all night.

On the way home Joe stopped the car. He said: "I don't know what to say, Mary, I'm kind of stumbling in my words."

She said: "That's all right, Joe." Then she added: "In case you've been wondering, it doesn't matter to me."

He knew that she meant about the arm. And his tongue was free and he was able to say: "I'm not much use to a girl, I only got one hand."

She said: "Love comes from the heart, not from the hand, Joe."

"Yeah," Joe said, "that's right, I never thought of that."

She said: "Everything's the same."

Joe put his arm around her and kissed her. After a while he said: "I don't want to rush into anything."

Mary said: "You haven't been in any rush so far. I been waiting so long for this."

"Hugging you with the one arm is kind of strange," Joe said, "but the kissing is just the same as it ever was."

She said again: "Everything's the same."

Joe said: "Yeah."

After that it was one good day after another. The days just flew.

Joe got all his appetites back. He couldn't seem to get caught up on food. He was always buying an ice-cream cone on the way home from work or stopping for a hamburger late at night. He found he wanted to do many of the old things, and found he could do them. He joined the plant bowling team. He went roller skating. He even went swimming in an indoor pool and found he could pull himself along lying on his right side in the water.

One night he walked with Mary down to Seraviglia's Bakery. They put their faces against the plate glass and looked in. They saw the mixer, a long table, some racks, a roll-top desk and in the back, the big oven.

"Looks nice, don't it, Joey?" Mary said.

"Yeah," Joe said, "but not for a one-arm man."

Three weeks after he went to work he heard about a badge for honorably discharged soldiers—a little gold-plated plastic button with an eagle on it, for the lapel buttonhole. He went over to Camp Prestley with his discharge certificate and got one. That helped with getting out of uniform and for a while he wore khaki pants and shirt and a civilian coat with the badge on it. No one knew what the badge meant but he was glad to explain.

Then he bought a whole new set of civilian clothes. He blew a lot of money on the outfit: a suit for \$42, topcoat for \$50, shoes for \$10.50 and a hat for \$10. The things were just made to his taste. Everybody made remarks about his showing

up in civilian clothes. His brother Tony said he looked like a preacher. Charley the barber said he looked like an undertaker. Mary said: "You look like Joey." Joe passed off the remarks with a joke which was only half a joke: "I got me a spruce outfit in case opportunity comes my way."

One night when he was out at Charter's with Mary and the gang he was introduced to a boy who was just about to be drafted. Whoever brought the boy up said: "Joe's an old veteran here. You better get some low-down."

Joe laughed and said to the boy: "When you're over there, don't believe nothing of what you hear and half of what you see, and you'll be okay."

The boy said: "They told me you was sore about the whole thing. They told me you was sorry you went."

Joe might have answered bitterly in his first 10 days at home, but now he said: "Who told you that? To me, it was a privilege to fight for my country. I didn't go in for sergeant's stripes and dough to save up, as well as a pension. It was and it always will be a privilege, the biggest privilege and honor a man will ever get."

"I guess it is," the boy who was about to be drafted said.

"I figure you and I and every other American, we got a lovely home, haven't we, we got a nice girl or maybe a wife, we got our mother and dad, we got complete freedom to shoot our mouth off, haven't we?"

"Yeah," the boy said.

"There always comes a time, the same as if you're out with a crowd on a party, it's the same thing, there comes a time when you got to pay the check, and in the world of today, in the things we've had in the past, I don't think the check's too high even if it comes to giving your life for your country. That's the way I'm always telling 'em at the plant, they're always squawking about how they have to do so much, that's what I tell 'em."

Joe had fun that night at Charter's, and he had fun many nights with Mary. And Sundays especially were fine as springtime came on.

Joe and Mary discovered the countryside together. They would drive out in the Souczak car and then leave it and walk across the farmlands. They would take off their shoes and socks and wade in streams, and Mary would pick bunches of violets, snowdrops and arbutus. They would lie on their backs in the grass and play cloud games and funny-name games. And Joe would point at a blossoming tree and say: "What's that? I forget the name of that one." Mary would say: "That's the shad tree, Joey. That's the one the farmers say: 'When the shad blows, bullheads will bite and time to plant corn.'" They went fishing a couple of times, and Mary was very good about hooking the bait and taking the bullheads off the barb. And sometimes they kissed until it was hard to stop. Those were very happy days.

But then one night they went to the movies. The picture was *Bombardier*, and everything was fine until a bomb came down on a Japanese, the Japanese was running toward the camera, the bomb went off, the concussion exploded a big oil drum, blew the Japanese to Jap-hell. Joe felt the blows and the pain all through his body and his heart began pounding. He said: "Excuse me," to Mary and got up abruptly and left. She followed him out as quickly as she could but he had already hurried home.

Joe felt sick and upset all that night, and from the next day on things seemed to go badly. Joe began to be touchy all the time. People bothered him.

A veteran of the first war came into the barber-shop one day when Joe was talking with Charley, and began shooting his face off. He said: "It's going to happen the same thing in this war that it did the last—after the war England will take all the gravy."



As spring comes on, the discharged soldier explores the countryside with his girl. They walk across farmlands together, take off their shoes and socks and wade in streams, and lie on their backs in the grass imagining things in the clouds. He depends on her to keep him on the track.

The town barber, who is old enough to be the discharged man's father, is his best friend. The barber gives him advice both when it is asked for and sometimes when it is not. It is he who thinks that once the one-armed man finds the right girl and right job, everything will be fine.





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JOE IS HOME NOW (continued)

Joe got angry and said: "We are American citizens, we give a square deal and we get back a square deal, save criticisms till after."

The veteran said: "I think it's rather stupid sending lend-lease to Russia. Russia will declare war on us, she'll be looking for us in the future."

Joe was very angry. "Those Russians can fight," he said. "Let 'em win this war first. There's no way whatsoever that she has any intentions to declare war."

Very soon afterward he was riding out to the plant on a bus and an elderly woman sat down next to him and said: "You poor boy." Joe's face got red. She asked: "Where did you get maimed like that?"

Joe said: "Tunisia."

The sympathetic lady said: "Dear me." Then she added with genuine interest: "Are those little Japs as bad as people say?"

Joe lost his temper wildly. "Dammit, lady," he said, "they don't have Japs in Africa."

She was alarmed at his outburst, and she said: "My goodness, son."

Joe said: "I'm sorry, lady, but you people get me all nerved up. A person has gambled with their life, it's wrong soldiers should have to listen to such ignorance."

Each day Joe seemed to get more and more out of control. Someone made a perfectly innocent remark in the drugstore about rationing, and Joe turned and said: "We should all have our food cut in two by 50% and we'd still be in luxury compared with those occupied countries, hell, they was eating grape leaves over there." And when a girl at the mill, thinking she was kidding Joe, called him a privileged character, he said loudly: "I don't ask for any privileges. I can take care of myself."

A fight in the Depot Lunch

But the worst blow-up was his fight.

The fight took place in the Depot Lunch. Joe stopped in there for a drink one night with Charley. Charley was sitting on Joe's left at one of the tables against the wall. A sergeant from Camp Prestley came in and sat on Joe's right, where he could not see Joe's left arm. The sergeant had two privates with him. All three were half cut on beer.

The sergeant said: "Too many healthy-looking guys around here in civilian clothes. They ought to be in uniform." Joe pretended not to hear.

When the sergeant spoke again it was obvious he was trying to bait Joe and Charley. He said: "Must be 4F."

Joe said very quietly: "Take it easy there."

The sergeant turned and grabbed Joe's right arm and began to shove. He said: "Get into uniform, 4F."

Joe said sharply: "Quit bulldozing me around."

The sergeant said: "Trying to dodge the draft?"

Joe said: "Listen, you USO Ranger, you're talking to an old trooper here."

The sergeant didn't get the point. He went on: "4F."

Joe said: "Listen, I had more bad time in this Army than you had good time in it."

The sergeant was too drunk or too stupid to understand. He still had not seen Joe's left arm. He stood up. Joe stood up and was in a tearing red mood. He clenched his right fist and his stump felt queer because he wanted to clench his left fist too. The stump made some little left jabs and then the right arm came around in a haymaker.

Charley ran around the table and picked the sergeant up off the floor and said: "Stand up and shut up. Don't say a thing or else you'll get thrown out of here."

But the other two soldiers jumped on Joe and Charley, and the sergeant came back in. Then several others, thinking this an ordinary soldier-civilian brawl, jumped in too. Joe stood in the middle of it all, swinging hard with his one arm, trying to learn very quickly how to balance a one-armed blow with a little swing of the hips. Some of his blows landed, some missed. He took some around the chest. His stump hurt sharply.

One by one the brawlers noticed Joe's empty sleeve. One by one they pulled out of the fight, until there was no fight left. All the soldiers except the sergeant walked out of the place. The Depot Lunch got quiet. The sergeant went to the bar and drank alone.

After a while he walked soberly to Joe's table. He stretched out his hand. Joe shook it.

The sergeant said: "I made a bad mistake. I want to buy you a round of drinks."

Joe thought a moment and then said: "No, I want to buy you a round." Then he smiled and said: "Since I'm a 4F, I got a good job, I can afford a round and you can't."



THIS IS A Fighter Pilot

He's flying a plane provided for him by the War Bonds that *weren't* bought! With wings of air, this plane can be seen by neither the enemy—nor you!

But everyone *can* see the vital need for overwhelming weight of all kinds of equipment—if we are to win this war.

It's our job to supply the weapons—enough of them. It's our job to see the 5th War Loan through. We can't fall down on it—or in the estimation of the men who depend on us. We can't let them risk their lives without *all* the things Bonds can buy.

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This support of the 5th War Loan Drive is contributed by the makers of Sani-Flush and Mel'O.

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SOOTHES • REFRESHES



★ Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps ★

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76



"The storekeeper might get mad"

You're wrong there, lady. Good merchants appreciate customers who keep an eye on ceiling prices, who don't ask them to buy on the black market, who never ask for rationed goods without points, who share and play square with scarce goods.

*We asked
5 foolish women
why they don't
check
ceiling prices*



... "It's too much trouble"

It isn't a lot of trouble to do the little the Government asks—just remember to say every time you make a purchase, "Is this the ceiling price?" And it's well worth the trouble—if it holds prices down, cuts your bills today, lessens the danger of inflation tomorrow.



"We can afford to pay more"

Maybe you can, but how about the millions of soldiers' families who must live on Army allotments? Every time you pay black market prices or buy rationed goods without points, you're helping to send prices up—that's the way inflation comes. And *nobody* can afford inflation.



"My store doesn't display ceiling prices"

All retailers will if you keep asking them, "Is this the ceiling price?" It's the law. Ceiling prices must be displayed wherever goods under ceilings are sold. That's the system which has helped to keep prices so much lower in this war than they were in the last.



"I just don't want to do it"

No—and our boys don't want to fight! But they're doing it—magnificently! It's up to you on the home front to do your part to head off rising prices and inflation, help prevent producing a depression for our boys to come home to. Don't be a SABOTEUR on the home front!

Check and be proud!

You should be proud if you're the kind of loyal, patriotic American citizen who never pays more than ceiling prices, who pays her ration points in full, who shares and plays square with scarce goods!

It is because of you and millions of women like you—cooperating with American merchants—that the cost of living has gone up only 7 per cent since your Government's price control started.

But the end is not yet. So keep up the good work. Ask *every time*—"Is this the ceiling price?" Never buy a single thing that you can do without. Save your money—in the bank, in life insurance, in War Bonds. When you use things up, wear 'em out, make 'em do, or do without... you're helping to HOLD PRICES DOWN!

**YOUR STORE WILL BE GLAD
TO HAVE YOU ASK:**

"Is this the ceiling price?"



A United States War Message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

But don't let that get you down if

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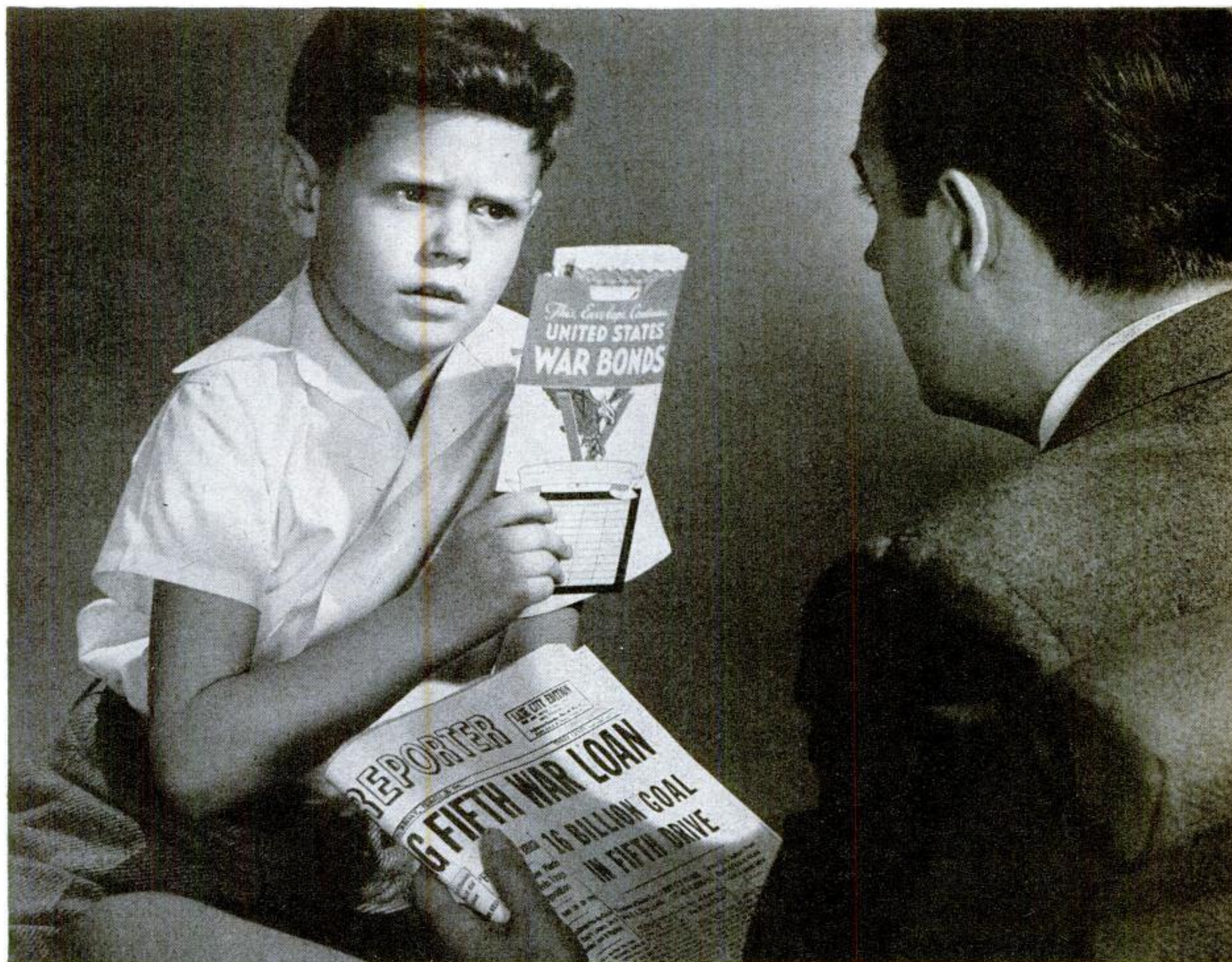
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 Allentown, Pa., Eastern Light Company
 Altoona, Pa., William F. Gable Company
 Amarillo, Texas, White's Auto Stores
 Atlantic City, N. J., Van Doren and Hample
 Augusta, Georgia, J. B. White Company
 Aurora, Illinois, Biever Furniture Company
 Baltimore, Maryland, Hecht Brothers
 Bayonne, N. J., Lawler Brothers Sales Corp.
 Berkeley, California, Lanam Radio
 Bethlehem, Pa., Eastern Light Company
 Birmingham, Alabama, Louis Pizitz Dry Goods Co.
 Boston, Mass., R. H. White Company
 Bridgeport, Conn., General Distributors
 Brockton, Mass., Central Radio Stores
 Buffalo, New York, Les Wheeler, Inc.
 Cambridge, Mass., R. H. White Company
 Camden, N. J., Whitehill's, Inc.
 Canton, Ohio, Dine-De Wees Company
 Chattanooga, Tenn., Lookout Furniture Co.
 Chicago, Ill., Wieboldts
 Cicero, Ill., Sekera Furniture Company
 Cincinnati, Ohio, The John Shillito Co.
 Cleveland, Ohio, The Higbee Company
 Columbus, Ohio, F. & R. Lazarus Company
 Covington, Kentucky, A. J. Ostrow, Inc.
 Dallas, Texas, Sanger Bros.
 Dayton, Ohio, The Rike-Kumler Company
 Dearborn, Mich., Dearborn Engineering Co.
 Decatur, Ill., Gas Refrigerator Sales
 Denver, Colorado, LeMoine Music Co.
 Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson Company
 Duluth, Minn., Sher Plumbing Company
 Durham, N. Carolina, R. E. Quinn Company
 Elizabeth, N. J., Kresge Department Store
 El Paso, Texas, White's Auto Stores
 Erie, Pa., Reliable Home Furnishing Co.
 Fall River, Mass., Ideal Radio & Furniture Co.
 Flint, Mich., Palmer Radio & Appliance Co.
 Fort Wayne, Ind., Schlatter Hardware Co.
 Fort Worth, Texas, Leonard Brothers Co.
 Fresno, Calif., Hockett Cowan Music Co.
 Gary, Indiana, Cosmopolitan Radio Co.
 Glendale, Calif., Glendale Music Company
 Hamilton, Ohio, Radio Service Company
 Hammond, Indiana, J. W. Millikan
 Harrisburg, Pa., Pomeroy's, Inc.
 Hartford, Connecticut, Tuckel's
 Hoboken, New Jersey, Paramount Radio
 Holyoke, Mass., Sharpe Appliance Co.
 Indiana Harbor, Indiana, Amick Furniture & Radio Sales
 Indianapolis, Indiana, Wm. Block Co.
 Irvington, N. J., Rothauer Radio Company
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 Jackson, Miss., Rice Furniture Company
 Jacksonville, Fla., Glover Weiss Company
 Jersey City, New Jersey, Vim Stores
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 Lowell, Massachusetts, Gaumont Bros.
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"We've got to buy more bonds this time, dad!"

Right, son! Let's make this Fifth War Loan *good* news for our boys . . . and *bad* news for the Axis.

Just think of *all* you do when you buy bonds!

First, you keep the flood of equipment rolling for what we hope will be a Victory year.

With your money, you put *yourself* in the fight. You show the world that Americans stand together, united against the enemy.

Here at home, you help keep prices down.

And all the time, you are saving for things you will need and want in the years of peace ahead.

All of us, whether we fight or work, are doing it for the future of our country.

Sparton, while producing at top speed for war,

is building a foundation for that future.

We promise you richer-voiced new Sparton radios, improved by the great advances in electronics. And new refrigerators—new washing machines.

All designed and built for "better living."

We at Sparton think of postwar planning in terms of jobs for thousands of workers—

Of opportunity for Sparton dealers everywhere—

Of more enjoyment, comfort and convenience for all who own Sparton products.

And, to insure the *best at lowest prices*, we shall sell these products The Sparton Way—through one exclusive dealer in each community.*

SPARTON

Radio's richest voice since 1926

***The Sparton Way**—Sparton Radios and other precision-built home equipment will be sold The Sparton Way—a simplified method of bringing to your home better products at lower prices through *one exclusive dealer* in each community.

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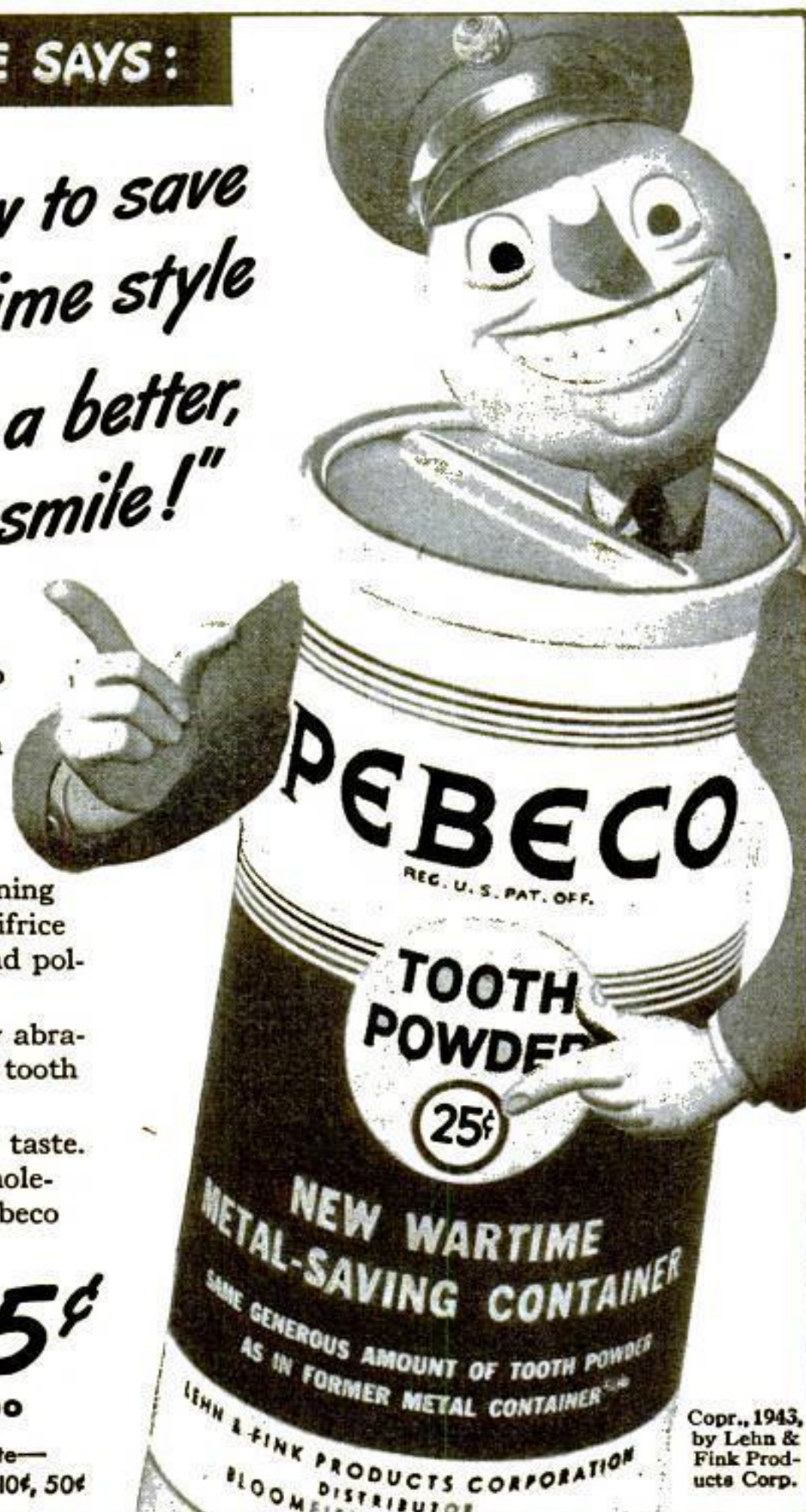
3. Contains no gritty abrasives. Doesn't scratch tooth enamel.

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GIANT SIZE ONLY 25¢

Big 10¢ size, too

Also Pebeco Tooth Paste—
clean, refreshing flavor—10¢, 50¢



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Finer
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JOE IS HOME NOW (continued)

Mary said: "God doesn't punish people, Joe. People punish themselves. You got to do something about this."

Joe said: "You're a good girl, Mary, and there's nothing to keep a man on the track excepting a good girl."

Mary said: "Would you be fed up if I gave you some advice?"

Joe said: "I've took so much advice and orders for two years, I'm still in the habit."

Mary said: "Don't try to earn a million dollars the first job you take."

Joe said: "I don't care if King Solomon himself advised you along those lines. Out in the field you've heard all these stories about the gravy train back home, you get so you believe them."

Mary said: "Don't try to be a bank president, Joe. Don't try to earn a thousand bucks a week. Be satisfied with what's coming to you."

Joe thought a little, then said: "I guess you're right, Mary, I got thousand-buck ambitions and forty-five-buck ability."

"It's all right to have ambitions," Mary said, "and maybe when you have a chain of bakery shops you'll get a thousand a week."

Joe said: "That bakery again."

Mary said: "I just thought of something, Joe. Why don't you go see Mr. Shaughnessy about the bakery?"

Joe said: "What would I say to him? What use he got for a guy who quit his mill?"

Mary said: "He likes you, Joey, maybe he could figure out some way for you to acquire the property."

After a couple days of getting up his courage, Joe did go to see Mr. Shaughnessy. He told Mr. Shaughnessy about the bakery, how nice it looked from the outside. He spoke of the mortgage. He asked: "What can a man do to beat a mortgage?"

Mr. Shaughnessy was noncommittal. He said he'd think it over, and asked Joe to leave his address. Joe couldn't figure out whether Mr. Shaughnessy was still sore at him for having left the knitting mill. Joe was discouraged by the conversation.

Mr. Shaughnessy had a surprise for Joe

Four days later a messenger from the knitting mill came to Joe's room and told Joe to report to Mr. Shaughnessy's office. When Joe got there Mr. Shaughnessy had a lawyer with him. He told Joe to come with them, and they went out to Mr. Shaughnessy's Packard and drove off. Joe didn't know what it was all about.

Mr. Shaughnessy pulled up in front of the bakery. He and the lawyer and Joe got out. Mr. Shaughnessy went up and unlocked the door and motioned the others in.

Joe said: "How come you got the key to the bakery?"

Mr. Shaughnessy said: "It's yours, Joe."

Joe said: "You wouldn't pull my leg, Mr. Shaughnessy."

Mr. Shaughnessy said: "We got together a small syndicate of men here in Onteoga who have confidence in you, Joe. We've bought out the mortgage on the bakery and we want you to run it."

Then the lawyer went into a long song and dance about common stock, 40% for Joe, 60% for "the syndicate," a lot of stuff Joe didn't understand. All he could think about was that he wanted to tell Mary. He hurried off to tell her as soon as he could get away.

Mr. Shaughnessy had arranged to send Joe to a bakery in Binghamton to learn the trade. Joe spent three weeks there as an apprentice and then came back to be his own boss.

In those first days Joe Souczak was a proud baker. He worked like a slave. He loved the smell of the dough in the proofing box as the bread came up, and his one hand, growing strong now, soon became expert at knocking the gas off and rounding the loaves. He kept his oven at exactly 400°, he pinched off his loaves and scaled them at exactly 18 ounces. He reached the peel into the deep oven and scooped out the loaves like an old hand. He ruined some loaves, but they had told him in Binghamton that the only way to learn is to have a few bad batches. One day he left the salt out, and what his teachers said was true: "Bread without salt tastes like dirt." After that he always measured the salt into the dough mixer first of all the ingredients. Salt, then flour, then water, then yeast and enriching tablets in lukewarm water. The mixing, the rising, the rounding, the scaling, the proofing, the slitting, the baking, the cooling—it was all a daily rite, and Joe in his white baker's robe felt like some high-and-mighty priest of bread.

Mary came in every morning and helped for a while. She was just as proud as Joe. Joe could see her pride, and he knew it was about time to speak his mind to her. He still was not sure of his right to ask for her, but he was positive of the need and he certainly had the urge.

One night he borrowed the family car and took Mary to Charter's. They had a fine meal and quite a few drinks. Joe was not particular

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

AGAIN, ZENITH MAKES HEARING AID HISTORY!

**Brings New Smartness and Style
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New Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord

ZENITH made hearing aid history by bringing fine precision *quality* within reach of all. Now Zenith follows through—makes history again—brings you, in its complete production, an entirely new standard of hearing aid *smartness and style!*

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See the proof of this today. And *hear* the proof of excellence in performance that has made America swing *overwhelmingly* to the New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid. Visit the Zenith-franchised dispenser nearest you. Or, for complete information by mail, use the convenient coupon below.



THE NEW EARPHONE

- Smart, modern, scarcely noticeable! Pleasingly neutral in color so that it blends with any complexion.
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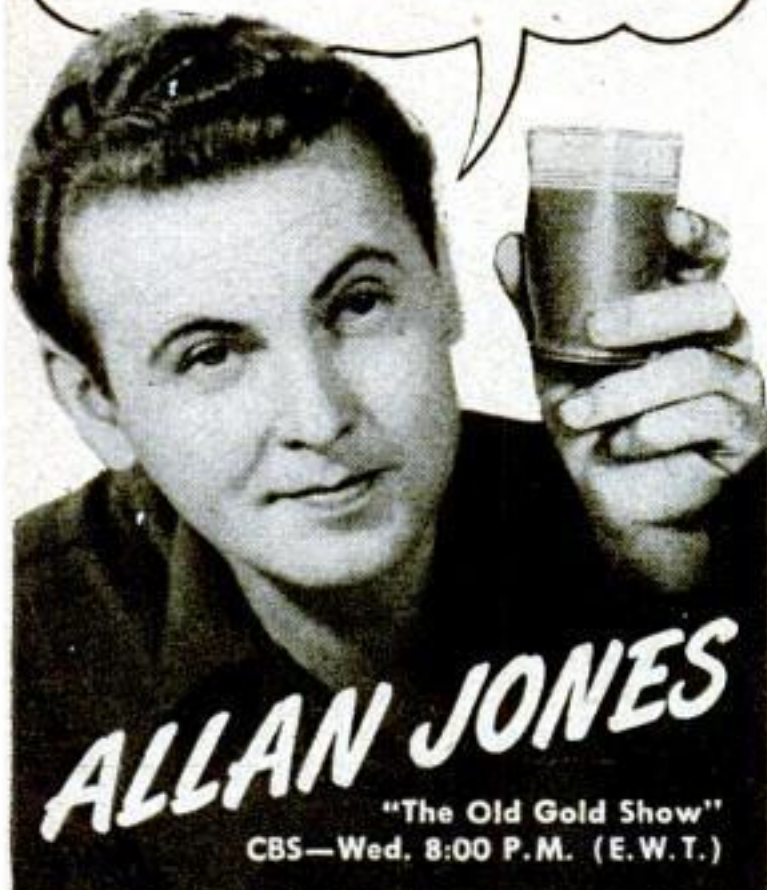
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COCKTAIL WITH PLENTY
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Made with FRENCH'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

Try this zesty new tomato juice cocktail. It tempts appetites—adds sparkle to meals. Just add to each glassful of tomato juice a little salt and pepper and a teaspoonful of French's Worcestershire. Mix well—serve very cold. A hit with the menfolks!



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U. S. Armed Forces, Auxiliary Services, and the military needs of our Allies have first call on "America's FIRST Bicycle." After Victory, however, a new, finer-than-ever line of Columbia bicycles will be ready. Meanwhile, keep buying War Bonds, to have and to hold. The Westfield Manufacturing Co. Westfield, Massachusetts.

Columbia
SINCE 1877
"AMERICA'S FIRST
BICYCLE"

JOE IS HOME NOW (continued)

about drinks; he would toss off anything that passed under his nose. The evening was fast and happy, and on the way home Joe stopped the car.

"I'm on the up-and-up," he said. "We taken in \$64.85 this week." He always said "we" when he talked with Mary about the bakery.

"That's wonderful, Joe."

"Of course," Joe said, "we're not going to have as much in our pocket while we're building up our stocks of ingredients and things as we would have."

"That doesn't matter, Joey."

"I got a pension coming," Joe said. "A 60% disability means \$60 a month, plus \$35 because I lost the arm. I'm grabbing that mustered-out pay: I'm expecting a check for \$300 any day from the Army. I'm doing fine."

Mary said: "You're doing very good, Joe."

Joe said: "You understand, I won't ever be rich. I'm too good-hearted, I could never get rich."

Mary said: "Who wants to be rich?"

He said: "I don't know how it is with you."

Mary said: "It's the same as it always was, Joe."

Joe paused. He pulled out a cigaret and said: "I'm great stuff for this smoking. I got started heavy on that invasion over there." He paused again.

Mary hurried in: "I want to marry you in spite of the arm, Joe. I like your strong right arm."

Joe was quiet for a long time. He just sat there. He wanted to cry. Finally he said: "How's June? June okay?"

She said: "June would be good, Joe. June would be very good."

For a couple of days Joe was wildly happy. He had now what Charley had said he needed: the right job and the right girl. Everything, he thought, was going to be hunky-dory. But then Joe found out that his serenity was neither permanent nor automatic.

It rained on the third day after he and Mary got engaged. On the way to the bakery, walking through the rain, Joe saw a new war poster in a store window. It was a lurid picture of death on a battlefield, with a young man pointing an accusing finger at passers-by. The young man looked like one of Joe's friends in Company G who had been killed. The poster shocked Joe. He felt a little dizzy as he went to the bakery. Joe forgot to put flour on the cloths in the proofing box, so when the bread came up it was all stuck to the cloth. The dampness crept into his stump and it began to ache; then his head did too.

Mary came into the bakery at about noon and found Joe slumped at the roll-top desk with his hand over his eyes. She said: "What's the matter, Joe?"

He looked up and said: "I thought everything was going to be good now that I was my own boss and I got you."

Mary said: "The only person who can help Joe Souczak is Joe Souczak."

Joe said: "Mary, I don't want to be a wreck, nobody wants to be a wreck from this war."

Mary said: "You're no wreck, you're going good, Joey, look at this bakery."

Joe said: "You're the only thing that keeps me going any good at all."

Then he thought about the war again. He frowned and said: "I got to concentrate on my business, therefore concentrating my mind and I'd rather forget a lot of these past incidents. That's the way I'd like to do if I could only do it. If I could only."

Joe leaned forward and put his hand back over his face. "If I could only," he said.

Mary said: "You can't do it overnight, Joe, you can't do everything all at once. It takes a little time to get happy."



As a baker, the discharged one-armed man spoils a few loaves at first, but later he is skilful, bakes rich, round loaves. His girl tells him: "I like your strong right arm."

How to get rid of **DAMP CLOSETS!**



Closet size 69c
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Wrings Moisture out of the Air!

Now you can DO something about that damp, muggy closet! Get a Drier-Outer; it actually collects dampness from the air; helps control moisture that causes mold and mildew! Works automatically; just lift the top and it goes to work. At department stores, or write for dealer's name.

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Solarex Scientific Sun Glasses
Filter Out 94% of Infra-red Rays—

HIGH VISIBILITY *plus* SAFE PROTECTION

SOLAREX

THE ORIGINAL

TWILIGHT COLOR

CHANGES BRIGHTEST SUNLIGHT



into SOFT RESTFUL TWILIGHT

Until after Victory and the demands of the Armed Forces ease up, selections of SOLAREX for civilians are limited. But it will be worth your while to shop around until you find genuine SOLAREX.

BACHMANN BROS., Inc. • Est. 1833

Charter Member—Sun Glass Institute

Factory and Home Office:

1420-38 E. Erie Ave., Phila. 24

MANUFACTURERS OF

PLASTIC PRODUCTS

He won't dodge this-



Don't you dodge this!



The kid'll be right there when his C. O. finally gives the signal . . .

There'll be no time to think of better things to do with his life. **THE KID'S IN IT FOR KEEPS**—giving all he's got, *now!*

We've got to do the same. This is the time for us to throw in everything *we've* got.

This is the time to dig out that *extra* hundred bucks and spend it for Invasion Bonds.

Or make it \$200. Or \$1000. Or \$1,000,000. There's no ceiling on this one!

The 5th War Loan is the biggest, the most vitally important financial effort of this whole War!



Back the Attack! - BUY MORE THAN BEFORE!

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under the auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council.

In cooperation with the 5th War Loan, LIFE contributes this page to present this message.



Charter members of the "West of Tokyo Missionary Society" on board carrier gather around their "manifesto." Organization of society was delayed when Turret Gunner James Rehn, who

was lettering the manifesto, was shot down in his torpedo plane when he was only halfway through. It was a week before carrier got him back. He finished the lettering for first meeting.



"MISSIONARIES" McLELLAN, HUTCHINSON AND GREENHALGH EARN MEMBERSHIP BY SHOWING HOW THEY BLEW UP 16 JAP CRUISERS AND THREE CARRIERS FROM RUBBER BOAT

Life Goes to an Aircraft-Carrier Party

Officers and crew of a flat top form the "West of Tokyo Missionary Society" to commemorate the bombing of Palau

The "West of Tokyo Missionary Society" was founded somewhere in the Pacific Ocean by the crew of a U. S. aircraft carrier who wanted to commemorate the Navy's first attack on Jap positions west of Tokyo—the successful smashing of Palau Island last March. The founders' righteous purpose, as set down in their high-sounding "manifesto," was to celebrate this "zealous attempt to convert the reluctant and retiring Japanese

fleet." The "missionaries," declared the manifesto, "by their enlightening bombs converted over 30 heathen ships—to scrap iron."

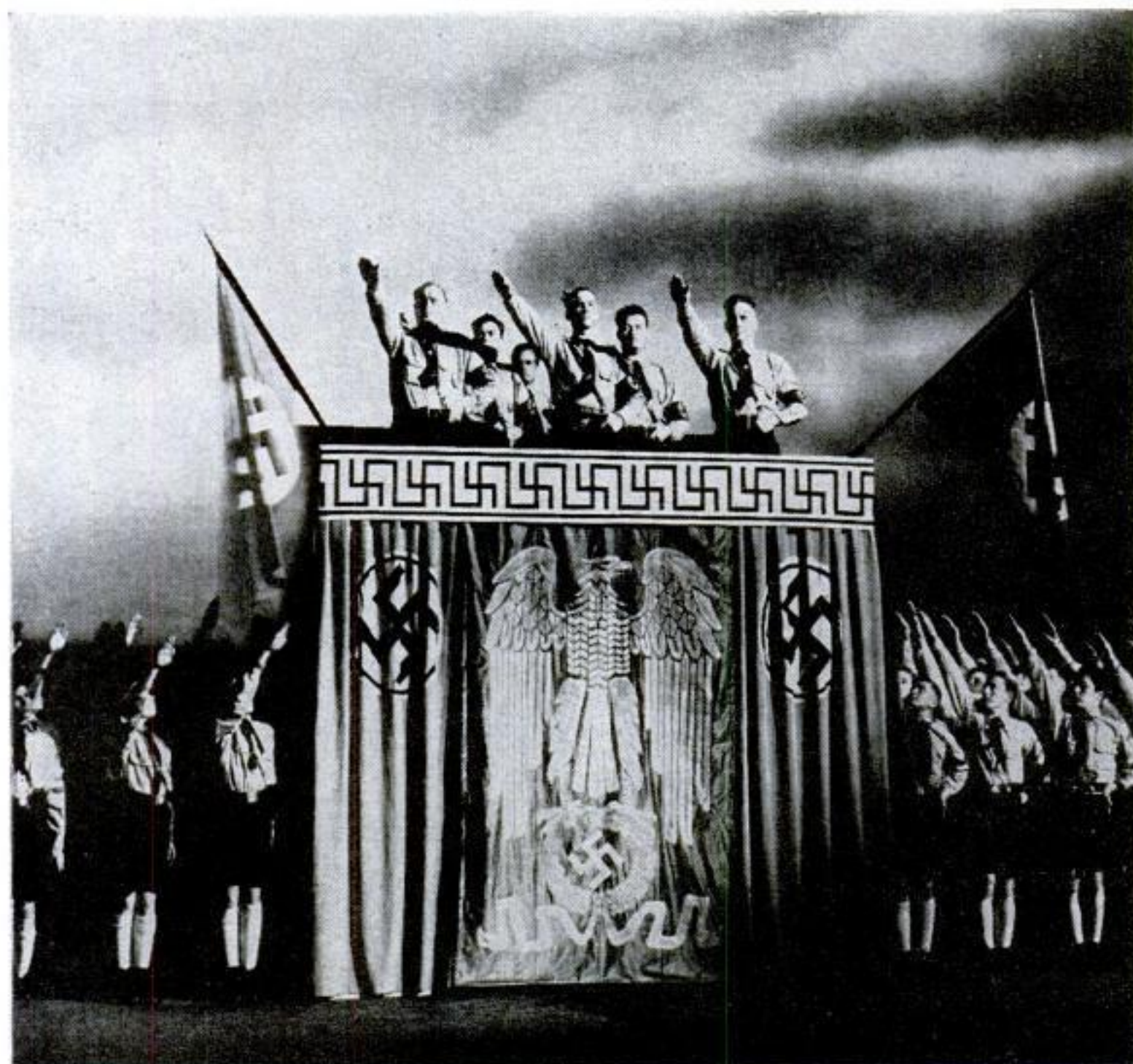
The missionary society's behavior was a lot less solemn than its language. Its one big meeting on the carrier, recorded by LIFE's Photographer J. R. Eyerman, was devoted to flat-top horseplay. A hierarchy of high-pressure, ministering and honorary missionaries was es-

tablished. Some applicant missionaries were forced to re-enact tall tales of shooting Japs down from rubber boats or tearing enemy planes apart with bare hands. The whole membership, which included the crew and the task force's admiral, had to take an oath promising to have nothing to do with whisky or women while aboard ship—a display of mock saintliness since neither temptation is available on U. S. Navy aircraft carriers.

The committee on rules worked hard on the charter. But at the first meeting vociferous members of society forced through an amendment to provide for "proper refreshments and amusements."

The committee on credentials decided whether the applicants were to be high-pressure missionaries, mostly fliers, or ministering missionaries, mostly nonflying crew members.





From the RKO Radio Picture "Hitler's Children"

Can you get them to say, "We Were Wrong"?

What good will it do to tear down the Nazis' triumphal arches, if millions of sullen men and boys still hold them in sacred memory?

What good will it do to burn the banners of cloth-of-gold and black velvet, if the whirling swastika is cut forever on German hearts?

What good will it do to stand Hitler up before a firing squad, if another unknown little corporal, looking on, grinds his teeth, and mutters, "You dummkopfs will forget . . . but we Germans—never!"

You and your family will never be safe . . . the peace of your country and the world will never be safe . . . as long as one of the most fierce and fertile tribes on this planet continues to believe that it should, and eventually can, conquer and rule the others.

What are you going to do about it?

We at TIME believe that it is every citizen's obligation to think this problem through. It is not TIME's role to crusade for any solution, but it definitely is TIME's obligation to give thoughtful people the information and facts they need to form intelligent opinions.

On two broad ideas there is general agreement—1. we want no more easy sentimentality about "the good-hearted German people". . . 2. on the other hand, we cannot exterminate the German people without making ourselves into Himmlers.

But when the time comes to get specific, do we know the facts necessary to have an opinion on such clamoring questions as:

1. Who is to re-educate the German people? . . . Teachers imported from the United Nations? . . . Repatriated refugee Germans of democratic faith? . . . Or are there enough democratic Germans left inside Germany to do the job? Will our attempts to educate Nazism out of German minds boomerang—cause so much resentment we shall actually stimulate German nationalism?
2. What should be done with Germany's heavy industry, her actual and potential war plants? . . . Should they be permanently dismantled? . . . Should they be operated by the United Nations? . . . Should they be operated by Germans under tight United Nations' surveillance?
3. How are we to get back Germany's intangible "loot"—the phony ownership her citizens have ac-

quired in every company and corporation worth taking over in Europe?

Different ways of answering these questions will soon come before the public from men (elected and appointed) whose job it is to know all about such problems. When that time comes the reaction of public opinion will have much to do with the plan finally adopted.

Will American public opinion be informed—prepared to throw the weight of its approval on the side of the wisest choice? Will you be informed?

If your only answer to this personally vital question is "I don't know," your answer isn't quite good enough—not in times like these when America and the world need all the informed mindpower democracy can muster.

TIME believes America's greatest need, now and in the coming years, is for the sovereign people to make up their minds, and speak them out.

To do so, citizens must keep themselves informed. So, in advertisements like this, TIME is seeking to encourage wide thinking and reading not only of the newspapers and TIME, but also of books and periodicals that argue the cases and advance the causes that are in the news.

For TIME's own future is unalterably linked to a U.S. citizenry deeply concerned about public affairs—to a nation insistent upon seeking the truth and learning from recorded experience.



9 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK 20

Time for America's Mindpower



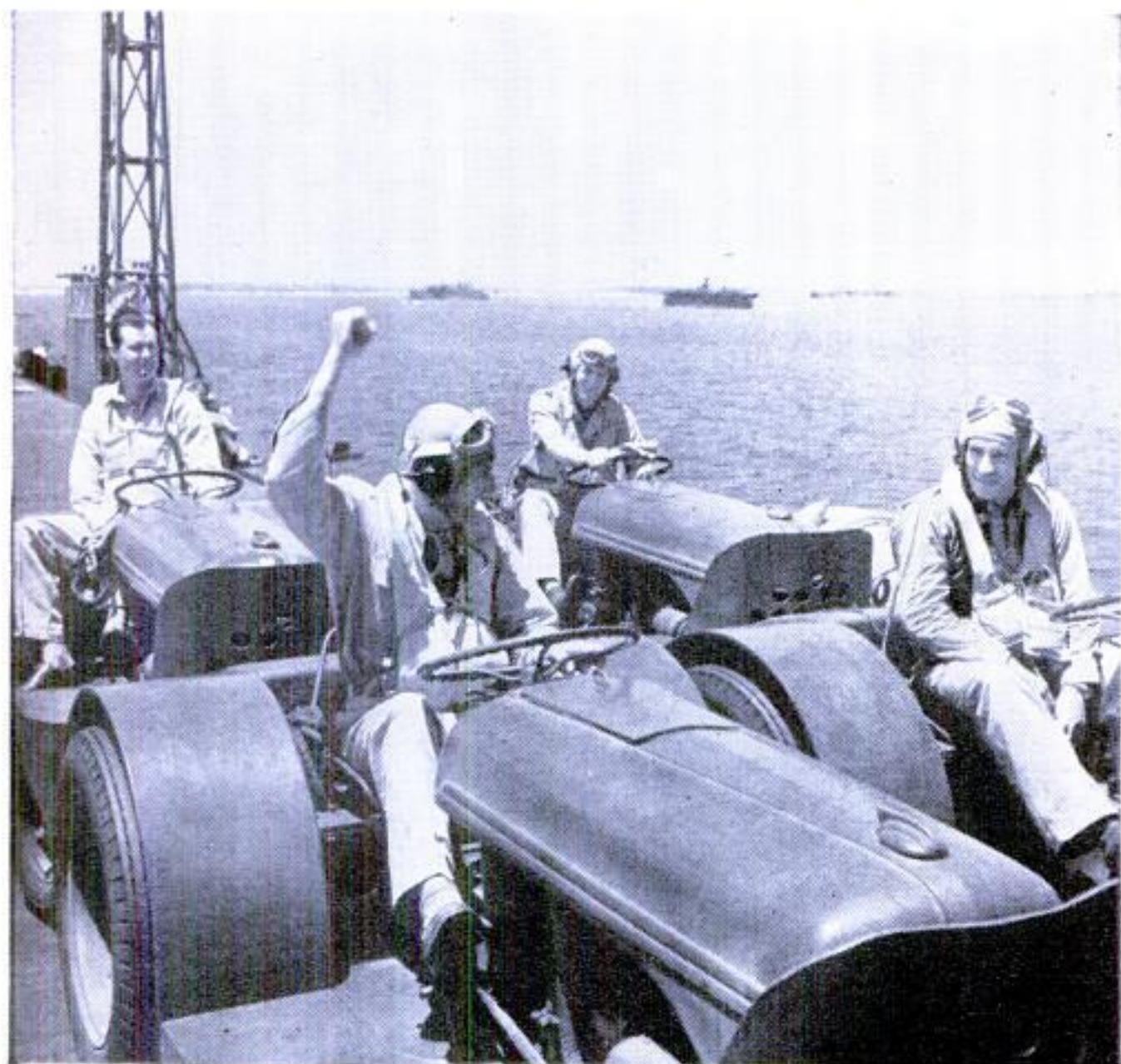
Incredible exploits were attributed to Fighter Pilot Bill Burekhalter, owner of Air Medal and DFC. Members accused him of claiming he had shot down 38 Jap planes with a .38 pistol and had torn two more apart with his bare hands. Burekhalter produced an armful of model planes and was promptly made high-pressure missionary.



Fabulous navigational feats of Navigator Lieut. R. N. McMackin called forth this indictment: "A bomber pilot going by the name of McMackin claims he led the Air Group to Palau by faultless navigation. We demand that he show missionaries his miraculous chart board." McMackin held up his track plot, was made a missionary.



Air Intelligence officers take a lot of kidding for their predictions and operations analyses. Here Lieut. Cheston (*left*) and Lieut. Ben Grosscup, using helmet as their crystal ball, estimate how long it would take the missionaries to vote them permission to sign the society manifesto and to allow them to become high-pressure missionaries.



The carrier's deck tractors took an important part in the society's founding ceremony, were designated by the missionaries as the appropriate mode of travel for the top officers of the society, Commander Ernest M. Snowden, chief evangelist (*rear, right*), and his three holy steam rollers. He is General "Hap" Arnold's son-in-law.



The first membership card was issued to General James H. Doolittle, made honorary missionary for his Tokyo raid. Vice Admiral Marc A. Mitscher, task group commander, holds card No. 2 as chief ministering missionary. Grand originating chapter is called Local 140° because 140th meridian passes almost directly through Tokyo.

How do they do it? *



*How do they get the ship into the bottle?
A spring arrangement permits the tall masts to lie horizontal. Once past the bottle-neck they snap up-right. It's easy when you know how!

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE have wondered at the skill that puts a full-rigged ship in a bottle. More millions have marveled at the remarkable Dry Martini Heublein puts in a bottle.

It's a simple secret! Heublein still uses scarce and precious pot-stilled Milshire Gin—and the world's finest Dry Vermouth.

Ask for Heublein's Club Cocktails at your local liquor store. They're ready-mixed, ready to add ice and serve. *No finer cocktails can be made.*

THERE ARE SIX HEUBLEIN VARIETIES:

Dry Martini, 71 proof • Manhattan, 65 proof
Martini, Medium, 60 proof • Daiquiri, 70 proof
Old Fashioned, 89 proof • Side Car, 60 proof



HEUBLEIN'S Club COCKTAILS

Milshire Distilled Dry Gin is 90 proof, distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.

Famous 'Kiss Room'

OFFERS *YOUR* LIPS THIS
BEAUTY CHALLENGE~



'Kiss Room' in El Borracho, Ultra-Smart New York Bistro

How Many Of The Loveliest Actresses and
Socialites Glamorize Their Lips . . .

Are *your* lips so appealing that you'd be invited to leave their impression on the ceiling or walls of the *Kiss Room*—that fashionable rendezvous which boasts of the lip-prints of many of the most fascinating Hollywood actresses and Social Celebrities?

For years many of these gorgeous creatures have been ardent devotees of the beauty-famous Louis Philippe ANGELUS Lipstick and there are very good reasons why:

1. ANGELUS has a special creamy texture—not too hard—not too soft—but *evenly balanced* "just right" to imbue your lips with bewitching LIP-ALLURE.
2. It "stays put" for hours without drying or caking.
3. ANGELUS never appears "greasy."
4. Thrilling fashion shades. At all cosmetic counters.

ANGELUS

THE HOUSE OF

Louis Philippe

ANGELUS LIPSTICK — ROUGE — FACE POWDER — CREAMS — MAKE-UP



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

HUN HANDIWORK

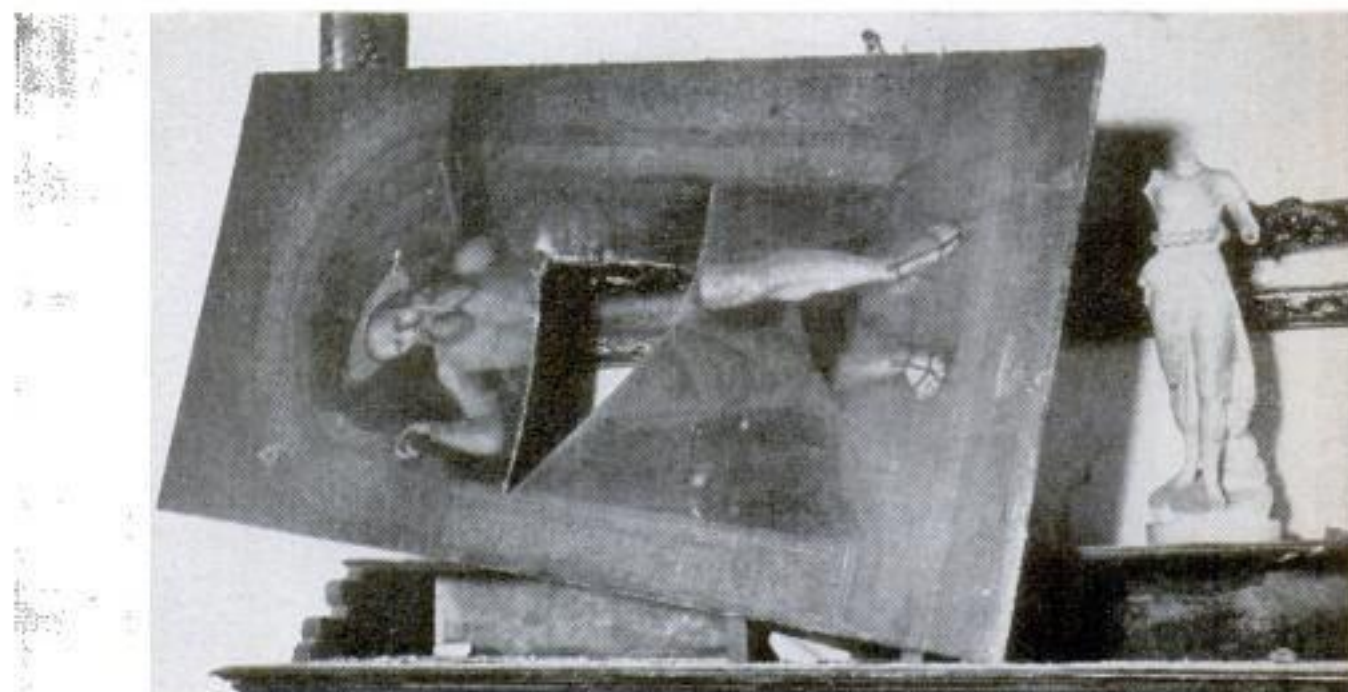
Sirs:

The retreating German armies in Italy left behind them a horrible trail of sabotage. At the castle in Nemi they slashed and ripped the pictures (*below*) which they were in too much haste to carry

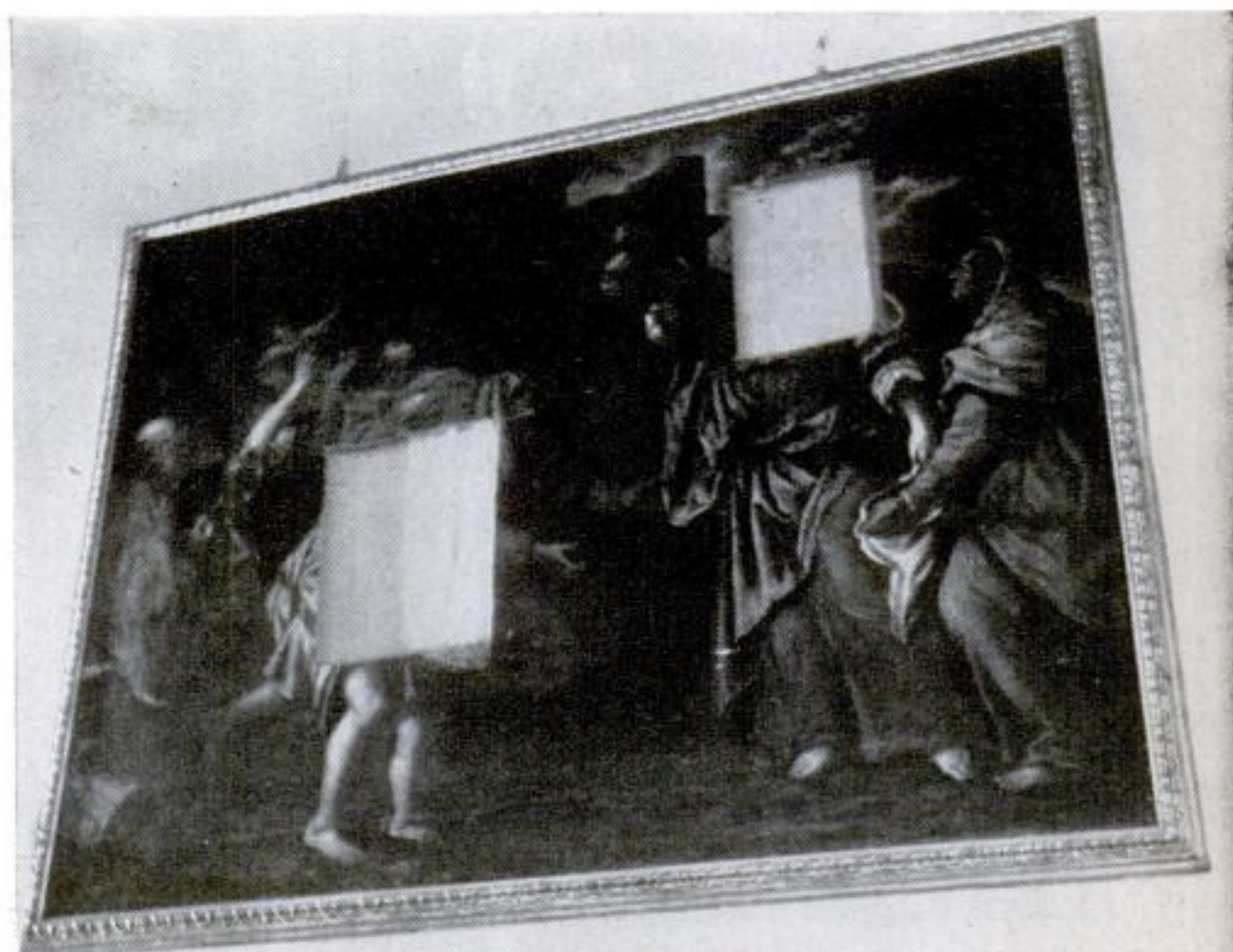
away. Old tapestries and furniture came under the "scorched art" policy.
GEORGE SILA
LIFE Staff Photographer
Rome, Italy



THIS 16TH CENTURY PORTRAIT, PROBABLY SPANISH, SHOWS GIRL ARISTOCRAT



BARTHOLOMEW (CIRCA 1540, ROMAN) HOLDS KNIFE, SYMBOL OF MARTYRDOM



STORY OF JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES IS TOLD ON 17TH CENTURY ROMAN CANVAS

IS
TICONDEROGA
GOOD?

GOOD?
it's Perfect!

It writes beautifully—flows along with smooth gliding ease. Produces a pile of work in short-cut time. Has sturdy, dependable leads that make clean, clear marks. Sharpens evenly, without waste. Saves time, labor, headaches, money. That's pencil-perfection and that's Ticonderoga.

Demand TICONDEROGA

The fine American pencil
with the fine American name

TICONDEROGA

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 43-11-7, Jersey City 3, N. J.
Canadian Plant: Dixon Pencil Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.



"The plaintiff claims that his wife sharpened pencils with his Marlin Blades"

Buy still **MORE** war bonds



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

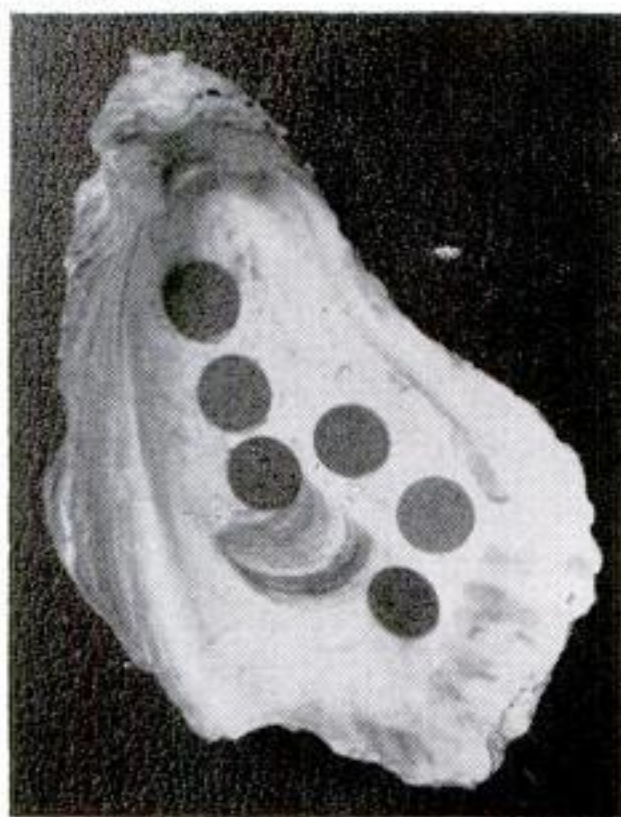
APPETIZER

Sirs:

Perhaps oysters are out of season, but nevertheless I can present incontrovertible evidence (below) that I did have "half a dozen blue points on the half shell" about a week ago. Even the oysters comply with OPA.

D. M. CLARKE

Chicago, Ill.



INVASION DATE

Sirs:

Imagine our surprise when we found here that the date of invasion had been floating around town for months, unnoticed. Carl Fagerlind, the car's owner, was the unsung prophet.

J. L. SMITH

Waterloo, Iowa

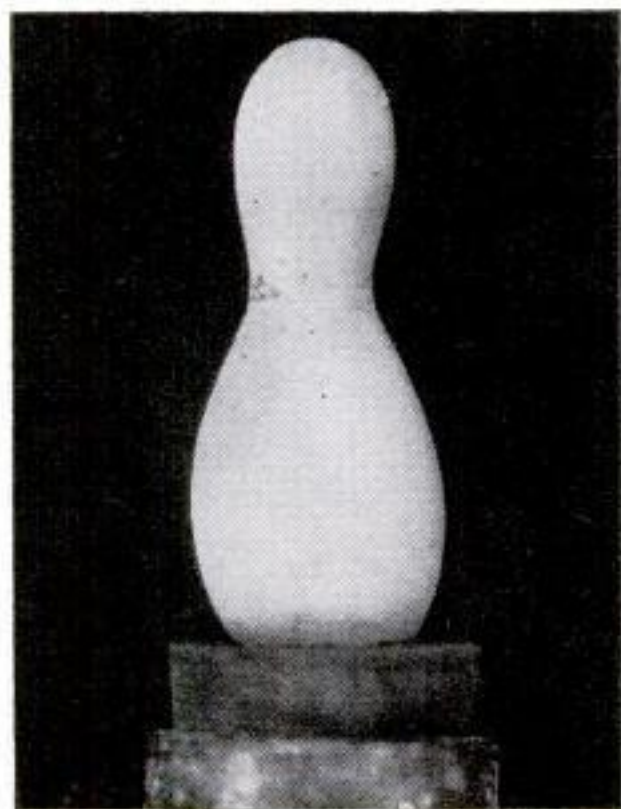


D-DAY EGG

Sirs:

A Rhode Island Red pullet thoughtfully laid this bowling-pin-shaped egg on Tuesday, June 6. Whether she intended it to look like a bomb or just wanted to wish the allies a speedy "strike," we thought it a good omen.

PHILLIP & JOSEPH ALAMPI
Williamstown, N. J.



TAN Gaby

WITH

**BIGGEST SELLING
SUNTAN LOTION**

—with readers of Modern Magazines, as shown by latest survey. Proving again, what millions of satisfied users already know—"Gaby is the best under the sun."



WITH OUR ARMED FORCES under blazing tropical skies... at bathing beaches... in Victory Gardens—Gaby is performing miracles! Pleasant, and easy to use, a sure preventative against painful sunburn—Gaby promotes a beautiful tan!

IT'S GREASELESS

NO ALCOHOL

NO STICKY FEEL

25c—50c—\$1.00 Plus Tax
(Slightly higher in Canada)
At drug and cosmetic counters



Doctors report on PHILIP MORRIS:

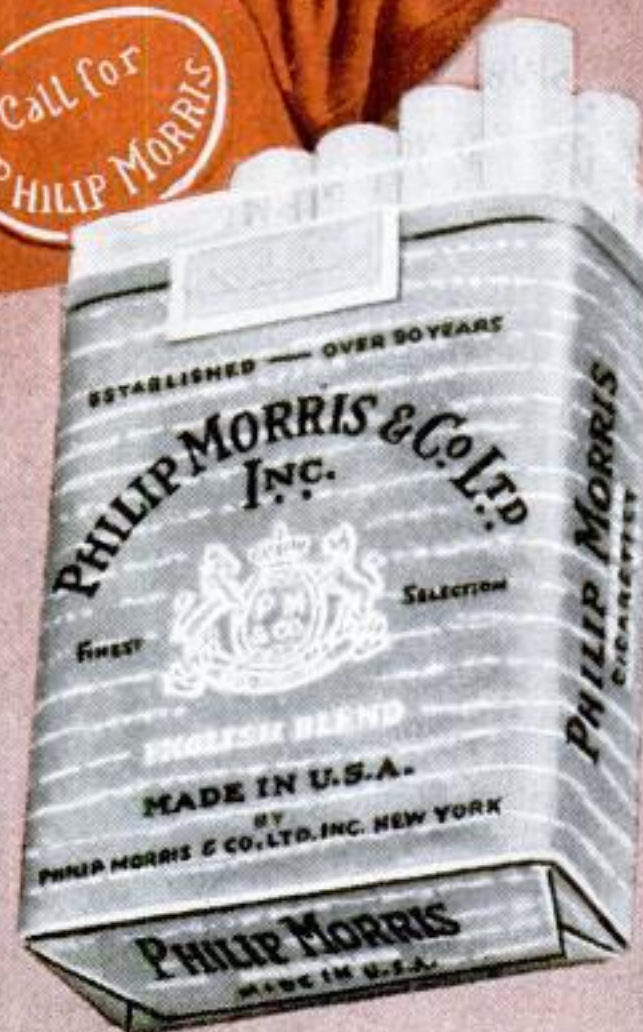
**PROVED FAR LESS IRRITATING
TO THE NOSE AND THROAT!**

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

—Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors . . . proving this finer cigarette is less irritating—safer—for the nose and throat!



**CALL FOR
PHILIP
MORRIS**



Finer flavor . . . less irritating . . . America's FINEST Cigarette

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

RETAIL RAFTS

Sirs:

Possibly these pictures will bring assurance to LIFE readers that the war has made some progress since the days when Eddie Rickenbacker spent 23 days in a rubber life raft. Now these same rafts (with slight imperfections, we are as-

sured) are being sold at a New York City store. My daughter holds one in its canvas shipping carton and (below) has fun in the inflated raft.

ROBERT MERTENS
Locust, N. J.



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ENDURING

The mellow charms of great melodies live on—through changing times and tastes. So it is with Old Grand-Dad—the mellow melody of bourbon at its best. It sings of golden grain, ripening in the sunshine; of patient years spent in soothing oak; of good fellowship, good times, good taste—so gloriously good that the tongue is loath

to lose each lingering drop. Thus has Old Grand-Dad become Head of the Bourbon Family. One taste will tell you why!

OLD GRAND-DAD
Head of the Bourbon Family

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • BOTTLED IN BOND AT FULL 100 PROOF • THIS WHISKEY IS 4 YEARS OLD • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., N.Y.

Have a "Coke" = How are things goin'?



...or being friendly in Newfoundland

There's an American way to make new-found friends in Newfoundland. It's the cheery invitation *Have a "Coke"*—an old U. S. custom that is reaching 'round the world. It says *Let's be friends*—reminds Yanks of home. In many lands around the globe, Coca-Cola stands for the pause that refreshes,—has become a symbol

of our friendly home-ways. So Coca-Cola belongs in your home, too...ice-cold and ready in the refrigerator. Get a supply today.

* * *

Our fighting men meet up with Coca-Cola many places overseas. Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter "since way back when". Even with war, Coca-Cola today is being bottled right on the spot in over 35 allied and neutral nations.



"Coke" = Coca-Cola
It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

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